46329

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

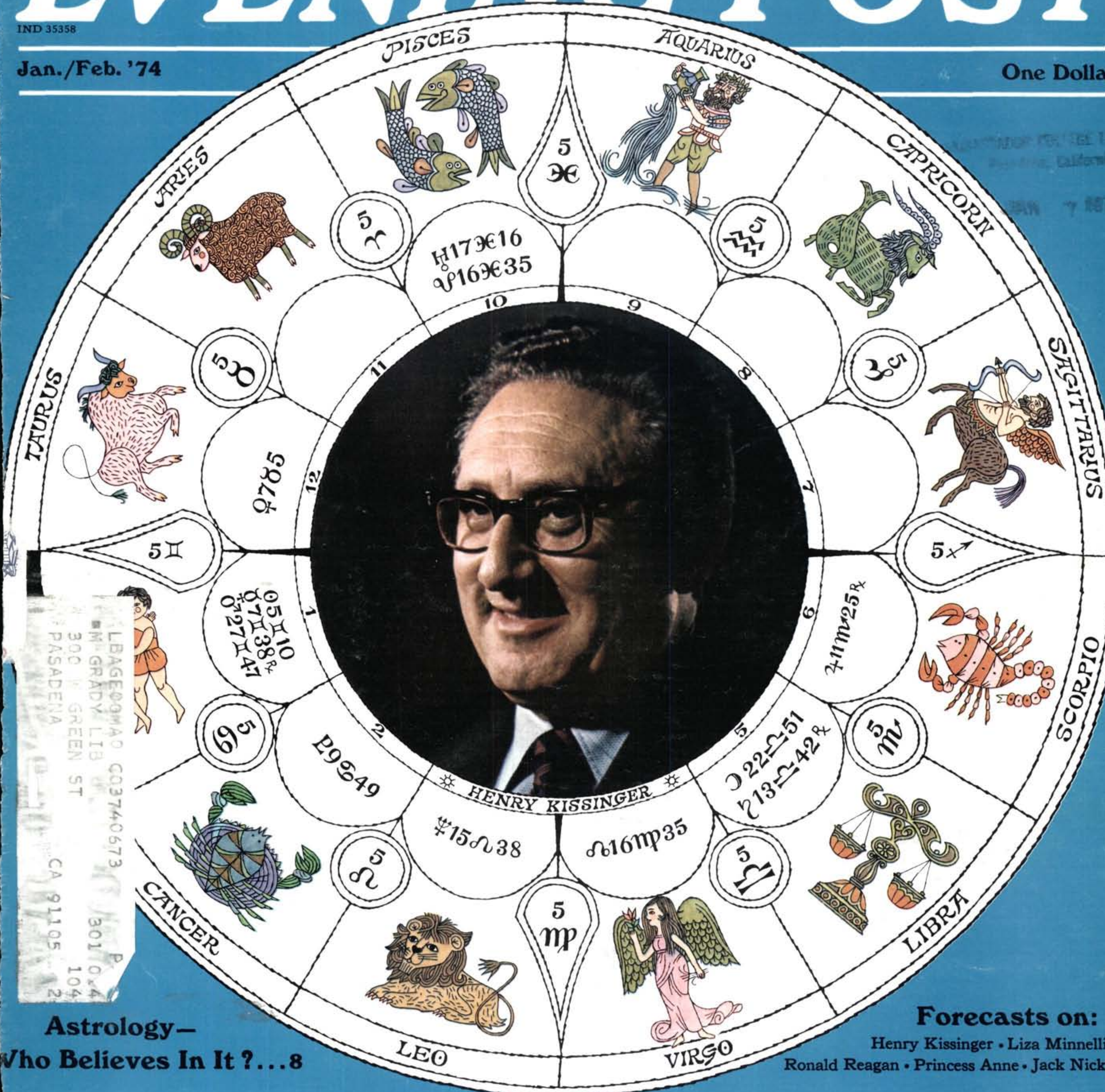
IND 35358

Jan./Feb. '74

One Dollar

California

7 1974

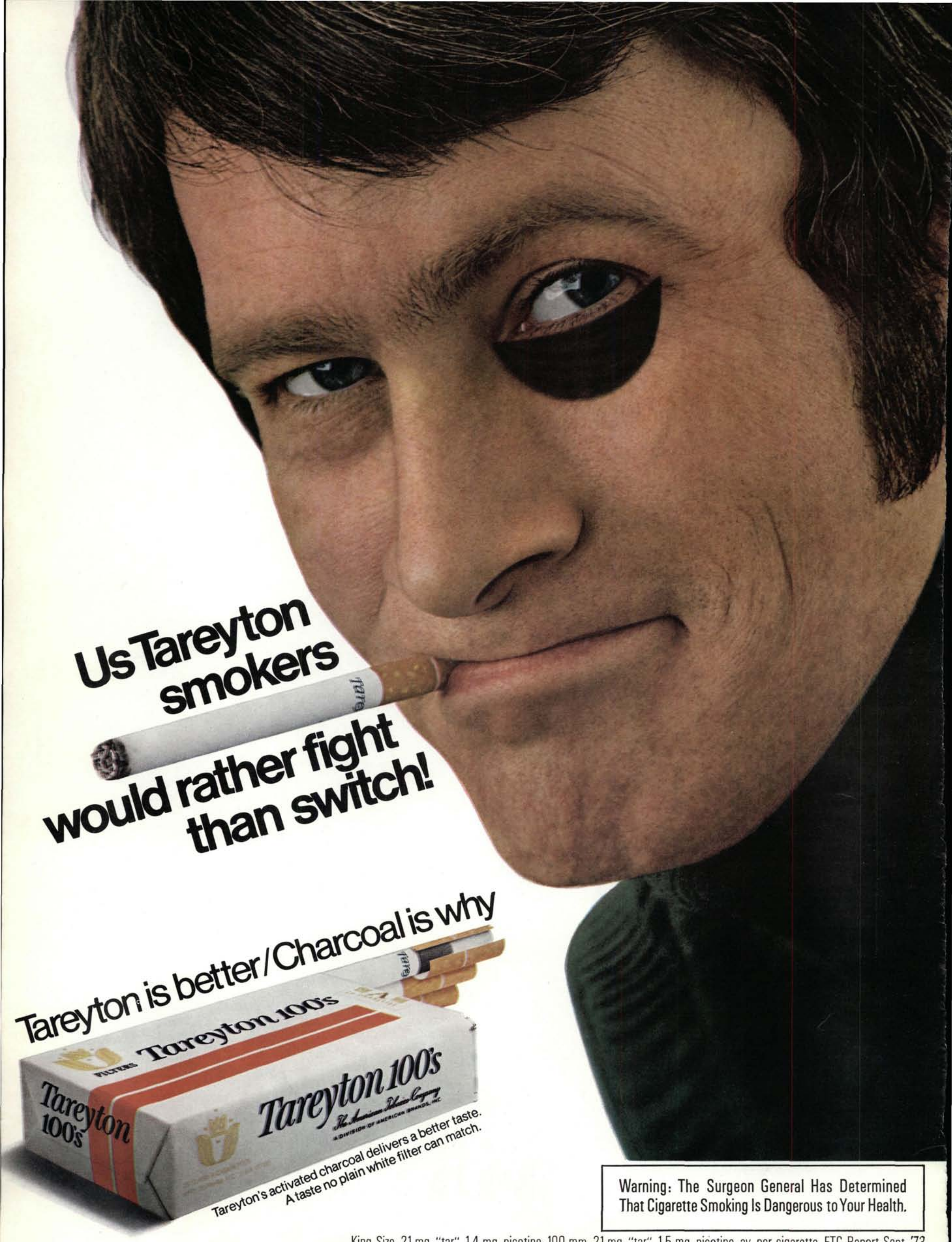

PISCES
AQUARIUS
CAPRICORN
SAGITTARIUS
SCORPIO
LIBRA
VIRGO
LEO
CANCER
TAURUS
ARIES
HENRY KISSINGER

LBAGE0GMA0 C03740673 301 P
M GRADY LIB 0 4
300 N GREEN ST 104
PASADENA CA 91105 2

**Astrology—
Vho Believes In It ?...8**

Forecasts on:
Henry Kissinger • Liza Minnelli
Ronald Reagan • Princess Anne • Jack Nicklaus

Voman: A Technological Castaway by Clare Boothe Luce...18 Jimmy The Greek...26
What Presidents Laugh At by Bob Hope...40 S. I. Hayakawa...42
The Dream by Isaac Asimov...44 John Denver...57 Public TV by Dollie Cole...60
Stan Smith...68 Julie Nixon Eisenhower's first read-aloud story...74

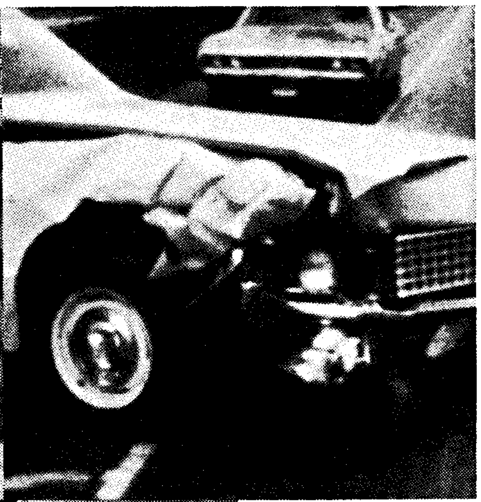

Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!
Tareyton is better/Charcoal is why
Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.
Tareyton 100's
Tareyton 100's
The American Tobacco Company
A DIVISION OF AMERICAN BRANDS, INC.
Tareyton 100's
FILTERS

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 21 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

The people in these cars walked away from these crashes. Their cars had air bags.

68 mph into a parked car. Injury: broken wrist and knee cap. Lap belt: not in use.



20 mph head-on collision. Injury: none. Lap belt: in use.

Source: Photo courtesy of KTTV, Los Angeles.

Source: St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Photo by Scott C. Dine.

35 mph into utility pole. Injury to driver: slight nose fracture. Injury to passenger: sore shoulder. Lap belts: not present.

The people in these crashes were in cars equipped with an air bag passive restraint system. Inflatable bags that automatically cushion driver and passenger in a frontal-type collision. Inflating, protecting, deflating in less than one-half second.

But the people in these crashes were lucky. Extraordinarily lucky.

Because there are only 1,800 air bag equipped cars on the road today. Used—in a program of on-road testing of air bag reliability—by the U.S. Government, Allstate and several other major companies.

The air bag's record in this program has been most impressive. It has *never* failed, in a real-life crash, to work to protect the occupants as it was designed to do.

In over 35 million miles of on-road testing has the air bag system *ever* inadvertently deployed? Yes. *Once.*

Once, in over 35 million miles of driving, one inadvertent inflation of the air bag has occurred. (The result? A minor hand injury to the right front passenger. However, the driver was completely unaffected and stopped the car without incident.)

But despite its impressive record of performance—including a mounting number of air bag successes like the ones shown here—the protection of air bags is still not available to the public.

We hope this situation is about to change.

Several years ago a Federal regulation was adopted that would have required *some kind of* passive restraint system in all 1974 model cars. But that deadline was called off.

Now 1976 is the target year. So the debate continues over what kind of passive restraint system should be used in cars sold to the public. (A debate that's failed to produce any system as effective as air bags.)

We believe after *years* of air bag laboratory tests and over *35 million miles* of successful on-road testing, the time for debate is over.

Today air bags are technologically ready to be installed in production-line cars.

One car manufacturer, General Motors, has announced plans to offer air bags as an option on some 50,000 1974 cars—Cadillacs, Buicks and Oldsmobiles. We hope other companies will follow their example.

There's little doubt that some of the people in the crashes shown here would have been badly injured or killed if they'd been driving cars without air bags. A look at these photographs makes that clear.

Each year thousands of people are killed in automobiles. Well over a million more are seriously injured, many maimed for life. How many lives might be saved, how many injuries prevented, if air bags were available to every new car buyer?

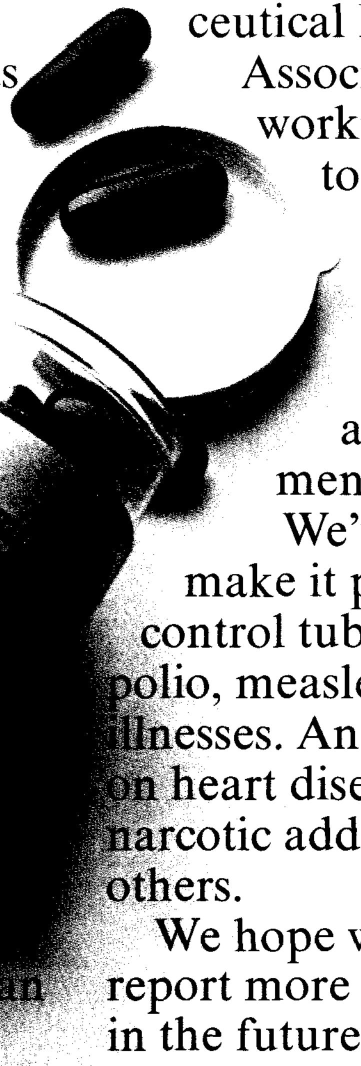
The air bag is ready for America now. And America, Allstate believes, is ready for the air bag.

For details on the air bag and its record of performance, write to Director of Automotive Engineering, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

Allstate®

When will yours?

The cost of living is going down.



The cost of a longer life and a healthier life.

Because while the price of just about everything has been on the increase, the price of prescription drugs has been on the decrease.

Specifically, prices of *all* items went up almost 8% during Phases II and III (November, '71 to June, '73).

But prices of prescription drugs actually went down 1% in that same time.*

And even w[illegible] medicines costing [illegible] than others, and some prices fluctuating more than others, pharmaceutical prices overall have held the line for more than a decade.

Meanwhile, member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association continue working on programs to help conquer disease. Last year we spent $728,000,000 on research and development alone.

We've helped make it possible to control tuberculosis, polio, measles and other illnesses. And we're working on heart disease, cancer, narcotic addiction and others.

We hope we'll be able to report more price decreases in the future.

More importantly, we hope we'll be able to report more pharmaceutical breakthroughs at the same time.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

*Source: Bureau of Labor Statistics, Dept. of Labor. For more information, send for our free booklet "*When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask.*" It'll give you a lot of answers. Write *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. S-41, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Magazine of Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

EDITORIAL
Beurt SerVaas, Editor and Publisher
Cory SerVaas, Executive Editor and Publisher
Frederic A. Birmingham, Managing Editor and Associate Publisher
Starkey Flythe, Jr., Senior Editor and Assistant Managing Editor
John Burkhart, Editorialist
Julie Nixon Eisenhower, Assistant Editor
Consulting Editors:
Dollie Cole, Roberts Ehrgott, Kristin SerVaas
Mary Alice Simpson
Editorial Associates:
Robert Rich
Astrid Henkels, Beth Thomas, Margery Craig

ART
Gary W. Lucas, Art Director
Sharon Bradakis and Carol Bucheri, Art Associates
Robert Charles Howe and Lucian Lupinski, Illustrators
Edward F. Cortese
Consulting Art Director

PRODUCTION
Bob Fletcher, Production Manager
Pamela Chisham, Production Associate

CIRCULATION
Helen Fowler, Judy Sears, Rushh Reynolds

ADVERTISING OFFICES

Joseph R. Spadea, Advertising Director; Robert Silvers, Associate Publisher; Don McPherson, Business Manager; Frederick B. Tuttle, Director of Marketing; Dieter Daus, Special Projects; Bertie Beitman, Director, Special Sections; Mary Ann Radigan, Merchandising; Mary Lou Smiley, Advertising Administrator; Joan Moreillon, Assistant Advertising Administrator, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202, (317) 634-1100. Los Angeles: Paul Coutlee, Associate Publisher and Western Manager, 3345 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010, (213) 385-0221. Chicago: Jack McGovern, Mgr., 505 North Lake Shore Dr., Chicago, Illinois 60611, (312) 527-0028. New York: Ron McIntyre, Eastern Director, Waldorf-Astoria, 301 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, (212) 371-0400. Atlanta: Miller & Tillman, 130 West Wieuca Rd., N.E., Suite 3, Atlanta, Ga. 30342, (404) 252-9588. Detroit: Joe Spadea, Vice President and Natl. Sales Director, 1018 Fisher Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202, (313) 875-2420-1. Dallas: Bill Sutherland, Mgr., 1726 National Bankers Life Building, Dallas, Texas 75201, (214) 742-6065. Denver: Art Helmers, Mgr., Helmers Associates, Inc., 6986 South Newland Street, Littleton, Colorado 80123, (303) 798-7290.

TABLE OF CONTENTS, JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1974

Vol. 246, No. 1

NEW FICTION

The Dream . . . . Isaac Asimov 44
Father Gurney And The Goats . . . . Jocelyn Cobb 64
Pasha Passes By . . . . Julie Nixon Eisenhower 74

NEW ARTICLES

Astrology—Who Believes In It? 8
An Absolutely Surefire Guaranteed Way To Lose Weight . . . . Art Buchwald 16
Woman: A Technological Castaway . . . . . . Clare Boothe Luce 18
A Quartet of Lyrics . . . . Anne Morrow Lindbergh 22
Odds On Jimmy The Greek . . . . Nick Thimmesch 26
The Twelve Hats Of A Company President . . . . Willard F. Rockwell, Jr. 30
Jokes That Made Presidents Laugh . . . . Bob Hope 40
The Good Old Days—You Can Have Them . . . S. I. Hayakawa 42
We Interrupt This Way Of Life . . . . Ralph Schoenstein 48
Is Anyone Out There? . . . . Dr. Simon Mitton, Dr. Roger Lewin 52
John Denver . . . . Starkey Flythe, Jr. 57
Public Television . . . . Dollie Cole 60
Getting In The Stamp Act . . . . Lo Linkert 62
Stan Smith . . . . Frederic A. Birmingham 68

SATEVEPOST TREASURY

Doc Mellhorn And The Pearly Gates . Stephen Vincent Benét
Illustrated by Norman Rockwell 54

DEPARTMENTS

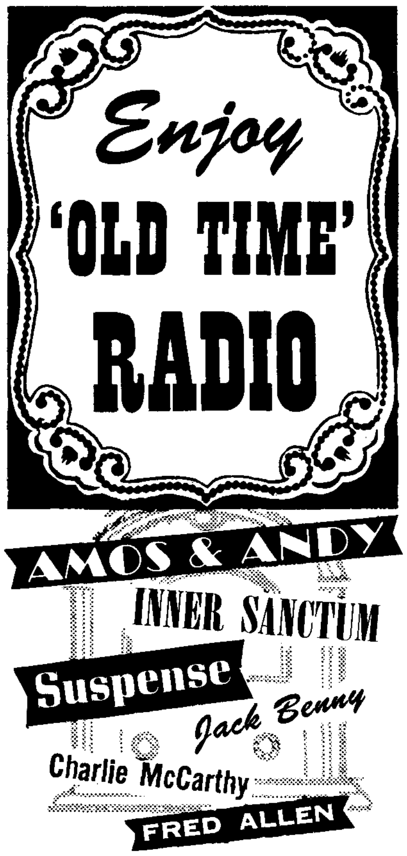
Letters 4
Keeping Posted 6
Movie Review . . . . Milton Krims 24
Editorials 38
Post Scripts 70
Books 72
Food: Saving Graces In The Kitchen . . . . Annemarie 77
Travel: Heidelberg . . . . Gale F. Wiley 110
Medical Mailbox . . . . Cory SerVaas, M.D. 116

Cover photograph by Ollie Atkins

Copyright 1973 The Saturday Evening Post Company, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published bimonthly in 1973, and monthly in 1974, except bimonthly in Jan./Feb., June/July, and Aug./Sept. The Saturday Evening Post editorial, business and circulation offices are located at 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions: In 1973, $8.50; $12.00 in 1974. POSTMASTER: Send Form 3579 to Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: With service adjustment requests send latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Saturday Evening Post Subscription Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. Allow six weeks for change of address. Second-class postage paid at Indianapolis, Indiana and at additional offices.

Unsolicited manuscripts, art work, and photographs submitted to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST must be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and the necessary postage. The publisher assumes no responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, art work, or photographs.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semifiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence. Printed by W. A. Krueger Company.



Hear again your old favorites from the golden age of radio. With the press of a button, step back in time and relive radio's greatest moments!

Use the coupon below to order your 1 hour cassettes or reel tapes of original broadcasts.

■ ■ ■ *Return coupon with order* ■ ■ ■

☐ **COMEDY POTPOURRI**—Amos & Andy, Jack Benny, Fred Allen; Charlie McCarthy, Bob Hope, Phil Harris/Alice Faye.
☐ **INNER SANCTUM**—"Death by Scriptures"; **SUSPENSE**—"Three Skeleton Key."
☐ **MR. KEEN, TRACER OF LOST PERSONS**—"The Bride & Groom Murder"; **SAM SPADE, DETECTIVE**—"The Dry Martini Caper."
☐ **ALDRICH FAMILY**—The "Stolen" Bicycles; **BURNS & ALLEN**—George Co-Stars in a Betty Grable Movie.
☐ **HISTORICAL**— Declaration of War Against Japan; F.D.R. Fireside Chat.

Blue Skies, Inc.
P.O. Box 404F
Montgomeryville, Pa. 18936

Please send___ tapes as marked above. Enclosed is a check or money order for:

___cassettes @ $5.95 ea.
___reels @ $6.95 ea.
___8 track @ $7.95 ea.

Add $.50 postage & handling charge. $1.60 for 1st class mail. (1st class recommended for holiday period.)

Name ________________________
Address ______________________
City __________________________
State ___________ Zip__________

4-A

Letters to the Editor

Hometown Success

I was quite interested in the excellent article by John Alexander entitled "The Bright Side of West Virginia" (September/October). I have known John and Bill Bright for many years and share the writer's assessment that these young men could have made it "big" anywhere, but instead chose their native state. Their contributions are many and we West Virginians are proud of them.

It is my hope that you will continue to publish merited stories on our great state. You have my commendation on this one.

Jennings Randolph
United States Senate
West Virginia

Canadian Fumbles

Since I am a sportswriter, I was particularly interested in the story (September/October) about Canadian professional football.

You did, however, make two slight errors. In a one-point play, the single point is called a "rouge" only when the punt-return man is stopped behind the goal line. If the ball is punted out of the end zone, it is called a "punt single."

Also, Zenon Andrusyshun who played for the UCLA Bruins is a Canadian, not American.

Frank Plawucki
Dauphin, Manitoba

Cover Story

I'm sure that when Robert Charles Howe painted the picture 'of our building (September/October), he didn't think to ask about its history. Buildings have character and are often more interesting then their occupants.

This particular one, at 215-16 Main Street in Matteson, Illinois, is almost as old as the town itself, which dates back to 1855. We purchased it in 1948. Its previous owner ran a tavern and boarding house there, and in the winter they cut cakes of ice from a nearby pond to cool their beer. Their boarders were mostly railroad men because the location is directly in front of the Illinois Central station.

Since we have owned the building, we have done a good deal of remodeling. Over the years we've rented space to a hardware store, a dry-cleaning business, a bicycle store, and an antique shop. At present, the premises are occupied by a boutique. We also have a real estate office in the same building. Our living quarters and two apartments are on the second floor.

The artist, through his clever art work, has placed books in the window for his "back to school" theme. His mother tells me that he portrayed his Evergreen Park grade school as a reflection in the glass. I think he has used his brush as a magic wand to show the children's distaste for returning to school. He has produced a magnificent masterpiece of autumn splendor.

We are proud to have a young artist of this caliber living in our town.

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Roach
Matteson, Illinois

Air Bag Controversy

I found William Barry Furlong's article on the automobile air bag (November/December) to be interesting, informative and important. I realize there is much controversy surrounding the installation of the air bag, but it is an alternative that must be seriously considered in light of the staggering death toll on our highways—a toll that continues to rise every year despite the millions of tax dollars that are used to make the roads safer as well as more convenient. I imagine that the people who complain about mounting highway expenditures and automobile devices like the air bag are the same ones who refuse to make the most important investments—extra caution and concern.

John Owens
Bakersfield, Calif.

Painful Prancing

Although the Tennessee Walking Horse (July/August) may be as you describe, the animal appearing in equestrian shows and seen prancing on its rear legs with forelegs scarcely touching the ground is something else indeed.

The horse walks on its hind legs to avoid movement of the muscles of its forelegs, which are raw and sore due to the devouring action of acid and mustard poultice applied to the raw flesh of its foreankles.

Perhaps the horse mentioned in your article was another type of walking horse. In that case, some distinction should have been made.

Francis H. Lewis
Beacon, N.Y.

Bronco Belles

Your readers may be interested to know that women, as well as men, play an active role in professional rodeos. Female participants from all over the nation were featured in the annual championship held in Albuquerque, New Mexico, last November 29.

The "weaker sex" invaded rodeo in the late 1940's with a three-cornered contest of speed called a barrel race. The event is simple: a course is laid out using large oil drums for markers. The cowgirl races her horse in a cloverleaf pattern around the course, and is timed during her journey. The fastest time wins. The only penalty is a five-second fine for each barrel knocked down and the only disqualification is for failure to properly run the course.

Wayne J. Smith
Washington, D.C.

Sandra Garnett of Clovis, New Mexico—Miss Rodeo USA in 1973—has competed in barrel racing, breakaway roping and goat tying while majoring in art at Eastern New Mexico University.

Both Sides of the Fence

Thanks for the excellent article on rodeo by Dollie Cole. This unbiased article should clear the idea from anyone's mind that rodeo is a cruel and inhumane sport.

It is my understanding that among Mrs. Cole's many activities, she includes an active interest in animal welfare projects. Her article proved she is thoroughly knowledgeable regarding all aspects of rodeo. Therefore, the only conclusion to be drawn is that this expert stands firmly with thousands of rodeo fans on the issue that rodeo is, indeed, a fine, wholesome, and humane sport. The author's candid presentation of facts regarding the excellent care of rodeo livestock clearly and forcefully refutes the outlandish claims of radical humane groups that rodeo should be outlawed.

Elynore Hanson
Charlottesville, Va.

John-Boy the Poet

As a devoted fan of "The Waltons," I was especially pleased to see John-Boy's poetry published in the *Post* (November/December), and I only hope we'll be reading more from this sensitive young man. The talents of Richard Thomas and the rest of the cast make "The Waltons" a saving grace for television!

Maggie Burns
Toledo, Ohio

Trial or Error

F.X. O'Connor's article (July/August) concerning President Andrew Johnson, 17th President of the United States, states: "On the grounds that he had violated the Tenure of Office Act, he was impeached, the only President to have been. . . ."

Charges of impeachment were brought against Johnson by the House of Representatives, acting as a court of trial. The Senate voted 35 for removal from office and 19 against. As 36 votes (two-thirds of the membership) were necessary for conviction, Johnson's impeachment was not upheld.

The Senate has the sole power to try all impeachments. I think the latter part of this letter should have been included in his writing about Tennessee. There has never been a President impeached, as the impeachment was not upheld.

Robert Mays, Sr.
Amarillo, Texas

We have received a number of letters raising this same point. The dictionary defines impeachment as "bring(ing) an accusation against, as of misdoing or impropriety; specifically, to charge with a crime or misdemeanor; to accuse; especially, to charge (a public officer), before a competent tribunal, with misbehavior in office." President Andrew Johnson was, indeed, impeached in 1868. He was, however, simply never convicted of the charge.—The Editors.

Letters

Our Polluted Oceans

I strongly disagree with Athelstan Spilhaus's article (September/October), "Bountiful Grants of the Sea." His solution to our cluttered coastal areas seems to be merely to move some of our industry out into the ocean. There is little concern on his part, it appears, for what this may do to the broad, open expanses of water which cover three-quarters of our planet.

Much publicity has been given to environmental pollution over land masses, but few people seem to care about the seas. The oceans, our ultimate sewer, should be everyone's business. Yet it is no one's. Jacques-Yves Cousteau, the marine biologist, and Thor Heyerdahl, the anthropologist, have found evidence of industrial waste in even the remotest waters, but nothing is done about it. Nations of the world claim they want to share in the riches of the oceans, but few are interested in protecting them from the ravages of man.

I read recently that 30 percent of this country's clam and oyster beds are fouled by human wastes. A chemical family called polychlorinated biphenyls, used in paints, inks, and plastics, can be found in virtually every organism in the North and South Atlantic, at depths up to 11,000 feet. How these chemicals have become so widespread is a mystery. Some scientists have suggested recently that a huge percentage of oil pollution comes not from spills, but from airborne anti-exhaust emissions drifting to the ocean surface.

Whatever its source, pollution of the sea is an international phenomenon that can never be controlled by the laws of a single nation, no matter how forceful they are. Heyerdahl tells us that refuse dumped off the coast of Peru equals the amount dumped around the shores of Polynesia.

International controls plainly are the only way to deal with such a problem because "territorial" seas are constantly mixing. The threat, moreover, can only grow worse as oil shipments multiply and offshore development of super ports and refineries—such as Mr. Spilhaus suggests—becomes a reality.

Next May, the Law of the Sea Conference, sponsored by the United Nations, will convene. I truly hope they will be able to draft genuine international ocean-pollution controls, perhaps an independent regulatory authority.

The conference is a rare chance to act before any further environmental damage is done.

It is about time that our best minds are put to work on this global problem. Generations which follow will be thankful.

Benton Thomas
New York, N.Y.

©1973 Florists' Transworld Delivery Association.

YES!

ALICE RATEGAN IN DES MOINES WAS JUST EXTRA-TOUCHED BY JOE SMITH IN SYRACUSE.

SHE SAID "YES!"

Joe did it with flowers with the Extra Touch of Joie de Fleur™.. FTD's own classic floral scent. Choose either the ⅜ oz. bottle of spray perfume or the 2 oz. bottle of spray cologne.

GEORGE JOHNSON IN DALLAS WAS JUST EXTRA-TOUCHED BY HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW IN DETROIT.

GEORGE SENT THE MONEY!

George's brother-in-law did it with flowers with the Extra Touch of the Sportsman's Duck Decoy. This hand-finished ceramic duck is a handsome accessory for desk, dresser or den.

LYNN SANGER IN NEW ORLEANS WAS JUST EXTRA-TOUCHED BY HER EX-HUSBAND IN MIAMI.

SHE'S GETTING HIM FOR NON-SUPPORT, ANYWAY!

Lynn's ex tried flowers with the Extra Touch of an imported Snack Tray. Now when Lynn entertains her new gentlemen friends, she serves snacks or chips in a lovely wooden bowl from the Philippines.

FLORISTS' TRANSWORLD DELIVERY FTD SELECTED MEMBER®

"Your Extra Touch Florist"

Now send flowers with the FTD Extra Touch.T.M.

A wonderful new way to say you care, you remember. So different and so easy to do. Sent almost anywhere by wire, the FTD way. And the Extra Touch you see, is the Extra Touch they receive. Call or visit your FTD Florist. They'll never forget you extra touched them.

(Most FTD Florists accept major credit cards.)

Keeping Posted

Mini-portrait of an Editor

The young lady in the picture below is, of course, Julie Nixon Eisenhower. She appeared in the *Post* before, with her husband David in a cover painting on the Spring 1972 issue of the *Post* as a refreshing frontispiece to an article on romance in the White House. There was also an inside photograph showing her as a child wearing a tomboyish but quite becoming black eye at a public appearance with President Ike, with a fascinated David hardly able to keep his eyes off the shiner. . . on a girl! Perhaps there was something prophetic about that first appearance in the *Post,* because now Julie's picture belongs here proudly as the newest of our contributors (her story, "Pasha Passes By," is found on page 74) and also as assistant editor on our staff.

In between the photographs, Julie grew into maturity while we watched her attend Smith College, become David's bride, and emerge as her father's unofficial ambassador, both a private and a public role to which she brought noticeable wit, tact, and a reputation for forthright speech.

As a member of the White House family, Julie's decision to enter journalism attracted considerable attention, of course, but the question we hear from all sides is "What is she *really* like, herself?" At the risk of her displeasure, since modesty is clearly one of her virtues, we must report that she has already made many friends on the *Post* staff in a situation where the initial stresses were the greater on her side. In conversations with Julie over the past few years, we had discovered her to be far more informed than her unusual frame of reference as a public figure might suggest, with a far broader culture, particularly in literature, than most college graduates, and showing a grasp of problems essential on an executive level, even at her relatively tender age of twenty-five. This is a young lady who very clearly means what she says: a passing comment to one of her co-workers arouses not a return of mere courtesy but a genuine response. Julie has an appetite for work—and wants to be involved in every facet of producing the *Post* each month.

One's first impression of Julie is that she is taller than expected: the TV camera, with its well-known whimsicality, makes her appear petite when she really is slender and somewhat willowy. There is a calm beauty about her no camera can capture. Julie smiles often and breaks into a laugh easily. She is all energy all of the time, and one wonders where all that comes from. Already Julie is a familiar figure in our halls, moving from one department or conference to another with a spritely gait which almost might be called a semi-sprint, so eager is she to get at the matter at hand. At meetings she listens well and speaks up freely too, valuing other's opinions as well as her own. Sometimes she goes alone to the children's book library (she studied to be a teacher) and browses. Julie appears to be already at home at the *Post*, and we feel that it is her home away from home.

In every personality there is an inner secret which is the key to it all. Many of Julie's attributes might be expected in a girl as intelligent as she in such a peerless background. Yet Julie's major contribution is her character itself, wholly her own. What is that distillation in Julie? one wonders. Perhaps it is a matter for huge and simple discovery, like the man in Molière's *Misanthrope* who discovered to his overwhelming delight that he had been speaking "prose" all his life and never knew it! It must be like the meanings James Thurber used to pry out of the inner hearts of mere words—there is a hat in "that" if you look at it in a certain focus; even in a flower there is a broken promise, an indebtedness, as one suddenly sees the "owe." What is the Julie secret? She probably never has given it a thought, but reveals it in everything she does so naturally. The Julie secret is love of life. Crystallized, it sparkles in everything she says and does and thinks, whether suggesting a surprisingly little known but exquisitely wrought poem, writing a vignette about the White House trio of dogs, or creating a new "read-aloud" department for the *Post*, a refreshing new tradition in the ancient publication.

Julie Nixon Eisenhower

We award Julie a loving editorial escutcheon inscribed *Amor Vitae*. And so will you, as you come to know her in these pages.

Isaac Asimov

Isaac Asimov and Ben Franklin would've been good friends. Unstuffy renaissance men, they leaned toward the scientific, but with feet terra firmly implanted on earth so as not to go flying with their kites. (See Asimov's *Kite That Won the Revolution*, 1963).

Asimov has written some 150 books. Franklin wrote one. Neither man had an amanuensis, which proves they were as nimble of finger as of brain. Franklin's autobiography is a homespun success story which gave rise to the comment that Ben was a self-made man in love with his creator. Asimov's books amount to an autobiography of man's mind in space, and if Asimov is in love with anything it is with the solar system.

Biochemist, textbook writer (*Human Metabolism*), explainer (*The Genetic Code, Quick and Easy Math, A Short History of Chemistry, Understanding Physics, Asimov's Guide to the Bible*), teacher (Boston University School of Medicine, associate professor of biochemistry), scholar (B.S., M.A., Ph.D., Columbia University) and popular science fiction author (*The Stars, Like Dust; I, Robot; Pebble in the Sky; Asimov's Mysteries),* Asimov and his parents arrived in the U.S. from Russia in 1923, when he was three. His father bought a candy store, and Asimov read all the magazines in his father's store, "as well as supplementary matter from every public library within ten miles."

Science fiction, which at this point might be called science prediction since it has all come true, is of course Asimov's forte. He sold his first story at the age of eighteen (about the same age Franklin, circa 1723, was entering Philadelphia with two loaves of bread under his arms) and since then, has rarely missed inclusion in the annual awards collections for science fiction. In 1965 Dr. Asimov was honored at the 149th national meeting of The American Chemical Society, where he received the James T. Grady award, the highest honor a science writer can receive in America. The award is intended to recognize and stimulate outstanding science writing which materially increases the public's knowledge and understanding of science, especially in chemistry and chemical engineering and related fields.

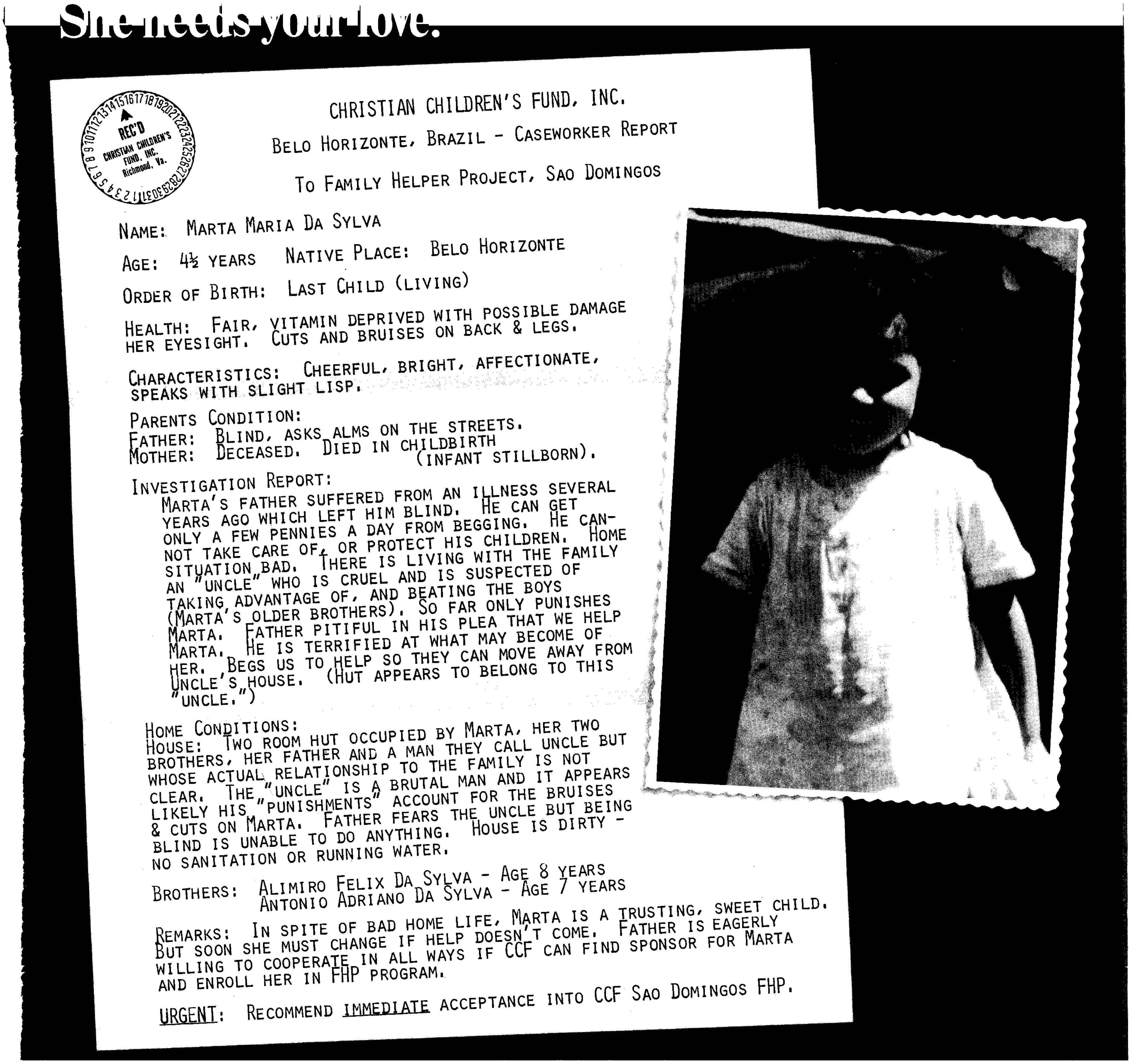
Asimov, writing in the preface of his *Guide to Science,* might for his inquisitiveness be Franklin. "The rapid advance of science is exciting and exhilarating to anyone who is fascinated by the unconquerability of the human spirit and by the continuing efficacy of the scientific method as a tool for penetrating the complexities of the Universe."

Sometimes Asimov is endearingly sympathetic toward humanity. "Of course, the geneticists could not be sure that the principles established by experiments on plants and insects necessarily applied to man. After all, man was neither a pea plant nor a fruit fly. But direct studies of certain characteristics in man showed that human genetics did follow the same rules. The best known example is the inheritance of blood types."

Again, he can be devastatingly objective. "Physically speaking, man is a rather unimpressive specimen, as organisms go. He cannot compete in strength with most other animals his size. He walks awkwardly, compared with, say, the cat; he cannot run with the dog or the deer; in vision, hearing, and the sense of smell he is inferior to a number of other animals." Asimov might be writing about us as visitors to the universe in the same tones Franklin wrote about those annoying house guests and ichthyoids who became distinctly unpleasant after three days.

Then Asimov and Franklin have, it seems, a mild suspicion that man—either in his follies, or in his fleetness—has failed to evolve. But after all, it's 1976. Anything's possible. Could there be a more likely person than Asimov for Franklin to appear to in a dream?

She needs your love.



REC'D
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
Richmond, Va.

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
BELO HORIZONTE, BRAZIL - CASEWORKER REPORT
TO FAMILY HELPER PROJECT, SAO DOMINGOS

NAME: MARTA MARIA DA SYLVA

AGE: 4½ YEARS NATIVE PLACE: BELO HORIZONTE

ORDER OF BIRTH: LAST CHILD (LIVING)

HEALTH: FAIR, VITAMIN DEPRIVED WITH POSSIBLE DAMAGE HER EYESIGHT. CUTS AND BRUISES ON BACK & LEGS.

CHARACTERISTICS: CHEERFUL, BRIGHT, AFFECTIONATE, SPEAKS WITH SLIGHT LISP.

PARENTS CONDITION:
FATHER: BLIND, ASKS ALMS ON THE STREETS.
MOTHER: DECEASED. DIED IN CHILDBIRTH (INFANT STILLBORN).

INVESTIGATION REPORT:
MARTA'S FATHER SUFFERED FROM AN ILLNESS SEVERAL YEARS AGO WHICH LEFT HIM BLIND. HE CAN GET ONLY A FEW PENNIES A DAY FROM BEGGING. HE CANNOT TAKE CARE OF, OR PROTECT HIS CHILDREN. HOME SITUATION BAD. THERE IS LIVING WITH THE FAMILY AN "UNCLE" WHO IS CRUEL AND IS SUSPECTED OF TAKING ADVANTAGE OF, AND BEATING THE BOYS (MARTA'S OLDER BROTHERS). SO FAR ONLY PUNISHES MARTA. FATHER PITIFUL IN HIS PLEA THAT WE HELP MARTA. HE IS TERRIFIED AT WHAT MAY BECOME OF HER. BEGS US TO HELP SO THEY CAN MOVE AWAY FROM UNCLE'S HOUSE. (HUT APPEARS TO BELONG TO THIS "UNCLE.")

HOME CONDITIONS:
HOUSE: TWO ROOM HUT OCCUPIED BY MARTA, HER TWO BROTHERS, HER FATHER AND A MAN THEY CALL UNCLE BUT WHOSE ACTUAL RELATIONSHIP TO THE FAMILY IS NOT CLEAR. THE "UNCLE" IS A BRUTAL MAN AND IT APPEARS LIKELY HIS "PUNISHMENTS" ACCOUNT FOR THE BRUISES & CUTS ON MARTA. FATHER FEARS THE UNCLE BUT BEING BLIND IS UNABLE TO DO ANYTHING. HOUSE IS DIRTY - NO SANITATION OR RUNNING WATER.

BROTHERS: ALIMIRO FELIX DA SYLVA - AGE 8 YEARS
ANTONIO ADRIANO DA SYLVA - AGE 7 YEARS

REMARKS: IN SPITE OF BAD HOME LIFE, MARTA IS A TRUSTING, SWEET CHILD. BUT SOON SHE MUST CHANGE IF HELP DOESN'T COME. FATHER IS EAGERLY WILLING TO COOPERATE IN ALL WAYS IF CCF CAN FIND SPONSOR FOR MARTA AND ENROLL HER IN FHP PROGRAM.

URGENT: RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE ACCEPTANCE INTO CCF SAO DOMINGOS FHP.

Every day our workers overseas receive reports like this one on Marta (her real name is not used to protect her future).

And then our staff must make the difficult decision—which child can we help? And which child must be turned away?

Little Marta is one of the lucky ones. An American such as you became her sponsor and Marta was enrolled in a CCF Family Helper Project.

These Projects help children from widowed, impoverished and broken homes remain with their families. Under the guidance of a trained caseworker, CCF youngsters receive supplementary food and clothing, medical care, school books, family guidance and a variety of special services.

And of course, Marta is only *one* example of thousands of youngsters around the world who desperately need your assistance.

For only $12 a month you can sponsor a child like Marta. Just fill out the coupon and mail it with your first monthly check. In about two weeks you will receive a photo and personal history of the child you are helping.

Your sponsored child will write to you and a housemother or staff worker will send you the original letter and an English translation, direct from overseas.

Please, won't you help? Let today be the day you begin to enjoy the rewards that come from person-to-person sharing with a needy little child.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

(Country)______________________

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $______. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $______.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name______________________

Address______________________

City______________________

State______________________Zip__________

Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible.
Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

SA 9310

ASTROLOGY: WHO BELIEVES IN IT?

The art of telling the future from the stars has outlived its first era of omnipotence, survived the disenchantment of The Age of Reason, but now has millions of true believers, wishful thinkers, and bemused spectators.

Eons before the wheel was invented, man, prowling the dark caverns of his mind one night, suddenly looked up, saw the stars, and discovered that he had a soul.

In that moment astrology was born.

And today, in spite of astronomers, scientists, and the computers, the future of mankind remains a mystery. Is the answer up there? More people than care to admit it think so.

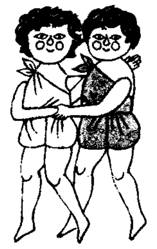
When future historians poke their way through the confusing rubble of our Western civilization they will have much to ponder. What about Shakespeare's unanswered riddle: "TV or not TV, that is the question." And why, in September 1973 of the electronic age, did an automobile maker who had named his car after a horse consult with an astrologer over the beast's future? We know the answers today, of course, even to that last one—the Ford Motor Company hired astrologer Charles A. Jayne, author of a horoscope column in the *New York Daily News*, to look into the future of their new Mustang. Mr. Jayne minced no words in addressing the vehicle. "Those born September 21 are particularly endowed with the basic qualities of efficiency and resourcefulness. Your Moon in relation to Uranus indicates you are innovative and highly individualistic. Essentially, your planetary pattern is so well balanced that you should be assured of a productive and successful life."

This was all a bit of put-on of course, which did nobody in particular any harm, except a puzzled future historian who might take it seriously. Nevertheless, the incident only goes to show how much astrology is in the public eye these days.

It is also in the public ear. A prominent midwest radio station gives out regular astrological forecasts. But with an eye to legal repercussions it also airs a disclaimer that it's all in fun and for entertainment only.

Well, then what *about* astrology?

Henry Kissinger



May 27, 1923 *By Jan Moore*

It's a love match. Henry Alfred Kissinger and the United States of America. Dr. Kissinger, a brilliantly intellectual Gemini by Sun sign, with Pluto in the empathic sign of Cancer dominating the house of personality, is a complicated man. This nation, with Cancerian Sun and Gemini ascendant, is also a combination of sophisticated intelligence and disarming simplicity and is equally complex. Each complements the other. Mutual understanding and respect should endure.

Fixed stars, Arcturus and Spica, are at the same degrees as Dr. Kissinger's Libran Moon at birth and promise fame and international renown. All are in conjunction with the powerful cusp degree of the U.S.A.'s Sixth House—the area ruling partners in work. On September 21, 1973, when Dr. Kissinger's appointment as Secretary of State was confirmed,Uranus—the planet of progressive change—triggered the action, and Venus—the planet of values—was conjunct Kissinger's Part of Fortune (fulfillment) in Scorpio, the sign of regeneration. Another potent force on that day was transiting Mercury (mind) on Secretary Kissinger's Libran Saturn (duty in partnerships), indicating his full knowledge and total acceptance of responsibilities of the appointment. And Pluto transiting in an aspect of luck to his Sun signified enhancement of his magnetic personality and personal popularity with the nation's people. An extremely favorable sextile from Mars to Pluto on that day

Continued on page 123

GEMINI

You can take it or leave it, it would seem.

Take it—Back in 1933 *Horoscope* magazine had a lawyer named Goodwin Knight who asked the editor one day to read his horoscope. He was told that he should go into politics since he could become governor. This was a remarkable long-term forecast since Mr. Knight served as governor of California from 1953 to 1959. At the time the forecast was made he had not even thought of going into politics. He then sought to become senator from that state. He had become so proficient at astrology that he read his own horoscope. He predicted that he would probably lose the race, which he did.

In 1948 no one gave President Truman any chance at reelection. Born with his Sun in Taurus in 1884 he was due to have a solar eclipse oppose his natal Sun in November 1948 just before the election. A dramatic election could be expected, therefore. In the May issue of *Horoscope* Charles Jayne forecast that in a contest between Dewey and Truman the latter would win. You know who did.

"If the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon ever meet in battle, Napoleon will be vanquished and will never lead another army to the field"—so stated Warsdale, the distinguished astrologer, eleven years before the battle of Waterloo!

Leave it—A woman astrologer foresaw a bad day for herself and prudently decided to stay home in bed. The ceiling fell on her. You can't help feeling sorry for the lady. She was right and was also plastered.

The thing about astrology is that people would like to believe in it even if they do not. It would be wonderful to know good things in advance, to count on them: it would be great to know bad things in advance so as to avoid or at least minimize them. So if you don't really believe in astrology all the way from Aries to Virgo at least it is fascinating to keep a wary eye on it.

Pure astrologers take

themselves very seriously and have come up with some astonishing results to suggest that there may be something there after all. For example, their auguries of disaster have been astonishing.

Every 20 years, the planets Saturn and Jupiter come close together in the heavens, an event known as a conjunction. For 100 years every president inaugurated in the year of this conjunction has died in office: Lincoln (who took office in 1861), Garfield (1881), McKinley (1901), Harding (1921), Roosevelt (1941), and Kennedy (1961). Four out of the six were murdered.

Such doomsday accuracy has been taken much to heart by the ten million or more Americans who passionately follow the ancient art of astrology and plot their lives in harmony with the heavens. Their number is growing every year. For astrology, as has happened time and again through its bumpy 5,000-year history, is enjoying a major revival. An estimated 7,000 American astrologers make some sort of living out of charting the heavens. The astrology magazines have reached a total circulation in the millions. The number of newspapers carrying an astrology column has grown from little more than 100 thirty years ago to more than 2,000 today. "Most people won't admit they believe in it," says one astrologer whose column goes to 200 papers, "but ten out of ten people know the Sun sign they were born under."

Most of the women's magazines slip in an astrology article whenever they can find a pretext, and some have astrology columns as a regular feature. The French fashion magazine *Elle* has had one for years, the French being even more star-conscious than Americans.

Through Asia, astrologers ply their trade on every other street corner, and their charts determine the marriage and burial dates of kings. When an American girl named Hope Cooke got engaged to the Crown Prince of Sikkim, the marriage date was postponed for a year, until March, 1963, a date which the Prince's astrologers found propitious. In the East astrologers determine not only the time but the precise direction of great ceremonial marches, and palace walls are torn down so that the funeral or marriage procession can move in harmonious alignment with the planets.

In South Vietnam the government at one point blanketed the country with astrological calendars showing a most auspicious year ahead. Because of this Eastern fascination with the art, American astrologers say that we should have an astrologer in the White House.

In this area the astrologers are dealing from quite recent historical precedent. During World War II a number of top Nazis, including Heinrich Himmler, were counseling with astrologers. Winston Churchill installed his own astrologer, a Hungarian-born British army captain named Louis de Wohl, whose sole duty was to keep Churchill informed on what the German astrologers were telling the Nazis. Unfortunately for the German astrologers, they were not saying the proper thing. Hitler had been something of a skeptic to begin with, and after the invasion of Russia, when the predictions became more and more negative, Hitler threw the astrologers into concentration camps, where most of them died.

Astrologers, who are a very knowledgeable group, call their craft "The Mother of all the Sciences," and claim that astrology ought to be back in the universities where it once was. Certainly it is back in the public mind.

One factor in the revival was the open-minded interest of the Swiss psychologist Carl Jung in all sorts of odd phenomena, including not only astrology but palmistry and handwriting analysis as well. The entire field of extrasensory perception, or "parapsychology," as it is now most often called, has gained some academic standing through the so-far inconclusive experiments into psychic phenomena that Dr. J.B. Rhine has conducted at Duke University.

The contemporary astrologer's craft is very much a mixture of the scientific and the psychic; he will draw up his horoscopes by strict mathematical principles, but the interpretation of the charts is mostly by intuition and varies according to the astrologer.

If his basic bent is mystic, he is apt to be a Rosicrucian or a Theosophist as well, the kind of person who, like the enthusiastic astrologer William Butler Yeats, will stay up all night waiting for visions to appear from the ashes of a rose. If his bent is scientific, he pores through journals in several languages and comes up with startling information about the effect of the full moon on infant frogs.

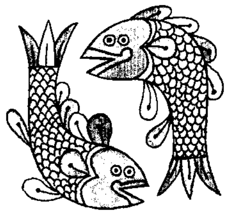
Astrology originally started with the Babylonians, who erected great stone ziggurats from which to chart the planets. In those days astrology had nothing at all to do with the common man. Charts were cast only on the king and used only for predictions about high affairs of state, the assumption being that the fate of the common man was tied to the fate of his ruler and the common man wasn't really important enough for this sort of thing anyway.

The devotees of astrology in America are women by the overwhelming margin of four to one. For some reason, theater people are particularly fervent. "How one can deny the influence of the stars is beyond me," says Marlene Dietrich, who rarely makes a move without consulting the heavens.

American astrologers are, as a group, not well paid. They tend to be intelligent college dropouts who find in astrology, through its combination of the scientific and the occult, the magic key to the universe they had always known was there. They are generally tolerated by the law.

Standards are just now being established, which is essential, as in the U.S. so many inexperienced and unqualified astrologers are writing, teaching and acting

Liza Minnelli



March 12, 1946

By Pauline Messina

Liza was born with Sun in Pisces, Moon in Cancer, a decidedly creative, emotional and possessive placement for the Sun, or will, and the Moon, or emotions. In addition to the Moon in Cancer, Liza also has Mars, the planet of initiative, and Saturn, the planet of sensitivity to life, in Cancer. The Mars-Saturn pair are close together, 16 degrees and 18 degrees respectively. This lends considerable turbulence to her emotional nature and a strain of moodiness. The Moon is of particular importance, as it is not only favorable to the Sun, lending harmony to the will and emotions, but it is also the center of what is called a "cardinal cross." That is, the Moon is dynamically aspected to Mercury in Aries and Neptune in Libra, denoting imagination and some tendency toward emotional uncertainty and self-delusion. This cardinal cross actually consists of seven planets out of a possible ten in the cardinal or activity signs, with Jupiter in Libra dynamically square the Mars-Saturn. This is a life that, if not properly channeled, could be tragic. Drive is enormous, as is the urge for self-expression. The lack of earth planets means a continual seeking for practicality, which can be elusive. Liza has broad-scale changes in 1974, which may take her life in another direction. She has difficulties ahead which luck may cushion.

PISCES

as consultants. The largest valid organization in the U.S., the American Federation of Astrologers, has over 3,000 members and is thirty-five years old. F. Sims Pounds is the president and Robert W. Cooper is the executive secretary. Its main accomplishment has been the recent requirement that to be more than an associate member one must take either a basic test or a professional one. On the East Coast the Astrologers Guild of America, founded in 1927, has its national headquarters in New York. Its president is young John Townley, a rising star in astrology. The Guild tests for certifying competence.

Astrologers meet not only challenges from unbelievers but also serious legal difficulties in various localities and states. Four women astrologers in Atlanta, Georgia, have been the spearhead for the legalization of astrology: Rosemary Jones, Louise Bromley, Sylvia Carroll and Maxine Taylor. Due to their efforts it has already been licensed in Atlanta and hopefully will soon be in all of Georgia. Louise Bromley successfully predicted July 23 as a very difficult day for President Nixon, which is when the fracas over the tapes became critical. Sylvia Carroll and Rosemary Jones teach by correspondence. Carl Payne Tobey and lawyer Dr. Walter Coleman have large correspondence schools. One of the best schools of this kind is the famed Faculty of Astrological Studies in England, headed by Jeff Mayo, which has graduated over 1,000 students.

Not all astrologers are satisfied with the slow pace of the conservative American Federation of Astrologers and there were shouts and murmurs about this in 1972 and 1973. On June 17, 1973, the new Congress of Astrological Organizations came into being, membership being limited to organizations. It is headed by Marry Barry, with Al H. Morrison as executive secretary. Newer organizations have surfaced recently with the emphasis on research and cooperation with those in related disciplines. Two of them, Charles Jayne's Association for Research in Cosmecology (ARC), and Marry Barry's Scientific Thought in Astrological Research (STAR) plus Dr. Joseph Brodbeck's Institute for Human Potential organized a large international symposium at and sponsored by Boston University last spring. Of the twenty-five panelists nearly 80 percent held master's or doctor's degrees.

The new trend toward work with the academic world is an important one for astrology. Kenneth Negus teaches not only German at Rutgers University but also a course in astrology. Other universities are also giving such courses. Zipporah Dobyns typifies the new constructive trend. She is a clinical psychologist and an experienced astrologer, who is both consultant and teacher and is research oriented.

Marc Edmund Jones, Ph.D., is undeniably the dean of American astrologers who, through his books and teaching and his interpretive techniques, has done more than any other person to raise the level of astrology over the past sixty years. Equally eminent is Dane Rudhyar who was born in France and has lived much of his life in the U.S. He is a composer, philosopher and artist as well as a leading astrologer. These two men transcend the commercialism that alloys astrology in the U.S. Arthur M. Young, one of the two main developers of the helicopter, is not a professional astrologer, but he has his own Foundation For the Study of Consciousness in Philadelphia. He ranks with the other two men as a truly profound and original thinker, one who is ahead of his time.

The key question, of course, is whether astrology works or is merely superstitious hogwash. The astrologers and their enemies have been batting this around for several thousand years and, so far, at any rate, neither proof nor disproof exists. Time and again individual astrologers have been laughably wrong, as was Washington's Jeane Dixon when she predicted that Walter Reuther would be a candidate for the presidency in 1964. Astrologers predicted worldwide floods for 1186 and 1524, and the floods did not come. On February 5, 1962, great crowds of Hindu holy men sat up all night waiting for the end of the world that Indian astrologers had predicted from a conjunction of all the major planets in the sign of Capricorn. In 1939 the leading British astrologers predicted unanimously that there would be no war, and when war came, they predicted it would end the following year with the fall of Hitler. A survey of predictions by the three most popular British astrologers in one carefully monitored year showed one of them right only twelve out of thirty times, the second only nine out of thirty and the worst only four out of thirty tries.

The most famous prediction in all history was made by a Roman astrologer named Spurinna, who told Julius Caesar to beware the Ides of March. Many another forecast has had chilling accuracy, as when Tycho Brahe (1546-1601), one of the fathers of astronomy, predicted the approximate birth year, the exact death year and the life mission of King Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden. The 16th-century French astrologer Nostradamus couched all his predictions in riddles, which have been used to explain everything that has happened from the French Revolution to World Wars I and II.

Scientific tests of astrology are enticing. They indicate there may be something to it, but the weight of the evidence is not strong enough to convince any reputable statistician. Carl Jung, who cast horoscopes on his patients, did a statistical analysis of 483 marriages and said that an astrological tradition dating back to Ptolemy—that a favorable aspect between the Sun and Moon of the two partners tends toward a happy marriage—seemed to be valid. He found a more recent tenet—that the male planet Mars should be in favorable aspect to the female planet Venus—completely lacking in proof. In the end he finally wrote off the results

Ronald Reagan

February 6, 1911

By Katherine deJersey

Honesty is the best policy! This is probably the prime requisite for any political candidate these days—and Ronald Reagan has it. He also has very favorable planetary aspects working for him currently, especially strong in April 1974 and continuing through November of this year. It surely looks as though he can achieve his goals at that time. If he wants to be governor again, the stars are in his favor, culminating in the late spring and early summer of 1975 (his progressed Moon will trine Uranus at that time). As for the presidential election in November 1976, Mr. Reagan has contradictory planetary influences, one very good and one frustrating. At the time of the Republican Convention, Mr. Reagan has one aspect showing opportunity, suggesting he will be considered, but there are negative influences indicating that either he will say no or that undermining currents will interfere. When we compare Mr. Reagan's planetary influences at that time to the horoscope calculated for the signing of the Declaration of Independence, which is considered the birth chart of the United States, it looks as though he will be stopped if he tries for the presidential nomination. It is not likely he will choose to do so.

AQUARIUS

as interesting but certainly not conclusive.

In 1960 a psychologist in Illinois, Dr. Vernon Clark, matched twenty astrologers against a control group of twenty laymen. Each was given ten horoscopes and ten case histories and told to match them up. The control group came out almost exactly according to chance, since they merely matched them up at random. The astrologers did only slightly better. The most exhaustive analysis was done by a French psychologist, Michel Gauquelin, in the 1950's. He drew up and analyzed 24,000 horoscopes and concluded, to his surprise since he was a nonbeliever, that on certain points his survey coincided with traditional belief. Clergymen, by more than a statistical average, had in their charts a prominent Jupiter (the optimistic planet), and sportsmen had a strong Mars, the planet of daring and war.

Just after World War II the Radio Corporation of America told one of its meteorologists, John Henry Nelson, to look for a way of predicting ionospheric disturbances that caused interference with R.C.A. radio-telegraph communications around the world. Nelson came up with a chart that had 85 percent accuracy, published the results in a scientific journal in 1951—and suddenly found himself the hero of astrologers around the world. His predictions of disturbances in the ionosphere coincided almost exactly with what the astrologers were saying about the daily lives of Virgos, Capricorns and Cancers.

There is a considerable jump—and one that a scientist like Nelson does not make—between predicting smoothness or turbulence of the ionosphere and forecasting events in the lives of individual human beings here on earth. Jung made a try at bridging the gap in a thesis on "synchronicity," or "causeless order," which held that a man or woman born in a certain time and place bears the mark of the time and place. Jung added that "it is just conceivable that there is a causal connection between the planetary aspects and the psycho-physiological disposition." The British poet Louis MacNeice, who wrote a long and impartial book on the subject, argues that some of the remarkable predictions and character analyses of individual astrologers must be conceded. He says, as did Jung, that the horoscope is a useful trigger to the intuition of a skilled astrologer, just as an inkblot test may be to a psychiatrist, though neither may be able to explain what was triggered or why.

The drawing of a horoscope has come down pretty much unchanged through the centuries. The arithmetic is no more troublesome than the average family income-tax return, and once mastered, it puts the home astrologer in command of, at the very least, an interesting parlor game. MacNeice's book and several others include a do-it-yourself astrology guide. Anybody who gets this far is probably hooked and will move on to the standard reference works, a pamphlet called a "table of houses" and an "ephemeris" printed in Switzerland that charts the positions of all the planets since 1890.

The starting point for any horoscope worth its name is the exact moment of birth—a leeway of fifteen minutes or so is generally allowed—plus the approximate latitude and longitude of the place of birth, easily determined from any atlas. Your time of birth is converted into "true local time" by adding or subtracting four minutes for each degree of longitude that your birthplace lies to the east or west of the center of your time zone. The center of the Eastern Standard Time zone, for example, runs through Philadelphia. If you were born in New York City, one degree east of Philadelphia, you add four minutes to your time of birth. You then convert this "true local time" in an ephemeris into "sidereal time," which corrects for inaccuracies in the calendar, then consult the chart in a table of houses that corresponds to the latitude of your place of birth. Here at last you begin to solve the riddle. Your sidereal time of birth gives you the name of your ascendant, the sign rising in the heavens at the moment you were born.

The horoscope itself is simply a circle divided into twelve parts, like the face of a clock. Each of the divisions is called a house. The starting point is at nine o'clock, and the movement is counterclockwise. Your ascendant controls the first house, the outward personality, the mask you present to the world. Once this is established, the other signs march along in rigid and ancient order. If the ascendant is, say, Capricorn, the first Sun sign of the calendar year, then the ruler of the second house is Aquarius, Pisces the third—and on through the rest of the zodiac: Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio and Sagittarius.

Though interpretations vary, the second house is generally said to control money; the third, education; the fourth, parents; the fifth, sex and other pleasures; the sixth, hard work and unpleasant chores; the seventh, marriage; the eighth, death; the ninth, the life of the intellect; the tenth, social and professional rank; the eleventh, friendships; and the twelfth, assorted troubles such as illness and disgrace. Once you have assigned to each house its ruling sign, you then enter, from the ephemeris, the position of the sun, moon and the eight planets at the time of birth, and your horoscope is complete.

The truly bewildering part of astrology is trying to interpret what you have drawn. Any horoscope, even a rather dull one, contains hundreds of different factors. With commendable simplicity, the ancients ignored most of these and cut right to the bone. In his *Tetrabiblos*, the original sourcebook on astrology, incorporating lore dating back to the Babylonians, the Greek astronomer Ptolemy bluntly predicted "death by beheading," "death in the ruins of buildings," or "death by the halter or scourge," for any man, woman or child who

Princess Anne

August 15, 1950

By Vivia Jayne

In November 1973 Princess Anne entered a whole new and more independent era with Uranus on her ascendant. Mars, her marriage house ruler, entered her partnership house then, too, indicating her marriage. There may be some difficult adjustments for the couple because of public social obligations which interfere with personal life. Her desire for privacy and "getting away from the crowds" could be increased in 1974 under Neptune afflictions to her Moon. She has been subject to much self-discipline and public obligation during her young life due to the authority planets Saturn and Pluto to her Leo Sun and Virgo Moon. However, during the coming year she will lead a more secluded existence and be less practical, more dreamy under Neptune. Her emotions will be much nearer the surface than usual and she might not be seeing things as they really are in her relationships with men, especially in March '74. Any such problems fade out by November '74 when she comes under the emotionally harmonious rays of Venus to her Sun. The long-term view indicates that her marriage, while containing some conflicts between public and private life, will be successful and produce several healthy, beautiful children.

LEO

happened to have the dread malefics at the wrong place in his chart. Modern astrology is more sophisticated and much less specific. So large and contradictory is the body of lore that an astrologer can examine a chart that would have turned Ptolemy or Brahe ashen with horror and still predict that the lovely lady will have an exciting romance in the coming year.

For the ancients the dread planets were Saturn, the cold planet of death, and Mars, the planet of war. The worst possible horoscope was the "grand square," where one of the evil planets stared straight across at your moon, and the other evil planet, 90 degrees away, stared straight across at your sun. The happiest of horoscopes was the "grand trine," where each of the evil planets was faced off at an angle of 120 degrees to the sun or moon or such happy planets as Jupiter or Venus.

These concepts have become greatly watered down in modern times. The young lady born under the grand trine would now be told that she might be lucky both in love and in Wall Street—and then sternly warned not to depend on luck alone. The young lady with the grand square, whom Ptolemy might well have consigned to a quick hanging as the most merciful of fates, will be told that she faces great challenges and that, in overcoming them, she can attain great victories, both in Wall Street and in love.

Astrology has never really gotten around what is sometimes called the "twin problem." Why do so many fraternal twins, born at almost the same moment and therefore endowed with identical horoscopes, develop such strikingly different personalities? St. Augustine put the problem in a different way in his *Confessions* when he declared he had given up all belief in astrology upon learning that a wealthy landowner and a slave on the landowner's estate had been born at exactly the same time.

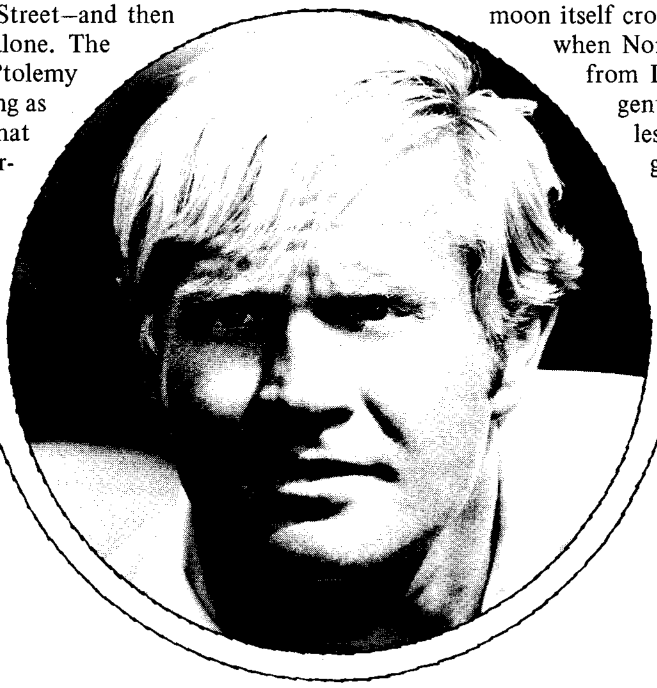
St. Thomas Aquinas took a friendlier view, and one that would be endorsed by most astrologers today. He held that the planets influenced the more elemental part of man, the passions, but that through his intellect man could arrange his life in harmony with the planets. A popular phrase in Aquinas's time was *sapiens dominabitur astris*, the wise man will be ruled by the stars. Considering the thousands of future felons and junior executives born within any fifteen minutes in the same hospitals, this seems a limitation on astrology that is sensible indeed.

In agreement with Saint Thomas, modern astrologers talk about such things as a "developed" or an "undeveloped" Capricorn. "A man with a dominant Mars, which is the sign of the knife, might be a murderer," says one astrologer. "If semideveloped he might be a butcher and, if fully developed, this man with the same sign might be a surgeon. Whatever your chart may say, you have complete free will to go downstairs and enroll in Columbia University or throw yourself in front of a truck." Or, as Carroll Righter puts it, "The stars impel but do not compel."

The advice of a good modern astrologer would be to get your chart drawn up and then keep an eye on the "transits." When an evil planet such as Saturn transits a point in exact opposition to the point where your sun was at the time of your birth, you would be well advised to avoid work and family crises and, if possible, take a week's vacation in Bermuda. If Venus is prominent, think about sex, perhaps with your wife. If Jupiter is dominant, avoid dice and poker games. (Your optimistic spirit, induced by your Jupiter, would lead you to double up or to raise and call, often with ridiculous cards.)

What of astrology in the future? It may be with us more scientifically than we presently suspect. Experiments at Northwestern University, in Evanston, Illinois, for example, suggest that sea creatures respond not to the moon's pull on the tides (as hitherto thought) but to the moon itself crossing the local meridian. This was discovered when Northwestern scientists had some oysters sent from Long Island Sound and placed under stringently controlled conditions, in effect a changeless environment. As expected the oysters began to open and close in the tide rhythms of Long Island Sound, some 850 miles away. But suddenly the oysters opened up at high tide Long Island time, which was unoysterlike indeed, and could hardly be attributed to any tidal influence in inland Illinois. The oysters were in actuality responding to the moon's crossing of the meridian at their new location. Even more significant possibilities loom, even affecting human life. In a book entitled *Astrological Birth Control*, authors Sheila Ostrander and Lynn Schroeder examine a theory strongly advocated in Czechoslovakia recently that the configurations of the sun and moon have a very specific effect on the conception of human life, affecting fertility and the sex of the child.

Charles Jayne does not claim the gift of prophecy for astrologers. According to him, "astrologers are by no means always right nor should astrology be judged solely from predictions. Too many people's attitudes to astrology are emotional one of belief or disbelief. There is a vital difference between what we believe and what we know. The prejudice against astrology's serious and scientific side shown by many scientists often without any investigation, is as irrational as some people's belief in it. Indeed, many of us derive our sense of psychological security from unconscious emotional identification with an ideological belief-system. Nationalism, politics, religion are frequently this way which is why it is foolish to argue about them. Most physicists early in this century had been brought up in the classical mechanics of Newton. Their reaction to the new wave and quantum mechanics and to relativity was mainly one of unscientific rejec-



Jack Nicklaus

January 21, 1940

By Doris Kaye

It's not surprising that Aquarian Jack Nicklaus was attracted to sports; a highly competitive instinct, plus enjoyment of physical activity, are shown in his birth chart, as well as the ability to develop disciplined skill in his game. He may be a bit oversensitive to criticism and his mental attitude is important when he plays; he does his best when he's entirely objective. The next twelve months will bring him both opportunity and challenge. The month of February and from May 18 to 26 will be favorable; his efforts—and perhaps a bit of luck—can produce success and personal popularity. On the other hand, from May 27 to June 3, he may be blocked by a stronger competitor. June 4 to July 29 can be an exciting period for him and, though his own energies may be somewhat depleted around July 21 to 28, if he anticipates this and prepares accordingly, he could win a hard-fought battle on the links; careful planning, plus quick response to unexpected conditions, will be to his advantage. He may meet with some formidable opposition during the entire April through August period, but he can emerge successfully if he relies on his strengths and avoids nervous tension. An agreement he enters at the end of September may have to be renegotiated by early November—could relate to playing in another country. The latter part of 1974 may also bring dealings with publishers; his birth chart shows he has a flair for writing which will be accentuated at that time.

AQUARIUS

tion. As Max Planck said, it was only because they gradually died off that the new physics became accepted."

What has astrology to say further about mankind's future? The long-term 794-year recurrence of the two giant planets Jupiter and Saturn in the same part of the Tropical Zodiac correlates closely to a cycle found in history by the great British historian, Arnold J. Toynbee. During about half the cycle the component states of a parochial civilization engage in civil strife and a "time of troubles." Then during the balance of the cycle they combine as a Universal State or Empire. Northern and Western Europe and North America comprise such a civilization. The state of the component ones that brings about the integration is a "semibarbaric superstate of the cultural periphery," as Dr. Toynbee puts it, which fits the U.S. For we are in the process of forging what Rauschning and others have called the Atlantic or American Empire as the Republic of Rome once did.

Two thousand years ago the Roman Empire was about to be born and with the advent of Christ the swing away from materialism to spirituality was about to commence. Many astrologers see a parallel to our own time. Indeed, it is already reflected, if imperfectly, by the younger generation, who in various ways shun our technology in their groping search for some form of spirituality.

How shall we make our private decision about astrology?

Shall we stand off and agree with Shakespeare that "the fault. . . is not in our stars, but in ourselves?"

Shall we take a cautious step forward with Heisenberg in his *The Nature Of Contemporary Physics*: "It is above all the systematic study of relations between man and nature which is the central aim of science"?

Or shall we wholly agree with the celebrated French poet and critic André Breton: "What do you think of astrology? In my opinion it is a very great, very beautiful lady who comes from a time so distant that she cannot fail to hold me under her spell. I can see no finery or elegance in the purely physical world to match hers. Moreover, she seems to me to have in her possession one of the highest mysteries of the world."

Fortunately, we have an opportunity to judge for ourselves and make up our own minds. Accompanying this article is a group of forecasts made by the most distinguished astrologers in the field about famous and intriguing personalities. Some are bold, some are somewhat cautious, but all are fascinating.

Let us wait and see.

1974 MERCURY COUGAR XR-7

**In size, this new breed of Cougar is like Grand Prix and Monte Carlo.
In every other way, it's like nobody else's car.**

You're looking at the all new Cougar for '74. It's more than a new car. It's moved up one whole class. In fact Cougar is the only new choice among the mid-size personal luxury cars.

There's new styling, inside and out. New dash with tachometer and hooded gauges mounted in deeply padded vinyl. Elegant new opera window. Distinctive new Landau roof. Steel-belted radials. All standard. There's power steering. And front disc brakes, automatic floor shift and bucket seats, also standard. Plus the same type suspension system as Lincoln-Mercury's most expensive luxury car. Other features shown are optional.

And along with Cougar's new size class comes a whole new class of comfort for you. Because we felt this much luxury deserved a little more room.

MERCURY COUGAR
LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION Ford

ANNOUNCING

THE SECOND ANNUAL SATURDAY EVENING POST COVER CONTEST

Hearts on our sleeve, the covers of the *Post* have been an unforgettable parade, a moving tableau of America's laughter and tears, wit and wisdom, since the very first stirrings of 4-color printing a half-century past! Names to conjure with, these, the living artist's signature at the bottom of each cover painting—J.C. Leyendecker, Andrew Wyeth, Grant Wood, Stevan Dohanos, Al Parker, John Falter, and the treasured Norman Rockwell.

Yet at some time, somewhere, each one of these greats was alone and unknown, atremble with young hope and creative thrust, painting for the solitary joy of it. What followed after was part luck, part pluck, part unquenchable desire to speak on canvas. And always, there was the magazine, the showcase of *The Saturday Evening Post*, waiting to emblazon the fresh talent of each aspiring artist to an appreciative world.

It happened again last year, when we announced the First Annual Post Amateur Painting Contest. Out of nowhere strode two young men, hardly known in their midwest and Rocky Mountain communities, and suddenly one was painting covers for the magazine and the other embarked on a career of illustration. Their names: Robert Charles Howe and Gene Boyer. Mark them well, for you shall be seeing them again and again in coming years. And perhaps those of the hundreds of other budding artists who also submitted their works for the contest.

You don't have to own a studio or have a huge backlog of completed work. Pick up your brush and go to work. Show us America through your eyes. Country, city, suburb. America is changing. Will you be the one to depict this land in the coming years? Now, the *Post* offers you the chance to show your work to millions of people through the mirror of its pages. Who knows where genius lies? We only know that it is out there somewhere. How about you, you with the brush in your hand, and the light in your eye? Let us know. We'll go on from here together.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Mar. Apr. '73
One Dollar
The Winner
"Holy Cow!"
★ ★ ★
Self-portrait by
18-year-old
Robert Charles Howe,
Winner of the
Norman Rockwell
Cover Contest
See page 16 for full story
NORMAN ROCKWELL ILLUSTRATOR
Robert Charles Howe
"The Four Freedoms"—Norman Rockwell's Supreme Triumph
Dick Van Dyke · Buckminster Fuller · Jill Ruckelshaus · Al Capp
Alvin Toffler · Alexander Botts · Isaac Azimov · Oral Roberts University

Winner of 1973 cover contest. "Holy Cow," by Bob Howe.
Saturday Evening Post *cover March/April issue, 1973*

First Prize: A one-week, off-season vacation for two in Amsterdam, the "Venice of the North"—a city of canals where centuries-old red brick houses and high, pointed step-gabled roofs lend a certain charm found nowhere else in Europe.

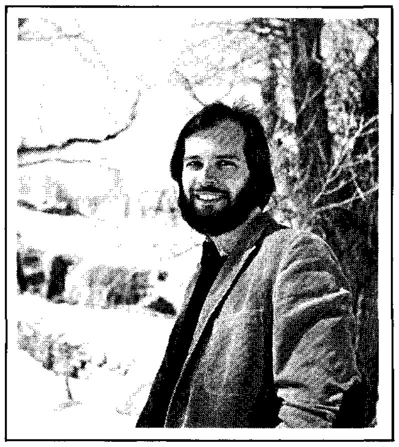
Second Prize: A seven-day luxury cruise for two to the enchanting islands of the Caribbean, with sun, sea, and gay festivities.

Third Prize: One 35-millimeter camera with standard lens.

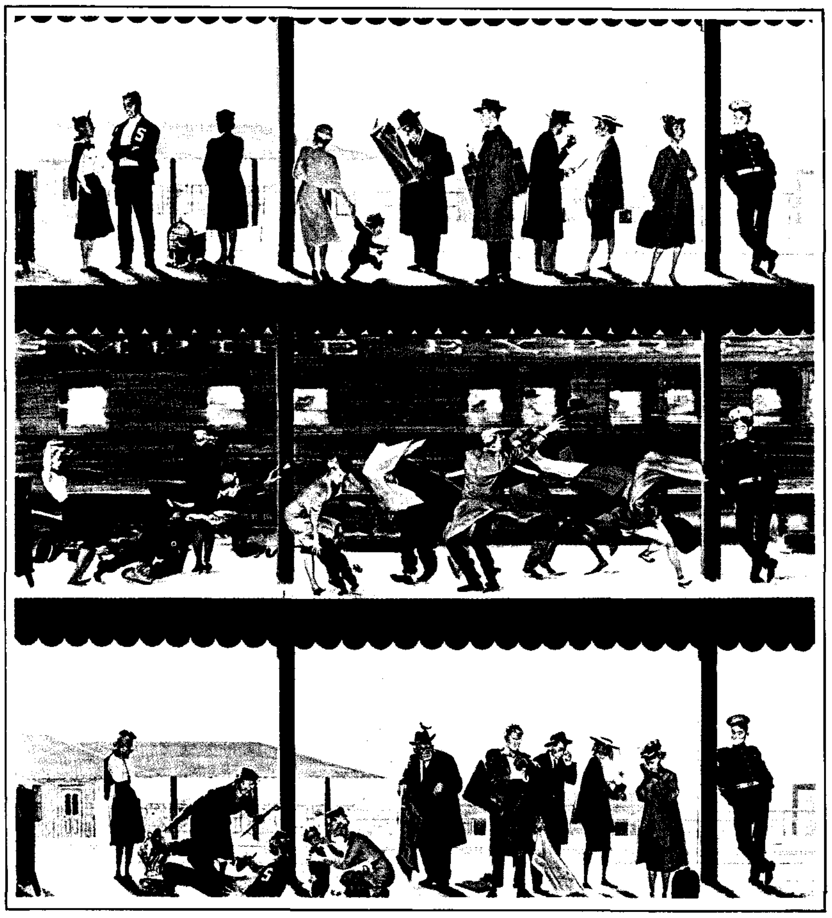
RULES

1. The *Saturday Evening Post* Cover Contest is open to all artists except employees of *Post* and Curtis Publishing, and its subsidiaries and their families.
2. Entries are limited to one work per contestant. Any two-dimensional medium is acceptable. Three-dimensional mediums will be automatically eliminated. Entries should be painted in 16 by 20 inches, or in that proportion, and may be in color or black and white.
3. Each entry must be unframed, and clearly identified on the back with the name and address of entrant. Entrants must accept full responsibility for packaging and damage en route. Stamps, money order, or certified check in the amount of shipping to cover return postage must be enclosed. Entries without sufficient postage will not be returned.
4. Each winner must, before receiving prizes, sign a statement that he or she has full rights to the illustration; that he or she grants full rights to *Post* for use of the work in publication and advertising and that the work has never been reproduced in any publication.
5. Entries will be judged by the editors of *Saturday Evening Post.*
6. Winners will be announced in the earliest subsequent issue of the *Post.*
7. Entries must be postmarked no later than March 31, 1974. Entries must be addressed to Saturday Evening Post Cover Contest, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

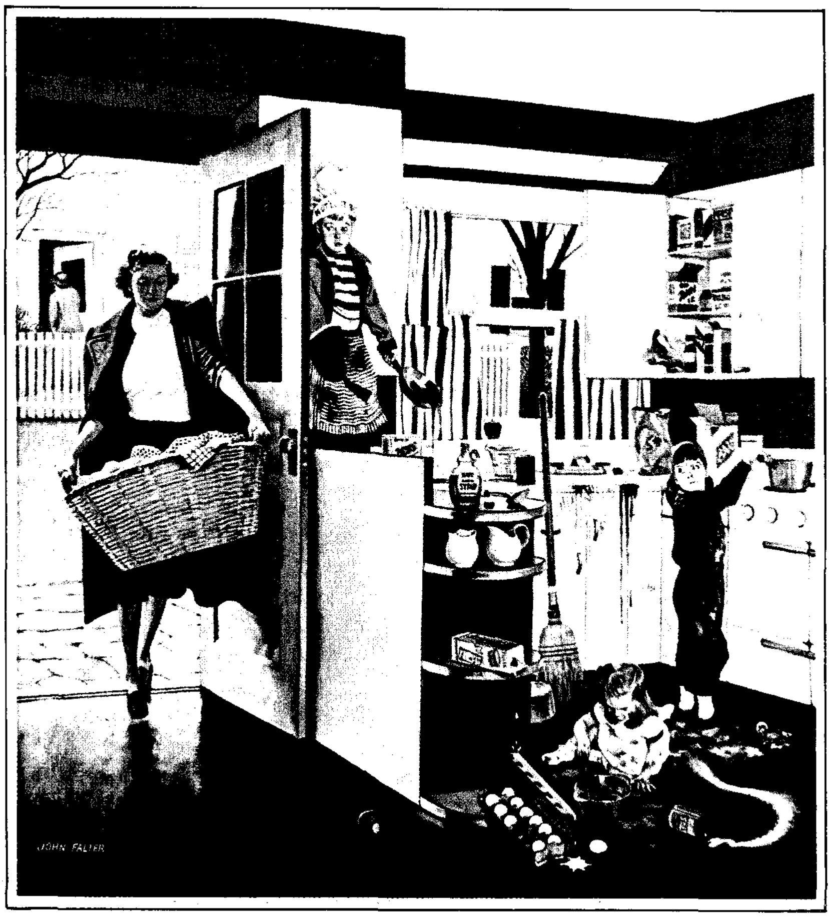
ROBERT CHARLES HOWE was the 18-year-old winner of the first *Saturday Evening Post* Cover Contest. Self-taught, this young Illinois artist is under contract to do *Post* covers and illustrations, and his work has been hailed all over the world since his debut as the cover artist of the March/April 1973 issue, seen at left. Since then every issue has carried Howe illustrations in color and black and white, using a variety of painting and sketching mediums. Bob is a classic example of an artist who has elected to paint the scene around him, the things he knows and sees. His work is not lacking in imagination, but his feet are on the ground.



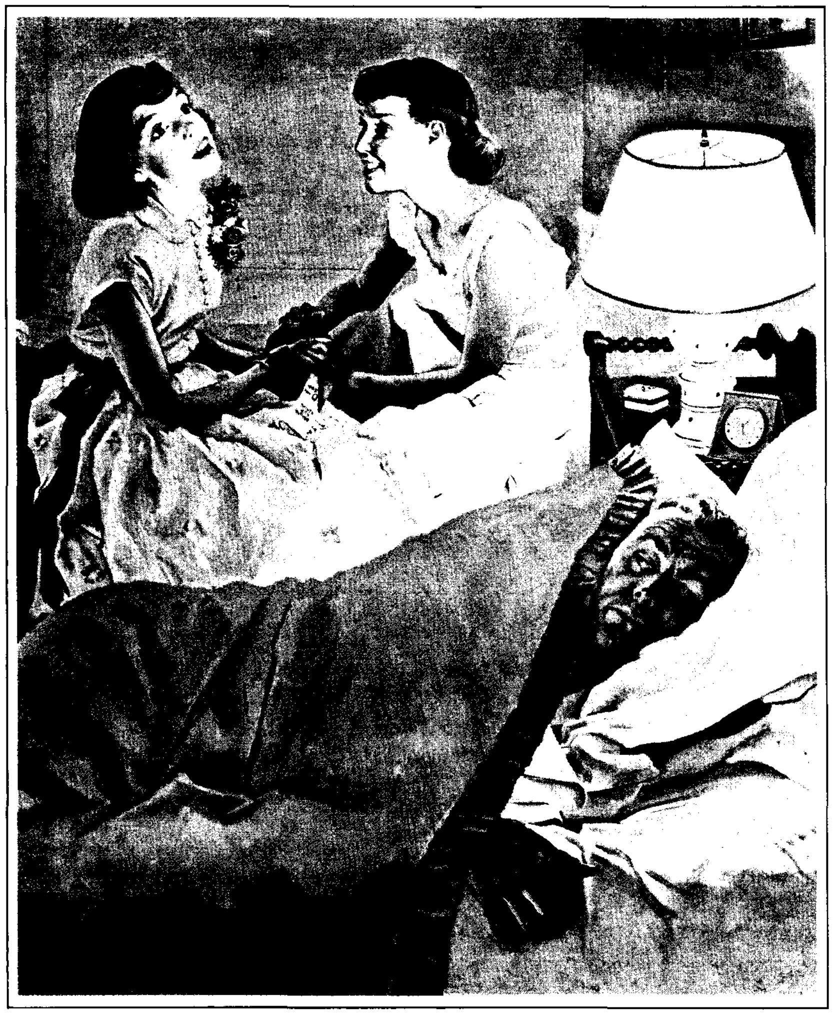
GENE BOYER of Colorado was the other winner of the first *Saturday Evening Post* Cover Contest in 1973. Like Bob Howe he is self-taught and born in Illinois. In his early twenties, Gene has illustrated stories for the *Post*, and is presently engaged in a series of illustrations for the magazine to appear during the coming year. Without a doubt he has emerged from the contest an established artist.



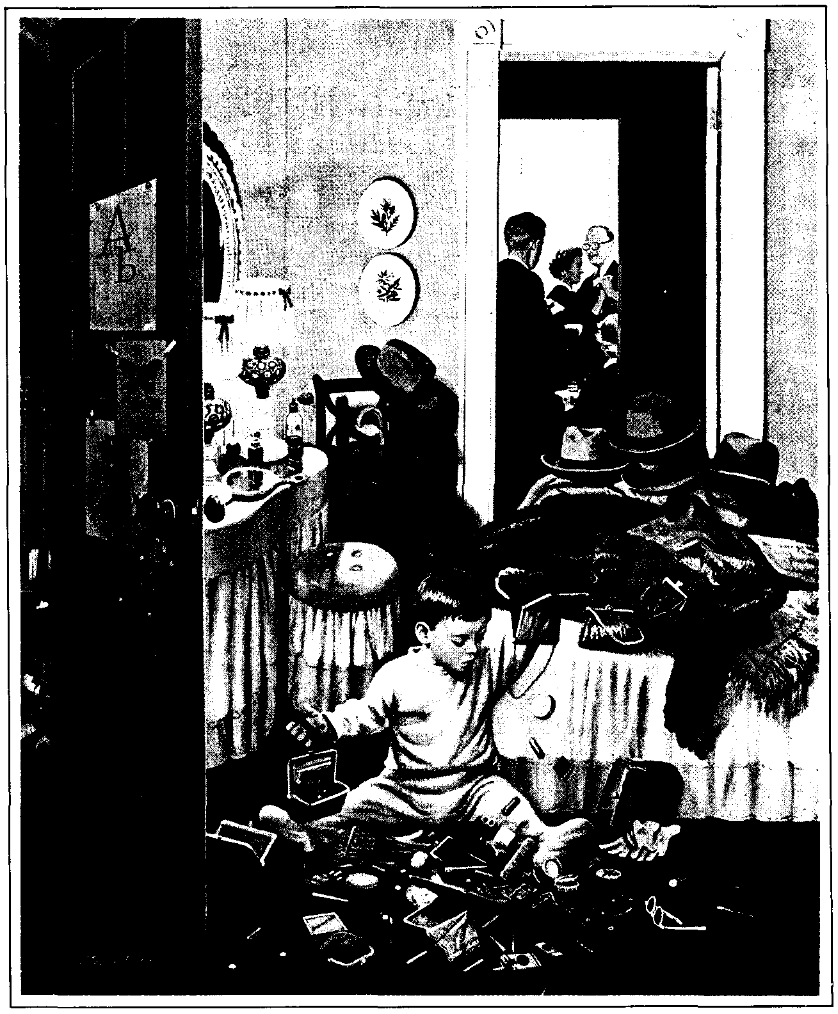
"Expressly Yours,"
by Thornton Utz.
Saturday Evening Post *cover October 20, 1951*



"Mother's Little Helpers,"
by John Falter.
Saturday Evening Post *cover April 18, 1953*



"After The Dance,"
by George Hughes.
Saturday Evening Post *cover January 24, 1953*



"Born Explorer,"
by Stevan Dohanos.
Saturday Evening Post *cover November 22, 1952*

AN ABSOLUTELY SUREFIRE GUARANTEED WAY TO LOSE WEIGHT

By ART BUCHWALD

A latter-day fable with a weighty moral: bet a good friend you can lose more pounds than he can, and then do everything under heaven to keep him eating.

Illustrated by Paul Szep

We were sitting in the Sans Souci restaurant in Washington on a hot August afternoon. Edward Bennett Williams, the famous defense lawyer, and I had each just finished off a *mousse au chocolat* and as we sipped our coffee, we discussed different reasons why we couldn't lose weight.

"We need an incentive," I said. "Something that is bigger than both of us."

"I know an incentive," Williams said, eating a petit four.

"What is it?" I asked, nibbling on a sugar-coated strawberry.

"Greed," Williams replied. "Greed has been the motivating force in both our lives."

I couldn't argue with that.

"We will make a bet as to who can lose the most weight in a certain amount of time at $100 a pound."

"Jeez," I said. "You mean if I lose twenty-five pounds and you lose only fifteen, you have to pay me $1,000?"

"Or," said Williams, "if I lose twenty and you lose only five, you have to pay me $1,500."

We agreed on the rules. We would proceed to the Metropolitan Club in Washington after lunch (Williams is a member); weigh in at the Health Club. Then we would weigh in three months later, the day before Thanksgiving at exactly noon. Arnie, the head of the Health Club, would keep our starting weights in a locked safe.

After lunch, we went to the Health Club, stripped to the buff and weighed in. Williams tipped the scales at exactly 220 pounds. I weighed in at exactly 190 pounds—and the battle was on.

My strategy was to tell everyone about the bet in hopes they would give me the moral strength to win it. Several people who knew Williams's predilection for cocktails and desserts asked for a piece of my action. Not only were they certain Williams would be unable to lose the weight, but they pointed out that since he was also the president of the Washington Redskins football team, and with the bet taking place at the height of the football season, Williams would soon be eating a pound of French bread a day.

We both used psychological warfare tactics. One noontime I sent a tray of French pastries to Williams's office when he'd decided not to go to lunch. Two evenings later, a large chocolate layer cake was delivered to my home with a note, "I'm always thinking of you—Eddie."

I sent Williams a book on ice cream. He gave me a $15 gift certificate for Fannie Farmer Candies. Both our secretaries were getting fat.

Since everyone knew about the bet, I kept getting intelligence reports every day. Williams, who was defending Louis Wolfson in a case being tried in New York City, was seen at Lüchow's eating six potato pancakes. A week later, he was reported to have been spotted at P.J. Clarke's at three o'clock in the morning, surrounded by nothing but fried onion rings.

In the meantime, I worked desperately to lose weight. Since I don't drink liquor, every pound I took off was painful.

In six weeks, I had taken off ten pounds. Williams, by his own admission, had put on six.

He demanded a summit conference at Paul Young's Restaurant.

"I want to call off the bet," he said. "I didn't realize I would have to try the Wolfson case in New York as well as deal with the Redskins. I can't take off weight under pressure."

"No chance of calling off the bet," I said.

"But I'm $1,600 behind," he protested.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," I said. "If you lose you have to give the money to the United Jewish Appeal. If I lose, I'll give it to your favorite charity. This way we won't be taking money from each other. What do you want me to give it to?"

"Cardinal O'Boyle's Right to Live Committee," said Williams. "It's an anti-abortion organization that helps pregnant girls."

A few weeks later at Duke Zeibert's Restaurant, the Israeli Ambassador Yitzhak Rabin passed by our table and I introduced Williams to him. "Mr. Ambassador," I said, "Mr. Williams is going to buy Israel a new jet fighter plane and I think you should thank him personally."

The Ambassador said he was very happy Williams cared that much about Israel.

Williams muttered something inaudible. After the Ambassador left Williams said, "Now you've done it. You have humiliated me in front of the Israeli Ambassador. You have gotten me mad. I am going to get you if it's the last thing I do." Then he ordered another Scotch and soda.

The day before Thanksgiving was bright and clear. The night before I had taken a dose of milk of magnesia (Williams, I heard later, had taken dehydration pills). I went to the Y.M.C.A. and worked out for an hour and then spent another hour in the steam room. In three months I had managed to take off sixteen pounds. I was certain this was enough. As a matter of fact, I was so sure of myself that I had hired a violinist for $50 to play for the weighing-in. I had also organized a large victory luncheon for reporters at the Sans Souci to follow the weigh-in.

We could have sold $10,000 worth of tickets to the weighing-in. All of Washington knew about the bet. Several women offered to hold our clothes.

I arrived at the Metropolitan Health Club at ten of twelve. Arnie told me Williams was in the steam room where he had been since ten. I went into the steam room, but he refused to shake my hand. "Let's go," he said.

"I'd like to take off another pound, if it's all the same to you," I said.

"You trying to forfeit the match?" he asked.

I followed him out of the steam room. "What a terrible loser," I said.

We both walked into the locker room where the scale was. I opened the door to the shower and out stepped my violinist playing "Hearts and Flowers." Williams was in a rage.

"No one said anything about music at the weigh-in," he protested.

"You didn't say anything about *not* having music," I replied.

As I got on the scale the violinist played "Let a Winner Lead the Way." I weighed in at exactly 174 pounds.

Williams then got on the scale. I couldn't believe it. He was down from 220 to 199 pounds. I demanded a recount. The scale still showed 199. I had lost $500. The fickle violinist immediately broke into "Hail to the Redskins."

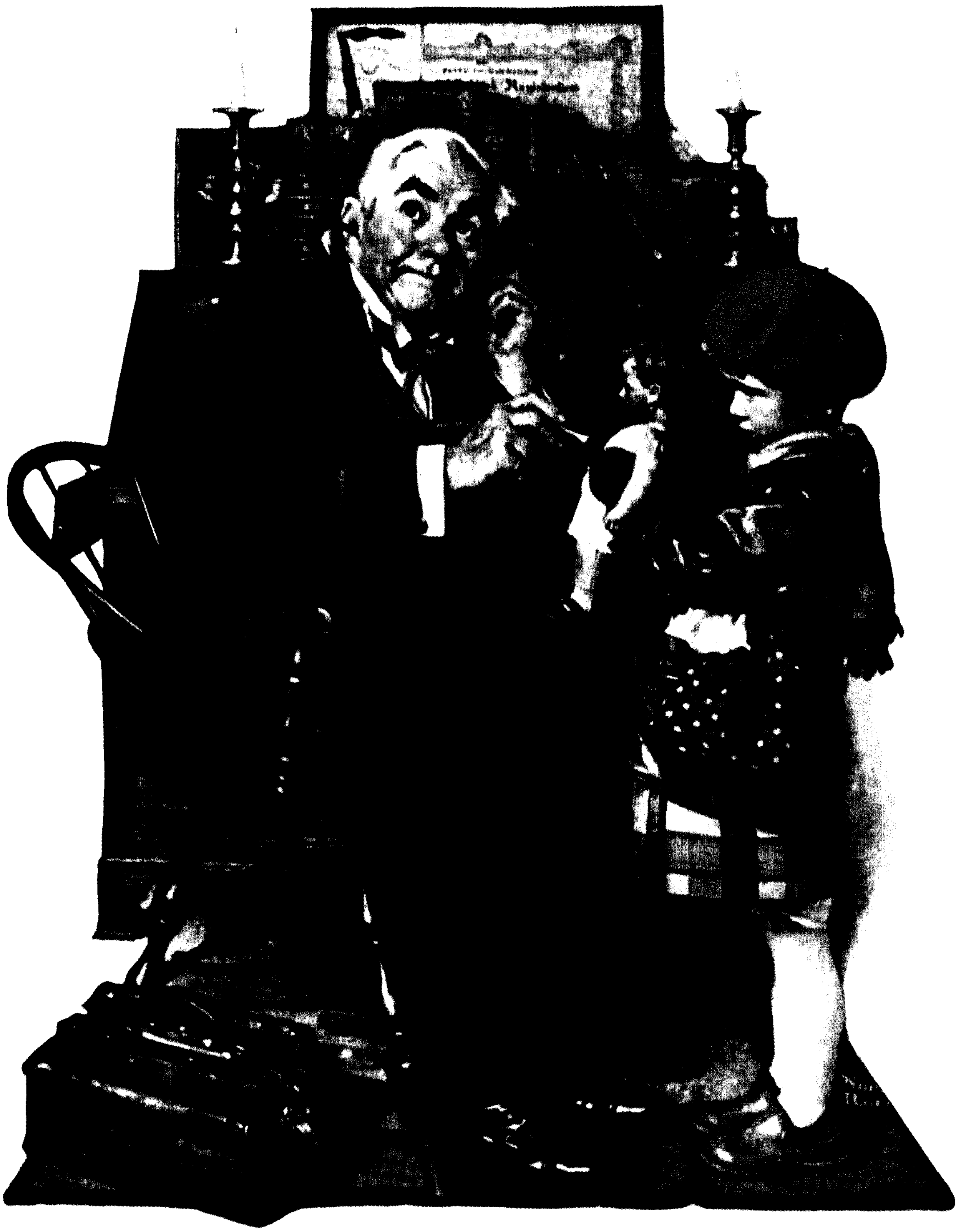
It was one of the great upsets in diet history. Williams had lost twenty-one pounds in two weeks, probably nineteen of it in water.

My victory luncheon at the Sans Souci turned into a bitter meal of humiliation and abuse. The reporters asked me if I would have done anything differently and I replied, "As I look back on it, my big mistake, besides peaking too early, was introducing the Israeli Ambassador to Williams.

Now the only thing I have to show for my painful three months is a thank-you letter from Cardinal O'Boyle telling me how happy I made all the unmarried Catholic girls in Washington.

Advertisement

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST IS GOING MONTHLY!*



JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED

And the doc's prognosis is great—life's going to go on, and get better and better, for dollies, daughters, and those who care about the likes of them as well. Because the great old *Post*'s bimonthly days are already over, and the monthly issues are a'rollin' out right now. Same beautiful showcase *Post*-size format, nothing ever left out. More of the best during every year to come!

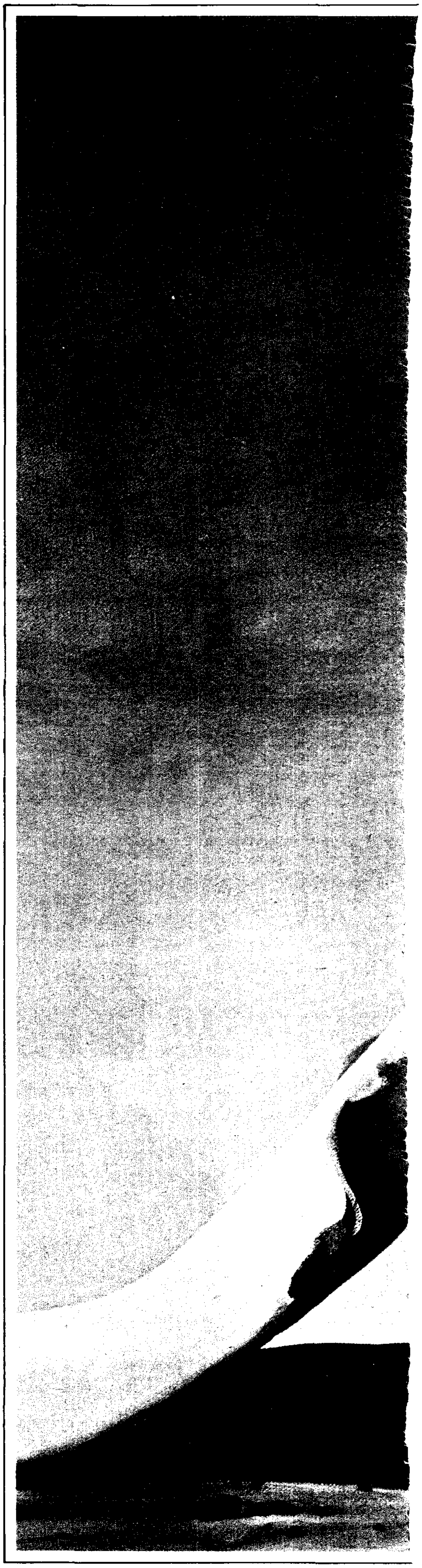
You will receive a reproduction on canvas, size 11x14, of the beautiful Norman Rockwell painting, "The Doctor and the Doll," shown here, as a gift or premium with each two- or three-year subscription. Take advantage of these special new subscription prices: one year $10.00 (~~reg. $12.00~~); two years $19.00 (~~reg. $24.00~~); three years $27.00 (~~reg. $36.00~~).

Simply use the adjacent card, or turn to page 115, "The Armchair Shopper," and use the self-mailing order envelope. The Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Boulevard, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

*except January, June and August, 1974.

WOMAN: A TECHNOLOGICAL CASTAWAY

By CLARE BOOTHE LUCE



After a lifetime of casting about in the depths of female psychology, Sigmund Freud made this anguished entry in his diary: "What do women want, My God, what *do* they want?"

The feminist answer is: "By God, they want Freedom!" They want to be free, as men are free, to fulfill their own potentials and to seek their own identities. They want political, economic, and social equality with men. And this equality, the feminists contend, is being denied them by overt and covert masculine coercion.

The feminists would seem to have their work cut out. Male supremacy is the most obvious and massive fact of our society.

All our social institutions that exercise power, generate wealth, create the law, form the minds, and guide the actions and opinions of society are male dominated.

The government, military, judiciary, labor unions, churches, universities, communications and advertising media, the banking, production, insurance, and transport systems, and all the significant professions (law, science, medicine, engineering, architecture) are male oriented. Men make all the crucial decisions for society.

In all our great institutions, whether public or private, there are not a hundred women who occupy high policy-making positions. The sporadic appearance of women in so-called top-level appointive political jobs is still largely female tokenism.

Of America's 80 million adult women, only 30 million are gainfully employed. Although women twenty and over now account for one-third of the labor force, the vast majority are working in menial, sex-typed, or dead-end jobs. Women are the "domestics" of the Male Establishment.

The only institution in which women appear in equal numbers with men is our institution of monogamous marriage (80 percent of all adult women are or have been married). Legally, marriage is the most male-dominated institution of all. It is the only institution in which women are expected to work without receiving any stipulated wages and with no fixed working hours. A woman who enters marriage penniless (as most women do) becomes totally dependent on her husband for bed, board, clothing, and whatever monies she may need for running his house and caring for their children. He can give her as much or as little as he chooses. She has no legal claim to any part of his property or income. He is legally responsible for her current debts, but he can also legally disavow future responsibility whenever he finds it too onerous.

If the marriage ends in divorce, the wife must go to work to support herself, or she must depend either on her ex-husband's charity or on the charity of the courts. This charitable handout is called alimony. Permanent alimony is awarded in only 2 percent of all divorces, and the average alimony award is less than 30 percent of the ex-husband's wages. In awarding child support, the majority of judges generally expect able-bodied women to go to work and to assume half the cost of supporting their children. The economic problem divorce presents to women with children is told in these statistics: The median income of white men fourteen and over in 1971 was $7,237; of black men, $4,274; of white women, $2,448; of black women, $2,145. (College-educated women earn less than Negro men with eight years of education.) One out of three marriages, nevertheless, ends in divorce. The rate would certainly be higher if women were not faced with the economic problems suggested by the above statistics.

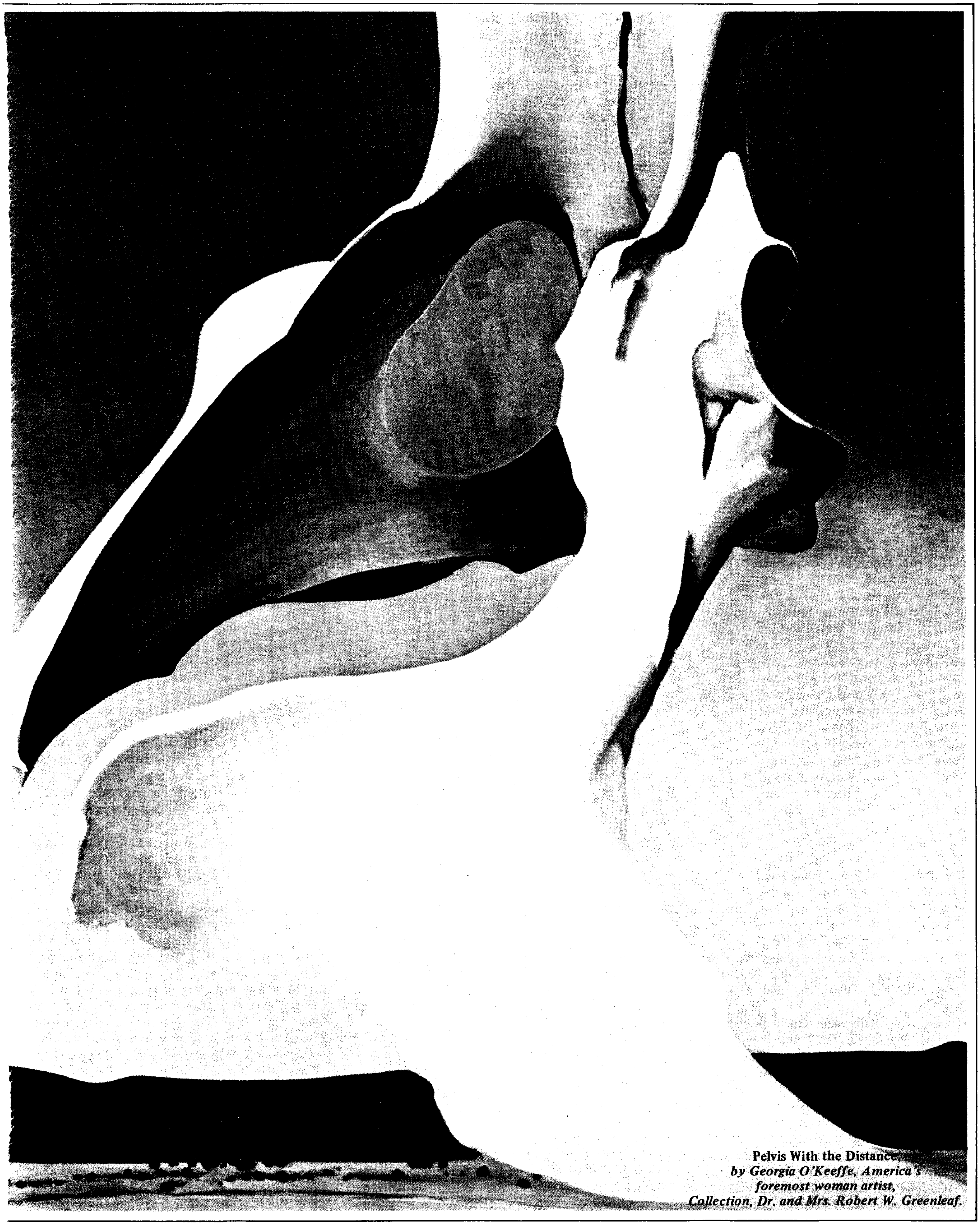
A recent government study of marriage, made on a nationwide basis, shows that only three out of twenty women profess to be happily married. Seven out of twenty "get along" but fight a lot. Ten out of twenty confess to being unhappy but stick to their mates for "practical reasons." Men come unstuck more easily than women. More than half the divorces granted are instigated by husbands. Husbands instigate the overwhelming number of divorces involving wives over forty. Many marriages end in the husband's desertion of the wife. Desertion, the "poor man's divorce," does not show up in the statistics.

The average woman who leaves marriage leaves it as poor as she entered it, a good deal older, and far less able to find employment with wages above the poverty level. About 40 percent of all families with a female head are below the poverty level. In every marriage there are two marriages, his and hers. His is better.

It's a man's world, no two ways about it.

The second obvious fact about our society is that, married or unmarried, this is the way most women seem to like it. The married, however, like it better. Given a (pollster's) choice between the unpaid and increasingly insecure job of "married woman" and any of the other jobs that the Male Establishment offers, women opt overwhelmingly for the job of homemaker. Hands down they prefer the gratifications of motherhood, the privileges of wifehood, and the status conferred by society on the title Mrs. to the condition of the unmarried woman working in a man's world.

But married or unmarried, happy or miserable, the vast majority of women accept their unequal social status. And when they are not indifferent to the efforts of the organized and activist



Pelvis With the Distance,
by Georgia O'Keeffe, America's foremost woman artist,
Collection, Dr. and Mrs. Robert W. Greenleaf.

feminists to achieve sex equality, they are openly hostile to them. A recent survey showed that more women than men accept the stereotype view of Women's Liberationists as sexually frustrated, hysterical, and unfeminine creatures who, if not "old bags," are probably lesbians.

The fight of any group, class, or minority for equality in a democratic society must be waged in many ways and at many levels. But if it is to be made "within the system," it has to be energetically fought at the ballot box and in the courts.

Women have had the vote for half a century. Unlike the blacks or Chicanos, women are *not* a political minority. They represent 51 percent of the electorate. They are a political majority that is treated as a minority. If women, as a class, were to demand legal equality, vote-hungry politicians (a tautological phrase) could not afford to deny it. Women, as a class, have made no such demand.

A case in point is the history of the Equal Rights Amendment. In 1923 a group of militant suffragettes, elated by their success in securing the basic right of every freeborn citizen—the vote—presented a bill to Congress to make women first-class citizens in the eyes of the Constitution.

The language of the Equal Rights Amendment bill was simple: "Equality of Rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged in the U.S. or by any state on account of sex." The bill was sent to the House Judiciary Committee where it remained bottled up for forty-seven years. The rationale of the Congress, totally dominated by males, was that while passage of the bill would give women the same legal rights as men, it would also result in their losing a handful of legal "privileges." One of these privileges was exemption from military service. The main objection made to it, however, was that it might relieve husbands of their legal responsibility for child support. The masculine view of fatherhood is a dim one.

For almost half a century women voters did not exert enough pressure on the Congress even to have the bill debated on the floor. Many women's clubs and organizations refused to support it. (This was par for the feminist course: in 1912, a decade before women's suffrage was passed, the General Federation of Women's Clubs refused to endorse votes for women.)

The Equal Rights Amendment bill was finally passed on March 22, 1972. But it now requires the ratification of thirty-eight states, thirty of which had ratified it as of September 1973. If the same consideration (or lack of consideration) is given to it by the states as it has received from the Congress, and if women voters continue to remain indifferent to its passage, it could be two or three decades before the Constitution recognizes women as first-class citizens.

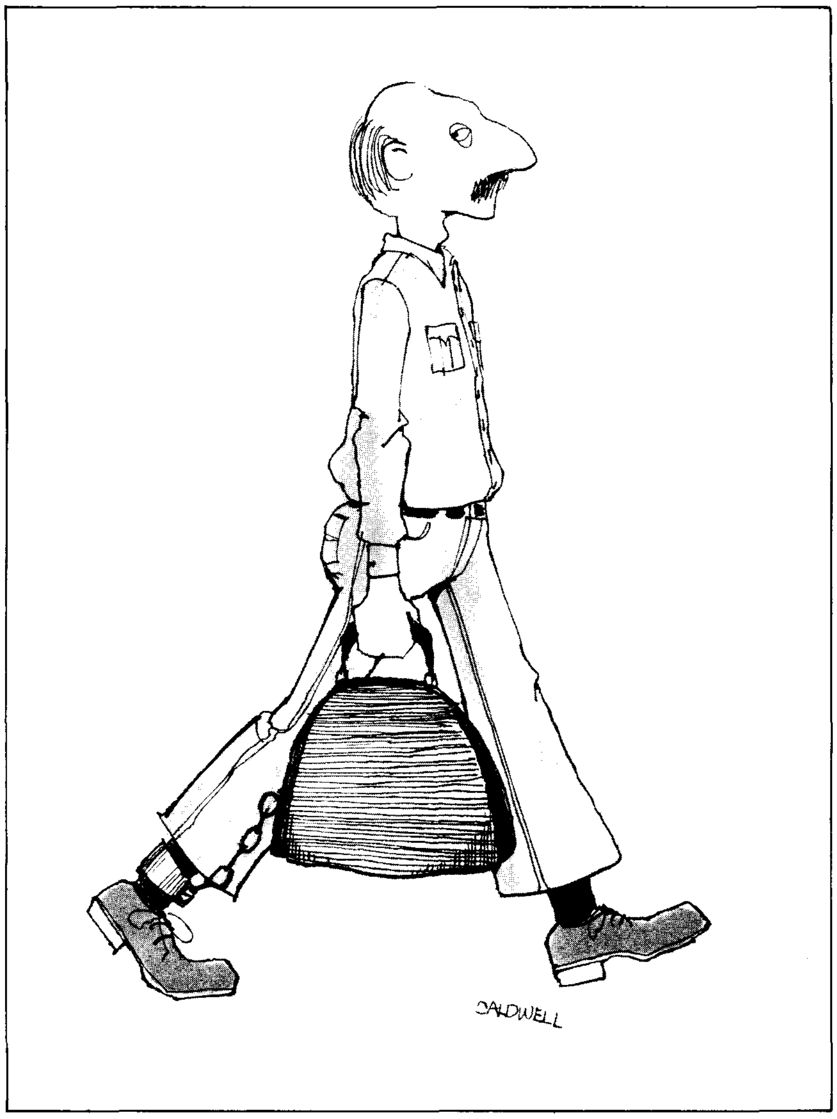
All surveys show that the majority of married women prefer to leave political questions—even those adversely affecting their own personal rights—in the hands of their husbands. It would seem that most women are intellectually, as well as economically, dependent on men.

The temptation is to leave the feminist question right there. It's a free society, and its female citizens have the right to pursue life, liberty, and happiness in any way they choose.

If they prefer the feminine gratifications and privileges of marriage to the rights enjoyed by men, if they don't feel themselves to be an oppressed class, well, whose business is it but theirs?

Nevertheless, the widespread indifference of women to their own unequal status in a so-called free society calls for some rational explanation.

The antifeminist point of view was never more clearly expressed than in an editorial in the *New York Herald* of September 12, 1852.



The editor (probably the great James Gordon Bennett), commenting on a women's suffrage meeting in Syracuse, N.Y., wrote:

> How did woman first become subject to man, as she is all over the world? By her nature, her sex, just as the negro is and always will be to the end of time, inferior to the white race and, therefore, doomed to subjection; but she is happier than she would be in any other condition, just because it is the law of her nature.

The antifeminist today, as well as yesterday, holds that the physiological and psychological differences between the sexes determine the roles they play—and prefer to play—as well as their condition in society. These differences are genetically and biologically ordained. Each sex possesses a "true nature." Woman's true nature is submissive, passive, dependent, and emotional. (Other adjectives often added are patient, nurturant, faithful, uncreative, and self-sacrificing.) She is born with a "feminine mentality." The true nature of man is dominant, active, independent. He is born with a "masculine mentality." To boil this proposition down to simple language, woman thinks with her womb, man thinks with his penis. Their different "mentalities," so to speak, actually *exude* from their genital organs. (Freud and the God of Adam and Eve in the Garden are in absolute accord on the proposition that anatomy is destiny. It is the ancient and traditional proposition of Judeo-Christian civilization.)

So, say the antifeminists, there really *is* no masculine discrimination or coercion against women after all. Women—at least "real women"—know what they are and what they really want. They want men to dominate them. And, give a little here or take a little there—*maybe* equal wages for equal work, for example—women want to be unequal.

The standard (though not yet traditional) position of the Women's Liberationists is that, while woman's reproductive system differs from man's, there are no other natural differences between them. (Pause, for male chauvinists to say *vive la différence.*)

Some Women's Liberationists posit a sort of prehistoric, Amazonian matriarchy in which women were once not only the natural equals of men but may have been their superiors. They also posit a time when man, more or less consciously, decided to put down and get on top of this naturally free woman, and to subjugate and exploit and enslave her for his own pleasure and profit. This he was able to do because her repeated pregnancies made her physically vulnerable. He then decreed that her physical vulnerability was evidence of her psychological inferiority.

Why, Women's Liberationists ask, if woman was indeed born to be submissive, did man find it necessary to use brute force to put—and keep—her down? (A very good question, really. Freud in his struggle to answer it came up with a melancholy solution: Woman is, by nature, masochistic; man is, by nature, sadistic. She enjoys physical suffering; he enjoys inflicting it. Altogether a dim view of both natures.) After centuries of physical violence, man finally hit upon the use of the carrot, as well as the stick, as the way to reconcile woman to her condition of servitude. He denied her all her rights but gave her certain privileges. Using the techniques that today are known as Pavlovianism and brainwashing, he finally domesticated her.

What man now calls woman's natural feminine mentality is the unnatural slave mentality he forced on her, just as he forced it on the blacks. He made her the "house nigger." (Many Women's Liberationists see women as "nigger.") In the end, man dropped the shackles from woman's body only because he had succeeded in fastening them on her mind. This, according to the Women's Liberationists, he finally did only very recently. Man did not grant woman the vote until he was reasonably certain that her slave mentality had become second nature and that she would not act to bring about her own emancipation.

But he is still taking no chances. Uppity wives are divorced and replaced by more submissive—and usually younger—ones. Uppity female employees, who insist on equal wages for equal work or who organize to protest discrimination, are eased out or fired. Only submissive employees are permitted to survive in the male chauvinist world. Pretty employees who are willing to submit to the casting couch (which, according to Women's Liberationists, is now standard office equipment) are given small privileges, small pay raises, and (sometimes) small promotions. Uppity professional women are ridiculed. (They are called pushy, aggressive, mannish, unfeminine, sexually frustrated, etc.) Altogether, the Male Establishment never lets women forget that they are all but valueless to society except as sex objects (submissive vaginas and fruitful wombs) and as devoted domestic servants (at home or at work) of their superior menfolks. Male chauvinism is the great self-serving masculine put-down of woman—the violation and despoliation of her true nature.

Insofar as both arguments rest on the theory that each sex has a true nature that determines its *social* behaviour, *roles* and *status*, both arguments rest on a theory that cannot be proved.

Humans are never to be found living in nature—the only place where their "natural" behaviour might be studied. Male and female, they are always found living in society. In the many historical and anthropological societies in which they have lived, they have displayed an astounding variety of behaviour patterns and played an amazing diversity of roles.

Copulation, pregnancy, and childbirth are not social roles. They are biological functions. (The only *role* that cannot be divorced from the sexual function is the role of professional prostitute—male or female—whence it is called the oldest *profession*.)

While whole psychologies have been written about the desire of one sex to possess the genital organs of the other (womb envy, penis envy), each sex is inescapably stuck with its own biological functions and cannot transfer them to the other. But roles (the parts people choose or are given to play in life) are both assignable and transferable. Generally, they are assigned—or reassigned—according to the preferences or

Continued on page 91

it's a wifesaver!
range by
BROWN
equipped with a
Soilfree
oven

- Every year, the chore of cleaning ovens claims the good humor of countless homemakers . . . not to mention damage to hands, knees, backs, and busy schedules!
- Brown protects wives from these ill effects by making a Soilfree oven for any budget. A Soilfree oven needs no special wiring, no extreme heat . . . it cleans itself while you bake at normal temperatures.
- Let the wifesaving Soilfree oven save time and energy for better things.

relax, rely on BROWN

BROWN STOVE WORKS, INC. • CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE 37311

A QUARTET OF LYRICS

By ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH

In her lifetime, Anne Morrow Lindbergh has shared in the pioneering aviation flights of her husband, Charles Lindbergh, and written nine books ranging from works of fiction and nonfiction to the poetry presented below. One discovers that Anne Lindbergh's genius is the ability to express deep feelings and yet maintain a delicacy and lightness of touch. Her goal is to experience life "down to the inner core," and because for her an experience does not exist unless it is put into words, we are able to share in her struggle to understand and communicate love, pain and the "moments of felicity" she describes in "Interior Tree." What inspires Anne Lindbergh to glints of perception, to precise expression of innermost thoughts? One finds the answer in her novel, Dearly Beloved: *you can give your children "only clues, a thread of perception, a crack of light, a key to a locked door" in the attempt to come to grips with life. Through her poetry, Anne Lindbergh succeeds in providing that crack of light.*
– Julie Nixon Eisenhower

Two Citadels

We cannot meet, two citadels of stone
Imprisoned in our walls; two worlds that spin
Each in a separate orbit, each alone.
We are two homesteads, sheltering within
A score of lives. A score of household selves
Polish the floors, replenish pantry shelves,
Ticking to duties all the clock-told day,
Without a window-look across the way.

We cannot meet; stone citadels stand fast;
Two worlds do not embrace; homesteads are bound,
Attached to place, to time, to one day's round.
But evenings when the drudgery is past
And blinds are drawn and children safe in bed,
And adults sit and dream and nod the head,
A child within each house can slip apart,
Run barefoot down the stairs and out to meet
His playmate. Breathless, in the dark, they greet
And fling each other wholly heart to heart.

Alms

Like birds in winter
You fed me;
Knowing the ground was frozen,
Knowing
I should never come to your hand,
Knowing
You did not need my gratitude.

Softly,
Like snow falling on snow,
Softly, so not to frighten me,
Softly,
You threw your crumbs upon the ground—
And walked away.

Space

For beauty, for significance, it's space
We need; and since we have no space today
In which to frame the act, the word, the face
Of beauty, it's no longer beautiful.

A tree's significant when it's alone,
Standing against the sky's wide open face;
A sail, spark-white upon the space of sea,
Can pin a whole horizon into place.

Encompassed by the dark, a candle flowers,
Creating space around it as it towers,
Giving the room a shape, a form, a name;
Significance is born within the frame.

A word falls in the silence like a star,
Searing the empty heavens with the scar
Of beautiful and solitary flight
Against the dark and speechless space of night.

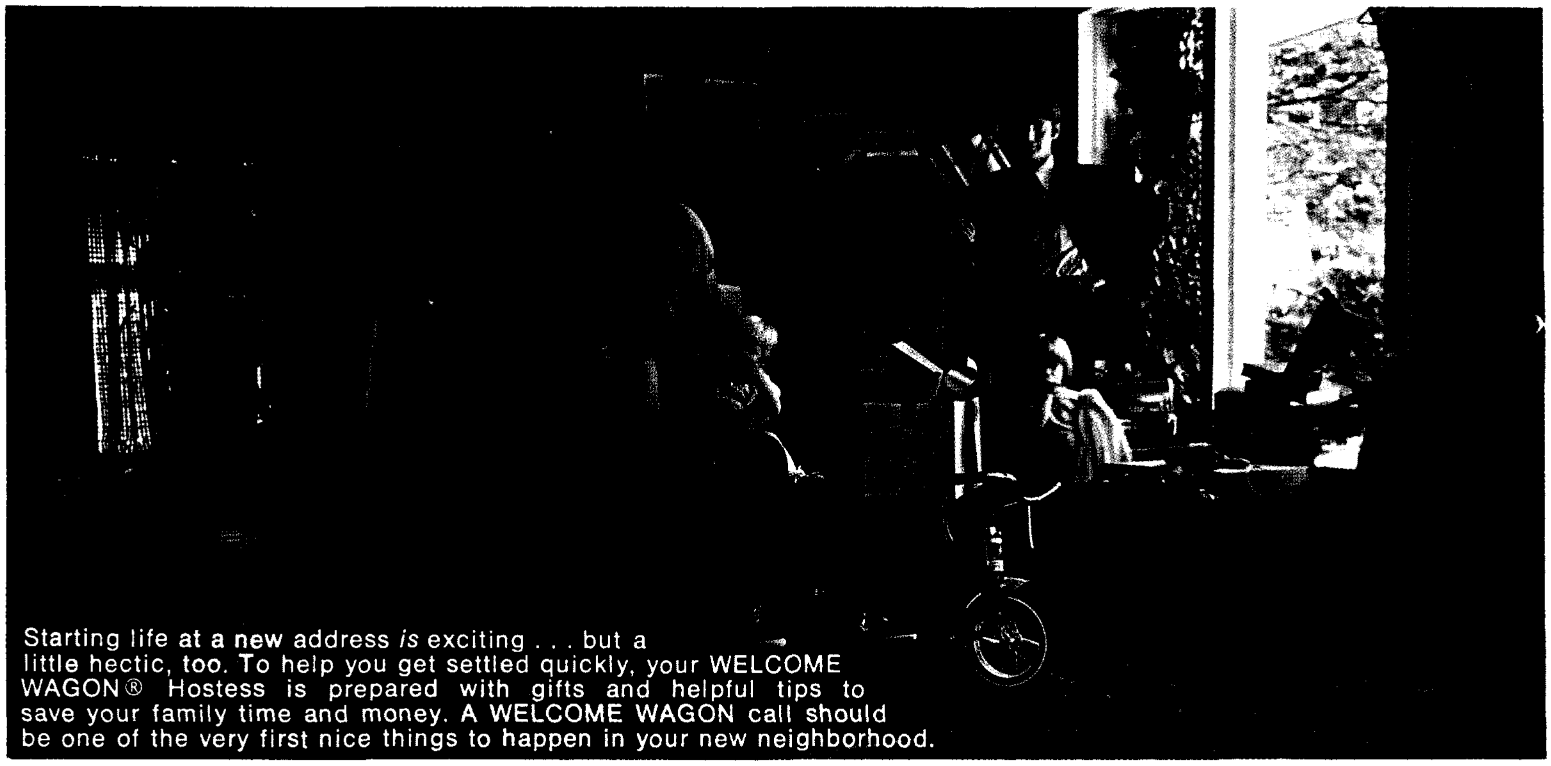
Interior Tree

Burning tree upon the hill
And burning tree within my heart,
What kinship stands between the two,
What cord I cannot tear apart?

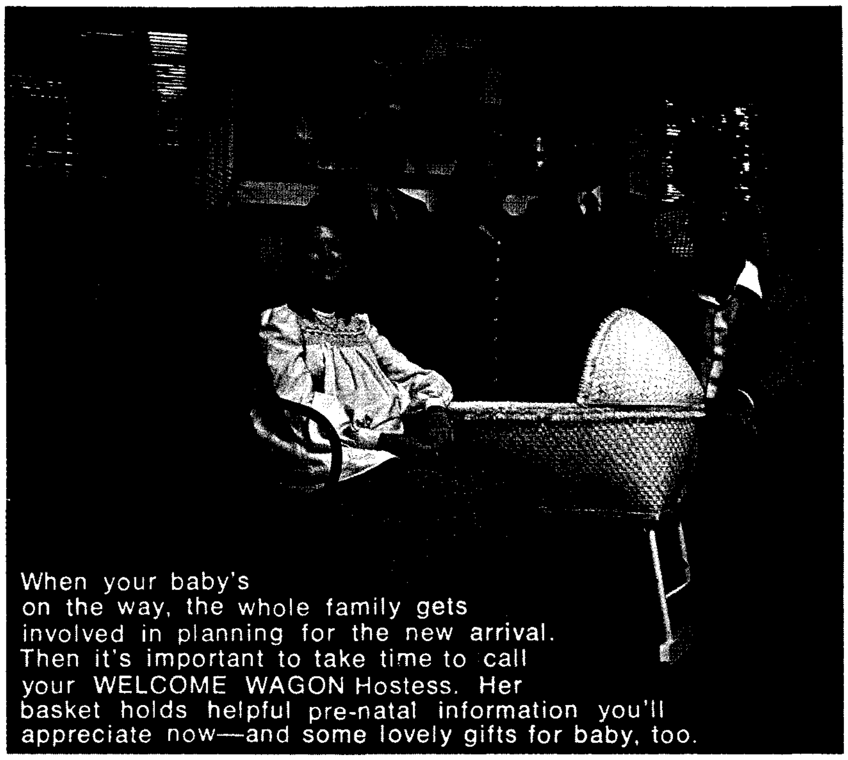
The passionate gust that sets one free,
—A flock of leaves in sudden flight—
Shatters the bright interior tree
Into a shower of splintered light.

Fused moments of felicity,
When flame in eye and heart unite,
Come they from earth, or can they be
The swallows of eternity?

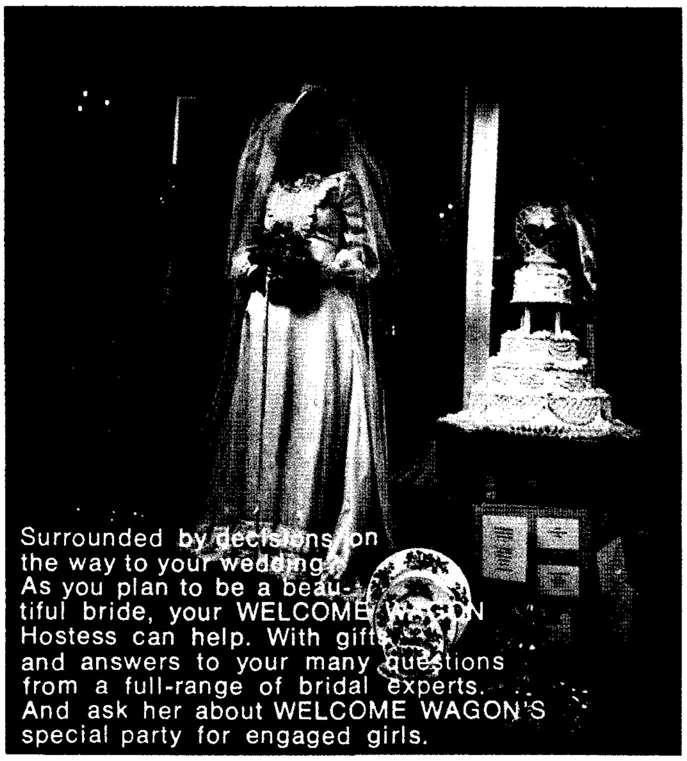
When to Call.



Starting life at a new address *is* exciting . . . but a little hectic, too. To help you get settled quickly, your WELCOME WAGON® Hostess is prepared with gifts and helpful tips to save your family time and money. A WELCOME WAGON call should be one of the very first nice things to happen in your new neighborhood.



When your baby's on the way, the whole family gets involved in planning for the new arrival. Then it's important to take time to call your WELCOME WAGON Hostess. Her basket holds helpful pre-natal information you'll appreciate now—and some lovely gifts for baby, too.



Surrounded by decisions on the way to your wedding? As you plan to be a beautiful bride, your WELCOME WAGON Hostess can help. With gifts and answers to your many questions from a full-range of bridal experts. And ask her about WELCOME WAGON'S special party for engaged girls.

When you become engaged. As your family grows. When you move—across the country or just across town. Remember to call WELCOME WAGON. America's neighborhood tradition since 1928.

Check the Yellow Pages in your city. Or contact our National Headquarters:
Welcome Wagon International Inc.,
Department 3, 145 Court Avenue,
Memphis, Tennessee 38103 901/523-0350

Welcome Wagon®
INTERNATIONAL, INC.

WELCOME WAGON is a registered trademark of Welcome Wagon International Inc.

THE PAPER CHASE

By MILTON KRIMS

Can a young idealist at Harvard Law School, where the name of the game is high grades, attain humanity in the law, in spite of campus shenanigans, love and an impregnable ivory tower?

Timothy Bottoms (left) leads a strong, young cast in The Paper Chase*—a stubbornly honest story of collegiate growing pains that pits intellectual idealism against the frustrations of Ivy League life.*

When I was a young boy, I knew a great man who in his long life had been a lawyer, a circuit judge, a senator, a widower thrice, and a fascinating teller of tall tales, mostly true. Over ninety, he still ogled pretty girls, had strong opinions about prohibition, politicians, and the ever growing complexity of the law. In his time, he would say, a circuit judge made up the law as he went along, his decisions supplemented by the authority vested in a troop of U.S. cavalry that often accompanied him on his rounds. Probably an exaggeration, but romantic enough for a boy still riding his first saddle. I heard him called a lawyer's lawyer, something I did not understand although I guessed it implied extraordinary legal wisdom. As time goes, I was probably on my ninth or tenth saddle when I asked the judge (he preferred judge to senator) how he became a lawyer.

Rented a store, he told me, got himself a shingle, painted his name on it, hung it over the door.

Didn't he ever go to law school?

Didn't need to, he said. In those days good law was common sense and knowing the difference between abiding by it and making it or breaking it.

All this came to mind as I was viewing *The Paper Chase*, increasingly in awe of the simple wisdom of the judge as opposed to the calculated contrivance of the contemporary jurist. Justice, we have always been told, is blind. But today's lawyer needs a crown of eyes around his head to see where justice is being led. . . and by whom. And that takes education. Which is what *The Paper Chase* is about.

I am no authority, but gossip indicates there is no more prestigious law academy than the Harvard Law School. One imagines the incipient attorney at law on his knees tearfully pleading with his parents to send him to Harvard that he might by some mystical process be imbued with the idealism, knowledge, humanity, juridical genius of the greats who have walked its hallowed halls. For the motto of Harvard is a forthright, unequivocal *Veritas*. . . and it is an undebatable fact there can be no *Justitia Omnibus* without *Veritas.*

It is improbable that Hart (Timothy Bottoms), being today's young man, crawled for the opportunity to learn the legal trade at Harvard. Nevertheless he *is* an idealist and he *does* anticipate a superior experience academically, intellectually, and even (pragmatically) socially. He comes from Minnesota, fresh, bright, clearheaded, amiable, and willing to work hard for his shingle. He soon learns that at Harvard Law School knowledge is measured by grades, and the road to high grades is obstructed by the brilliant, egocentric, seemingly sadistic Professor Kingsfield (John Houseman). He also discovers that Harvard law students are not the highly principled gents of Harvard legend and for most, the road to high grades winds a dark and devious course. For Professor Kingsfield places too great a burden on his freshman students, driving them beyond endurance, scholastically and emotionally.

However, Harvard Law School has been in business since 1817, and in that long span of years the students have found ways to circumvent the current Professor Kingsfields. For example, Ford (Graham Beckel) is fourth generation Harvard, well founded in Harvard tradition, including those having to do with overcoming professorial roadblocks. One might call him a Harvard hustler. He gathers Hart, Kevin (James Naughton), a nervous type overextending to satisfy a rich, young wife, and several others into a "study group." Since one man alone cannot cope with the total scope of Kingsfield's lectures, each will make extensive notes on specific class topics, all to be thrown into a common pot for use by all in the upcoming exams. Ingenious, practical and not totally dishonest since the study burden is still heavy enough to sag shoulders and dim eyes. And interfere with girl hunting. For it is also (apparently) traditional that law students who become seriously involved with girls are destined for either romantic or academic disaster, probably both. Ford, the Harvard hustler, sagely observes, "The first year is monastic. The celibate mind is sharper."

But youth is youth, nature is nature and not even Harvard Law can restrict a young man's fancy. And you know where that turns to, especially when stimulated by a girl with charm, intelligence, beauty and (unknown to Hart) a recent separation from her husband. Susan (Lindsay Wagner) is enigmatic about herself, offers little personal information, and since she carries her husband's name, how is the stricken Hart to know her maiden name is Kingsfield? Yep. . . that's right. . . she is the daughter of the odious professor. Coincidence? Obviously. . . yet here it serves a commendable purpose; Susan understands her father, knows him to be frozen from the mold of a rigid educational system that values objective legal dexterity above subjective communication. Which explains why students to the professor are nothing but faces on a seating chart. All students, she unhappily says, come out the same, patterned to live without heart. She wants her Hart to be less organized, more human, more spontaneous, even more intuitive. Hart cannot believe her. . . not yet.

As the pressures increase, the study group begins to fall apart. Kevin tries suicide; there are doubts, recriminations, misunderstanding. But even then, they manage a few drunken nights. And a daring invasion of the law library—in the best student prank tradition—to read Kingsfield's law student notes expecting precocious legal wisdom, instead finding confusion equal to their own and a grim record of the horrendous grade race. Eventually the current race is approaching the finish line; Hart and Ford, the only survivors of the original study group, must hide in a motel for a sleepless week of desperate cramming for the upcoming exams. It's all young, funny, frantic, and yet throbbing with despair, for it is in a sense a matter of life and death. (Many of us watching these scenes will relive old experiences.) Finally the ordeal is finished; now they must wait for the grades to be published. Hart tells Kingsfield he enjoyed the class. . . and Kingsfield doesn't even remember his name. Susan was right: in all these months he has been nothing more to the professor than a face on a seating chart. But Hart knows he has survived, and when his grades arrive he does not even bother to read them. And one gets the feeling he'll make the kind of lawyer we'd like to have on our side.

If it all sounds rather grim in the telling... it isn't. These are people of serious intent but they are also young, and there is no denying the young their youth, not even by the Professor Kingsfields of the world, academe or other. Spirits are high, emotions surface and there is surprising suspense in the race for high grades. And proof that high grades are not the measure of humanity—in this instance, humanity in the law. Kingsfield is living example of a soul imprisoned in such lofty ivory towers that he has lost contact with the humanities, thus dangerous to young people in their formative years, perhaps especially dangerous to young law students for whom justice and the dissemination thereof will be a life's work.

John Houseman, long famed in theater, films, radio and TV as producer, writer, director, rounds out a distinguished career with this first time as actor. I don't know who was responsible for casting him in this part—I would guess the offer was as much a surprise to him as the film folk involved—but it was an inspired selection. The professor is—for better or worse—of a species faced with extinction, a man of vast knowledge, actually a stimulating teacher, proudly intellectual with flashes of wry humor and, to my mind, a tragic figure demanding the perfection he lacked when he was young and a Harvard freshman. In the end, one does not hate him; there is some sympathy and even grudging admiration as we watch him live his defiantly lonely life and—in our minds—see him parade with head high into the tar pits.

Timothy Bottoms is certainly one of the best young actors around today. As Hart he is the totally contemporary young man who wants to be a lawyer for whatever good reason anyone wants to be a lawyer. He is galled by this frenetic paper chase yet pragmatic enough to know it must be run. He is no college hero, no swinger, not even a political activist of the kind we find in the usual college film, yet we root for him as if he were running the winning touchdown. Perhaps, subconsciously, we want his kind to give us a new generation of lawyers less adept at working both sides of the street, more dedicated to restoring legal procedures to something more than a heartless game of wits, indifferent to either justice or mercy.

Continued on page 122

There's going to be
a cold, dreary day pretty soon,
when you'll wish you'd
listened to us.

Maybe it will be a day when the sky's like wet cement and the wind's so mean it makes your ears ache. Or when you're jolted by that cold slither of rain somewhere between your coat collar and your neck.

That's when you'll wish you'd paid attention. That's when you'll wish it were summer again.

Well, it's summer right now—and all winter long—in Palm Springs. The sun shines warm and friendly every day, doing all those soothing things that only summer sun can do. The air's so sweet and desert-fresh, you feel as if you just renewed your subscription on life.

There's golf, tennis, swimming, horseback riding. Mountains and technicolor sunsets. The spectacular Aerial Tramway to the top of Mt. San Jacinto. Fascinating shops and restaurants and entertainment. Accommodations in a truly accommodating variety.

That's what you'll find in Palm Springs. That's what you won't find where you are.

Don't say we didn't warn you.

PALM SPRINGS
CALIFORNIA

Convention and Visitors Bureau,
Palm Springs, California 92262 Dept. SUN 32

All right, I listened. Now I'd like to look.
Please send me your free color brochure.

Name____________________

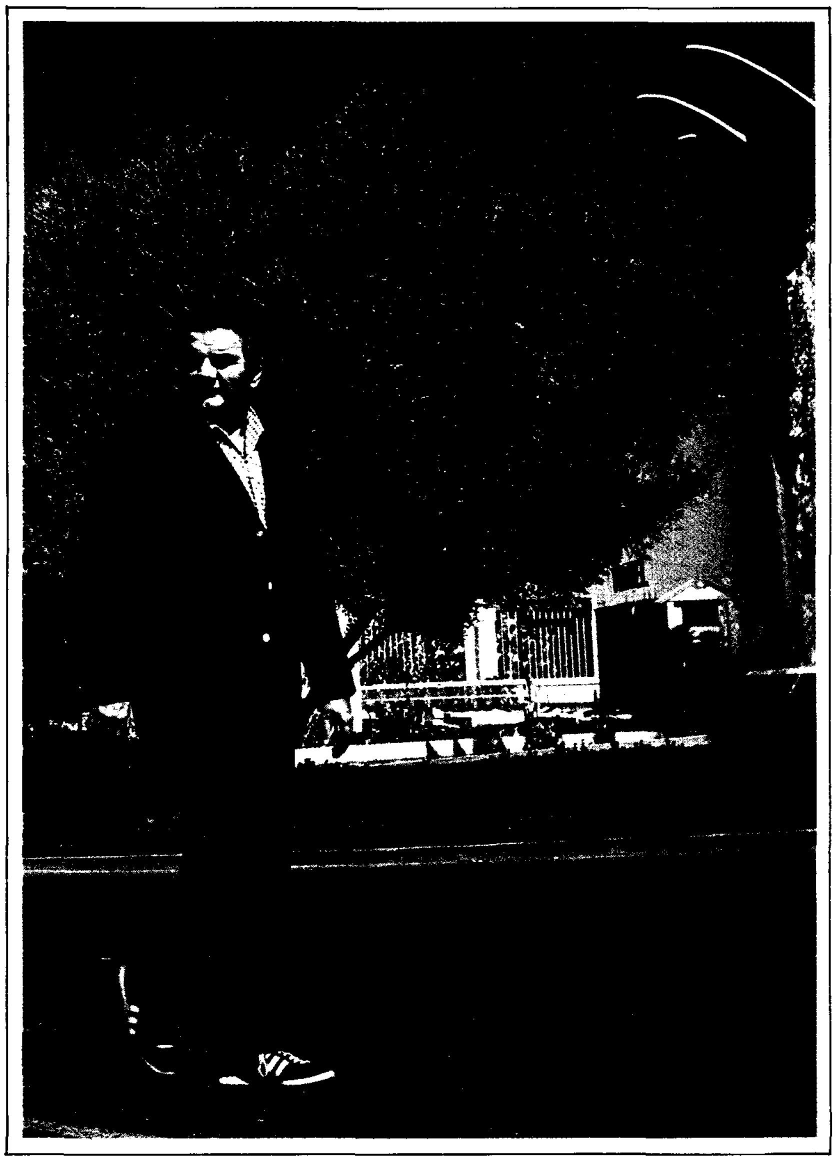
Address____________________

City__________State________Zip________

THE ODDS ON JIMMY THE GREEK

By NICK THIMMESCH

He's the kind of a man you can bet on.



"Betting is a challenge to the human spirit." Jimmy's track shoes reduce the odds between point spreads and public relations counseling.

In America, the ways to the top are certainly various, and the proof of that is Jimmy Snyder, best known as "Jimmy the Greek," but born as Demetrios Georgios Synodinos. We're accustomed to reading about the boy who sold newspapers, worked at odd jobs around factory or office, rose in the firm, and one day became a U.S. Senator or scientist or corporation president. But in Jimmy the Greek we have a man who, in his puberty years, dealt blackjack in rough gaming houses in Steubenville, Ohio, walked out when loaded dice were rolled, concentrated on college football to the point of scholarly fascination (but only to make odds on the games), survived the world of gambling, and one day, broke through. Jimmy as *the* Oddsmaker for the Nation won renown for abilities and knowledge beyond the gaming rooms and bookie joints. He had become an expert on the phenomenon of probability, and thus gained the respect of other worlds—business, communications, public relations, politics and government, and even academia, because the Brookings Institution, and its nestful of scholars, had him as an informative guest one day.

So now he has an income estimated at up to $1 million a year, none of it, he says, from gambling; is thanked by high party officials for helping the Republican ticket, and is courted by prominent Democrats as well; hobnobs with the great; writes a syndicated column for more than 200 papers; offers network radio commentary through 630 stations; and is sought after by a score of corporations for advice, endorsements and marketing assistance. At fifty-four, Jimmy the Greek has arrived, and though euphemisms like "consultant" now describe his work, he remains as Oddsmaker for the Nation. He simply is a man who can look at a situation in sports, politics or business, apply his vast skills of calculation, and provide quite reliable odds as to how the game, election or marketing effort will come out.

To trail him even for a few days is to experience a huge (229 pounds), lumbering, restless man whose mind never stops and whose callers never fail to express their insistence. Jimmy arrived back in Las Vegas, the city which thrives on chance, the day after the celebrated tennis match in Houston between Billie Jean King and Bobby Riggs. That lively event left Jimmy with ambivalent feelings. He had made Riggs the 5-2 favorite, and ground his molars as Riggs faded before the sure, strong game of Ms. King. Jimmy finally concluded that Riggs had exhausted himself in pre-match exploitation, and had failed to get in shape. Jimmy's decided the odds are now even in a rematch, providing that Riggs trains properly.

"Everybody thinks I am so down because we made Riggs the favorite," Jimmy told one and all back in Las Vegas. "Why hell, one of our biggest coups down there was the publicity we got for my client. That was a big winner for us. I mean a tremendous big winner, right in front of fifty million people."

Jimmy's client, of course, was Nabisco, manufacturer of the Sugar Daddy all-day sucker. Just before the match, on national television, Bobby Riggs presented Ms. King with a giant version ("the world's biggest") of the Sugar Daddy sucker, as though it were a degrading message. Who in the TV audience doesn't know what a Sugar Daddy is now? "I paid them each $10,000 for going through with that stunt," says Jimmy. "That was cheap exposure. I was lucky that Howard Cosell put the camera right on them."

The nerve center from which Jimmy creates such schemes is on the second floor of the Tropicana Golf Club, with its heavenly thick carpeting, smart decor, and look pronouncing that *this is really class.* Jimmy's huge, glistening white desk is mounted on a platform so that when he sits there, he virtually presides over the room and its occupants. The desk has the usual collection of knickknacks and mementoes, but the real business is run through the console telephone with its urgent flashing lights.

Everybody wants Jimmy, even on Saturday. He tells them that the quarterback in question has a bum shoulder, that's why the number is 3-2. He gets tickets for friends. He lets the Tropicana Hotel desk know that the best suite should be ready for visiting officials of the Greek government. A marketing group for "Jimmy The Greek's Pro Football Schedule Scorecard" ($1 a copy and in type so small, the middle-aged might as well give up) has been waiting in the outer room for hours to cajole him into making radio and TV commercials to sell it. He summons the names of firms which might help distribute the new item. He relents and tapes the commercial. He calls for Mountain Valley water by brand name when he's thirsty.

Two TV sets and a radio are constant monitors, and this afternoon, keep Jimmy in agony. He had made the University of Southern California (USC) a nineteen-point favorite over Georgia Tech. USC was slow to move, and if they hadn't pushed nine points across in the last quarter, Jimmy would have looked terrible. The score is now 23-6, and the end is near. Jimmy is going to be two points off, and that's purgatory for him. The phone rings again. There's a mixup at the front desk. A dentist named Dr. Phedon was mistakenly given the suite reserved for the two visiting dignitaries from the Greek government, one of whom is a Dr. Phedron-Hatjulis. "A 100-1 shot," says Jimmy in his annoyance. "A 100-1 that an American named Phedon would come in and get the room." It takes some push for Jimmy to get the surprised American Phedon out of the room and the stalled dignitaries in.

With the sweat running down his chubby face, Jimmy hurries from his posh office into the bright sun of an autumn afternoon in Las Vegas. The traffic flow is fast and endless, and he must cross the broad road to the sprawling luxury hotel he represents as public relations counsel. The important Greek officials are waiting. "See this traffic?" he asks me. "The management figures it's 2-1 I get killed out here one day." He soothes the Greek visitors with flattery, a round of drinks, and reminiscences about his pleasurable trip to Greece. All's well, and he makes plans to host the important visitors at dinner that night.

Then, hurry back to the Golf Club and his offices, where a crew from NBC's "Today" show waits. The phone is ringing, and Jimmy is telling somebody he doesn't know what the number is on that game yet, call back in a couple of days. Then he tells his assistant, George King, who assists in putting Jimmy's syndicated column on sports odds together, to delete this and delete that. The NBC crew moves in and Jimmy seats himself on the deep, soft as silk, powder blue, velveteen couch, fit for a rajah. On camera, he explains the Riggs goof: "To use the Watergate way of saying it, at this point in time, Riggs was a 5-2 favorite, but . . . ." Political odds are no harder to figure.

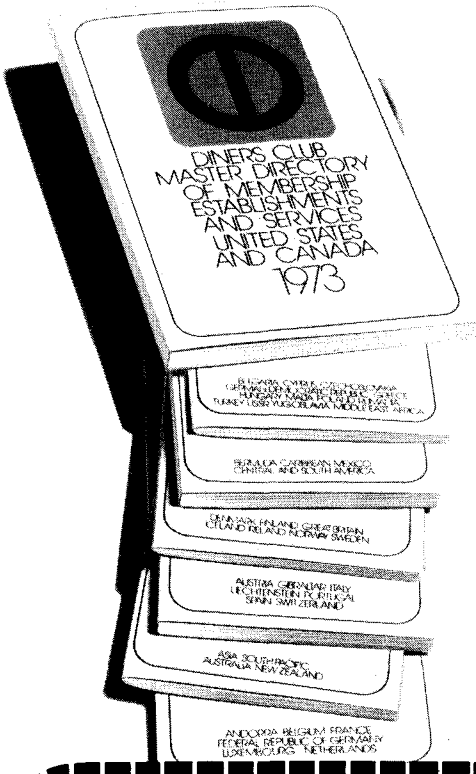
No, he, Jimmy, hasn't laid a bet in eleven years, although 70 percent of adult Americans make a wager once in a while because "betting is a challenge to the human spirit." He went on: "I hate gambling, especially casino gambling" (the kind his own hotel becomes rich on, and that's a bit of a heresy). He covers himself, though, by describing such gambling as recreation, and if you know the odds are that you are going to lose, why then it is just enjoyable recreation, and "Las Vegas is the greatest place in the world." Off camera, he urges the NBC crew to visit Greece, do some program, and "maybe I'll get their account"—the latter uttered half in humor and half in hope.

Now he must hurry home to dress for his dinner with the visiting Greek officials. "They'd like to build a hotel in Greece named after me and give me half," he said as he was driving his Oldsmobile through well-appointed neighborhoods. "The land alone would be worth it. You know the six richest men in the world are Greek? They know how to do it. Onassis is nothing compared to them."

He pulls up on the crescent driveway in front of his ground-hugging, ranch home. Inside, he's surprised how neat everything is, and he goes to the kitchen to kiss his wife of twenty-one years, Joan, an attractive, smiling woman who seems happy making hamburgers for dinner, but not to be eaten by Jimmy this night. The radios and televisions are going because the Saturday afternoon football games are going. Jimmy goes out by the swimming pool where Anthony, handsome and strapping though only nine, is shooting bow and arrows. Father and son are affectionate with each other, and Jimmy, another glass of Mountain Valley water in hand, stands by to check his son's archery skills.

But after a few moments Jimmy says, "There's not much time," and hurries into the

The fact is, over 75,000 more establishments honor Diners Club than American Express. (Carte Blanche is a distant third.)



Diners Club exists for one reason and one reason only: to serve executives who get around a lot.

That's why our card is honored throughout the United States, where we originated the executive credit card.

And why, in Europe, you'll find us at 30% more places than American Express.

In Latin America, Asia and Africa, at more than three times as many.

The fact is, around the world, Diners Club has over 75,000* more member establishments than American Express. (Carte Blanche is a distant third.)

When you travel, those over 75,000 more places can mean a lot to you:

A charming out-of-the-way hotel that doesn't honor the other credit cards.

A locally recommended restaurant in a town you just "discovered."

A shop where they sell the kinds of things you just can't get at home.

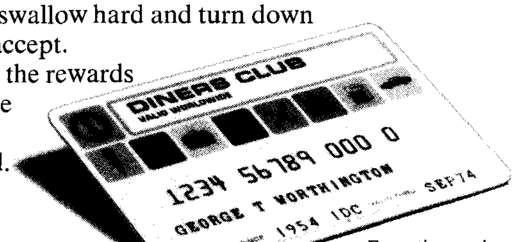
In fact, if you only have the other leading executive credit card, it's like having *no card at all in 75,000 places.*

Because Diners Club is honored at so many more places, we do have to be a little more cautious than some of our competitors.

That means we often have to swallow hard and turn down applications they would gladly accept.

But, if you qualify, you'll find the rewards of Diners Club membership to be substantial indeed. Even if you already have another credit card.

Mail the application below and see for yourself.



*Figures based on direct comparison of latest published Diners Club and American Express directories.

Executive service is our business.

DINERS CLUB
10 Columbus Circle, New York, N.Y. 10019
[PLEASE PRINT ANSWERS TO ALL QUESTIONS]

20-114-991

FOR OFFICE USE ONLY

1. ☐ Personal Account—mail bill to residence ☐ Personal Account—mail bill to office ☐ Company Account—mail bill to office

2. ☐ Mr. ☐ Miss ☐ Mrs. ☐ Ms. First Name Middle Last Date of Birth Month Day Year Spouse (first name)
Home Address Street City State ZIP Code
Years at Present Address Own Home ☐ Rent ☐ Telephone (include area code) Number of Dependent Children Social Security Number
Previous Home Address Street City State ZIP Code Years there

3. Firm Name or Employer Nature of Business Position
Address Street City State ZIP Code
Telephone (include area code) Years with firm Annual Earnings $ NOTE: If annual earnings are less than $10,000 indicate source of other income below
Amount and Source of other income
Previous Employer (if employed by above less than 3 years) or College/University if Recent Graduate Yrs. with firm or yr. graduated
Spouse's Employer Address Position Annual Earnings $
Name and Address of Personal Reference (not living with you)

4. Name of Bank City & State Acct. Number
Type of Account: ☐ Checking ☐ Savings ☐ Loan
Name of Bank City & State Acct. Number
Type of Account: ☐ Checking ☐ Savings ☐ Loan
Department Store Accounts
1.__________
2.__________
Oil Company Accounts
1.__________
2.__________
Other Credit Accts:
☐ American Express
☐ Carte Blanche
☐ Bank Americard
☐ Master Charge
Other:__________
Former Diners Club member? ☐ Yes ☐ No

5. $17 FEE: covers 12 months' membership from date card is issued at $15 plus 1 year's subscription to Signature, the Diners Club Magazine, at $2. Subscription optional. Indicate choice below. Do **NOT** enclose check—we will bill you later.
☐ $17 Fee (Includes Signature Magazine) ☐ $15 Fee (Membership Only)

Applicant authorizes exchange of credit information, the issuance of credit cards as indicated and renewal and replacement thereof. Applicant agrees that each cardholder assumes joint and several responsibility for all charges with company applicant, if Company Account, or with primary applicant if Personal Account.

Send me an additional Diners Club Card at $7.50 for a member of my immediate family.
First Name Middle Last Signature of Add-on applicant Relationship
Please send me____forms for additional cards for members of my firm/family.

Signature of Company Officer for Authorization of Company Account Title
Signature of Individual Applicant Date

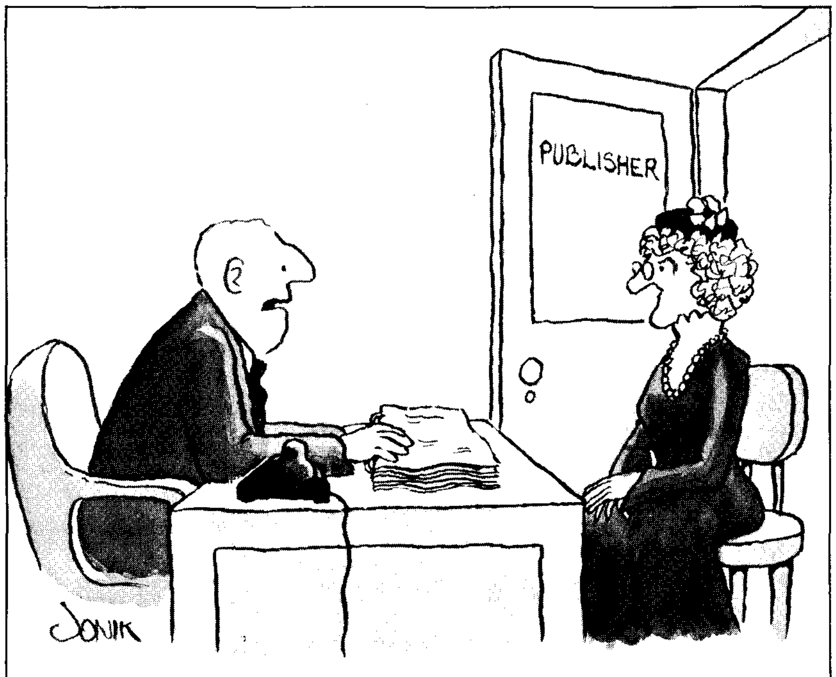
[HAVE YOU SIGNED THIS APPLICATION?]

house to dress, instructing me to play table tennis with Anthony, which I do. But the game is soon interrupted because Jimmy hustles out, dressed *par excellence,* a bit of perspiration on his brow. "Good-bye, dear," he calls to the kitchen, and he's on his way again. He will dine and talk and sit up with his Greek guests until 2:30 a.m.

Next morning, at 10:30, eight hours after saying good-night to the men from his father's land, Jimmy the Greek yawns and begins telling me the story of his life. He was born September 9, 1919, near Steubenville, Ohio, a tough mill town on the Ohio River, which has neither gained nor lost population over the years, and remains a hometown forever for the scores of thousands who left there. His father, Georgios, ran a small grocery on Fifth Street which supplied neighborhood folk and small restaurants as well. When the family gathered around, uncles and aunts, the talk was always that Jimmy was destined to become a priest in the Greek Orthodox Church, just as one member of the Synodinos family had done for generations. The very name *Synodinos* means church. Jimmy recalls, "Oh boy, they'd say, 'Demetrios will be the priest.' I went to church and believed and all that. But early in life, everybody found out I wasn't going to be a priest. My mother would say, in Greek, 'This guy is never going to be a priest. He's going to be some big attorney or something. He wants to do things. He would never be satisfied being a priest.'

"Had she lived, I'm sure my life would have been entirely different. I would have gone to college. I would never have gotten involved in gambling and things like that."

Jimmy says his mother passed away in "a horrible situation" one night in March, 1929, when he was nine. "It was quite a tragedy," he said painfully. "My mother's sister, my aunt, had left her husband and she came, of course, to our house to stay. He [his uncle] came over one Saturday night and just waited for them outside [with a gun] and just killed them both. And then he killed himself.



"It's very well done . . . but we feel there's just no market for a cleaned-up version of the Bible."

"When mother died that way, I became a big boy, right then and there because whether it was games or football and bicycles, it just seemed like all of a sudden that those things didn't matter anymore."

That's quite a plateful from Jimmy the Greek. His father, aghast at the horror afflicting his family, took his three children to the Greek island of Keos to live, to cleanse their memories of tragedy. There was sun and sea, and as Jimmy remembers, "the figs and the fruits and the vegetables, it was beautiful." His father had enough savings so that he didn't have to work in order to support his family. At night, Jimmy hung around with older people who played cards, and when he wasn't being tutored, engaged in his first form of gambling.

"We put drachmas [coins] on top of a stone, and we would throw stones to knock the drachmas off," he explains. "The drachmas would fly and you would win, or whosever stone was closest to the drachmas won. I went out and found the smallest rock to throw so I could control it. I had quite a bit of skill, and thought about it."

After two years, the family returned to Steubenville, just as the Depression deepened. George Synodinos had married a woman he met in Greece. She spoke no English when they all arrived in Steubenville.

"He never should have come back, really, but if he hadn't, I guess there wouldn't be a Jimmy the Greek," Jimmy says. "Dad was living off some insurance policy that he retired off of at $1,000 a month, a fantastic amount of money in those days. We could have lived fine in Greece on that."

When they returned, Jimmy was twelve, and he looked around and saw "the hard times, and all that mill dirt. I looked so healthy and had all that olive color, and two girls in Stanton Park looked at me and said 'Look at that handsome guy.' I said to myself, 'Gee whiz, I wish I was older.'

"When I was twelve I became a hustler. I got a wagon and collected papers and tinfoil and took them to the junkyard and made sixty cents, eighty cents, something like that. One day I saw this frame of a bicycle and I said to this guy, 'Gee whiz, what do you want for it?' and he sez, 'Gimme a quarter,' and I said okay. Next thing I knew I was out getting parts, and I remember buying a New Departure brake and putting bicycles together, a part here, and a part there. I finished up with five of them and renting them out to kids for ten cents. I was always making a buck."

It's a legend now that Jimmy at fourteen forged his name to his school savings account so he could take the money out and bet it all on Cavalcade to win the Kentucky Derby in 1934. He was hooked on betting now, and hung around Steubenville's pool halls and betting parlors.

At home, though, his father reminded him to think about college. Jimmy wistfully recalls: "All my relatives said, 'Jimmy's going to school and he's going to graduate and he's going to go out and show everybody.'

"My father was so confident I would be a success. It was almost a fanatic attitude. On Sunday all the Greeks came to George's home because that was where all the food was on the table, the little buffet for Sunday. They played cards, pinochle. During the Christmas holidays, they played poker."

In school, Jimmy was an erratic student. Like most boys, he tried football. "I was a very well-to-do six footer," he says, talking about his build and not his wealth, "at the right weight and very trim. I had decent hands, and if you got it [the ball] out there, if I touched it, like the coach said, 'If the Greek touches it, he catches it.'

"I can never remember being called anything but the Greek, and not exactly in fondness all the time, because when you grew up in Steubenville, Ohio, you had the Polacks and there were always the blacks–and you had the Irish bunch, and you had to fight your way through school.

"I remember tackling on the kickoff once, and the boy that took the ball was Sullivan and he got up and said, 'You don't have to hit so hard, Greek.' And I said, 'We're not playing touch.' On the first play after that, here they come, a wide-end sweep, and then everybody is heading for the Greek. Somebody put a block into me, and I'm still trying to catch the guy that's got the ball.

"In those days, they had leather shoes with cleats on the bottom with nails in them. I know I'm going to my grave with this, but he stepped right on my hand, and I'm looking down on it and it is bleeding like crazy, and I could see the bone. I still got a scar. So I said, 'Do I need this?' and decided I couldn't play football after that. So I played football from then on but in a different way, by betting fifty cents or a dollar with the kids."

After high school, Jimmy went fast for the money, and one day his banker said, " 'For God's sake, Jimmy, do something about your name, it's spelled ten different ways on your checks, and its murder.' "

"So I said, 'I guess I'll go by the name of my uncle, who took Snyder,' " Jimmy recalls with some regret. "I've always been sorry for it, believe it or not, because there's nothing Greek about Snyder. If I had taken Stevens even, or Stephanos, or my mother's name, Sultani-Claudias."

Jimmy went into an underground life in the seamy streets of Steubenville. "We had eleven gambling houses. There were never any problems because the greatest Democratic politician by the name of Nolan ran that whole county. For eleven years, that town ran wide open and yet there were never any killings, any rapes, nothing. Originally, they had crooked dice and cards, but that got straightened out. We were shooting craps one night and I caught somebody maneuvering, trying to put some crooked dice. We were just young guys. I didn't say a word. I just picked up the money and walked out. I said if I have to worry about things like that all the time, I might as well forget about it.

"From then on, I found myself making bets

Continued on page 96

RWP

Every genuine piece of WILTON RWP® ARMETALE® bears this proud touchmark.

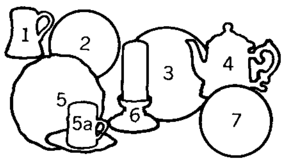
The true spirit of the American Past — *Right at home* in your American Present

You would swear that these are irreplaceable pewter heirlooms right off a priceless Colonial sideboard.

Actually, they are hand-crafted of virtually indestructible WILTON *RWP*® ARMETALE.® This new, exclusive WILTON metal combines fuss-free, day-to-day usefulness with the charm, the feel, even the soft, timeless glow of fine pewter.

It's completely non-toxic; won't break, crack, chip, dent or tarnish. The dinner service and the accessories are superbly decorative, as you can see. The service also adds a unique distinction to your table settings, and you can enjoy using it for every meal.

Authentic in every historic and artistic detail, each piece of WILTON *RWP*® ARMETALE® is individually poured and cast in its own sand mold. Proudly hand-finished with father-to-son craftsmanship, each is a possession to be used, treasured and displayed for many generations to come.



Right at home . . . in *your* home.

THE TRADING POST, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

4A

Gentlemen: Please send me items and quantities listed below, from the

POST COLLECTION OF AMERICAN ANTIQUES

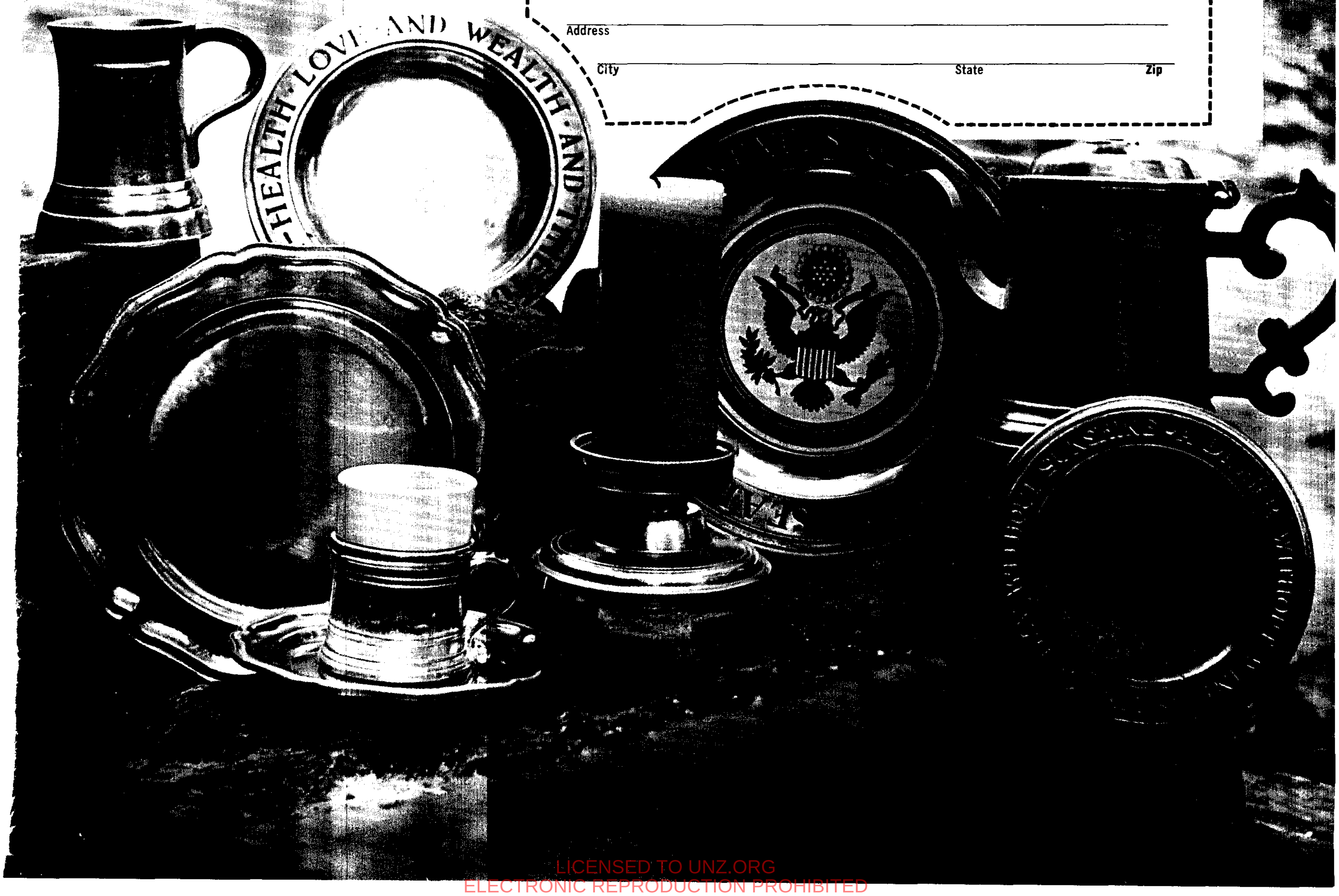
Quan.	Item No.	Description	Price Ea.	Total
☐ ______	1	1776 Tankard	$ 7.00	______
☐ ______	2	"Health, Love, and Wealth" Plate	$10.00	______
☐ ______	3	Great Seal of the United States Plate	$15.00	______
☐ ______	4	1840 Coffee Pot	$40.00	______
		The "Queen Anne" Series		
☐ ______	5	Dinner Plate	$10.00	______
☐ ______	5a	Cup and Saucer	$10.50	______
☐ ______	5b	Five Piece Place Setting (Dinner, Salad, Bread & Butter, Cup and Saucer)	$32.50	______
☐ ______	5c	Twenty Piece Starter Set (4 Five-Piece Place Settings)	$130.00	______
☐ ______	6	Five-in-One Candle Holder	$ 5.00	______
☐ ______	7	Wine Bottle Coaster	$ 6.00	______

(Please add $1.50 for handling and postage) I enclose my check ___ Money Order ___ for ________

Name ________________________________

Address ________________________________

City ____________________ State ____________ Zip ______



THE TWELVE HATS OF A COMPANY PRESIDENT

By WILLARD F. ROCKWELL, JR.

What it takes to run a company

What does a company president do? A number of things, of course, and making decisions can be chief among them. Sometimes an important decision can hinge on a simple thing—as simple a matter as beefing up on required reading:

One afternoon early in 1967, about 12,000 feet over the snow-covered Ohio landscape, my reading habit paid off by sparking a $2.5 billion marriage.

An article in a business magazine disclosed that Lee Atwood, president of North American Aviation, Inc., wanted to acquire a commercial business to lessen his company's almost total dependence on government contracts.

Mr. Atwood said that an ideal acquisition would be a capital goods company with a good market position, a company that would fit with the space, missile, electronics and high speed aircraft technology of North American Aviation.

It seemed, as I read the article, that he was doing everything but spell out the name of our company—Rockwell-Standard Corp.

We'd spent about forty-six years building a $635 million company, one of the nation's largest independent suppliers of automotive components—brakes, axles, springs and bumpers for trucks and autos.

And we'd pioneered in diversification, moving over into filter products, bearings, gears, civilian aircraft and textile machinery. In fact, we'd completed almost thirty mergers—and that was well before the word "conglomerate" had begun to lift eyebrows.

Willard F. Rockwell, Jr., is chairman of the board and chief executive officer of Rockwell International Corporation. An engineer by training, Mr. Rockwell has distinguished himself during a long career at the summit of corporate life. He is chairman of the National Industrial Pollution Control Council and a trustee of the University of Southern California.

But North American Aviation was different both in size and in products. We at Rockwell-Standard were earthbound in the durable goods field; they were reaching for the moon.

North American was one of the giants of aerospace, doing about $2 billion in sales each year. It had a worldwide reputation for the excellence of its high-speed military aircraft.

In the nation's intercontinental ballistic missile program, it had a leading role both in propulsion and inertial guidance systems. Its electronic expertise was stamped on airborne computers, in the Minuteman missile, on naval surface ships and in the Polaris nuclear submarines.

But perhaps the most publicized of its activities was its prime contractor role as builder of the Apollo three-man spacecraft.

I've been a science bug all my life, and these space activities fascinated me. Everything I knew about North American fitted into Rockwell-Standard plans for future expansion.

We were tied too closely to the automotive business, prospering with rising passenger car and truck sales—and suffering with them when they declined. We needed to move into expanding fields in order to smooth the peaks and valleys of company business.

Twenty years of close study of the durable goods market had convinced me that, within the next decade, vast segments of the industry would be deeply influenced by electronic automation. North American Aviation appeared to have a tremendous reservoir of that expertise.

Our company plane had barely rolled to a stop at the hangar in Pittsburgh before I was on the telephone talking to Lee Atwood. The next afternoon I was sitting in his office just across from busy Los Angeles International airport.

The actual negotiations on important terms and conditions took place almost exclusively between Lee Atwood and myself. There were no batteries of assistants around during those quiet hours in his office in Los Angeles and mine in Pittsburgh.

We sat across from each other with notepaper and pencil. There were no feverish phone calls such as you see in the movies, or cliff-hanging moments waiting for a telegram or any of that nonsense. We just talked it out.

We had a suitable gestation period of approximately nine months, and the outcome, in September, 1967, was $2.5 billion North American Rockwell.

The chance moment when I read the article aboard that airplane six years ago started something that's going to influence our corporate life throughout this coming decade.

What, then, does a company president *do*?

Not long ago there was a day when I shifted roles three or four times in a matter of hours. Late that afternoon a close associate who'd been with me all day said: "Al, you wear more hats than Jonathan Winters." The thought intrigued me. I counted up my "hats"—or separate but related roles as head of a company—and came up with a total of exactly 12.

The Hat of the Skipper

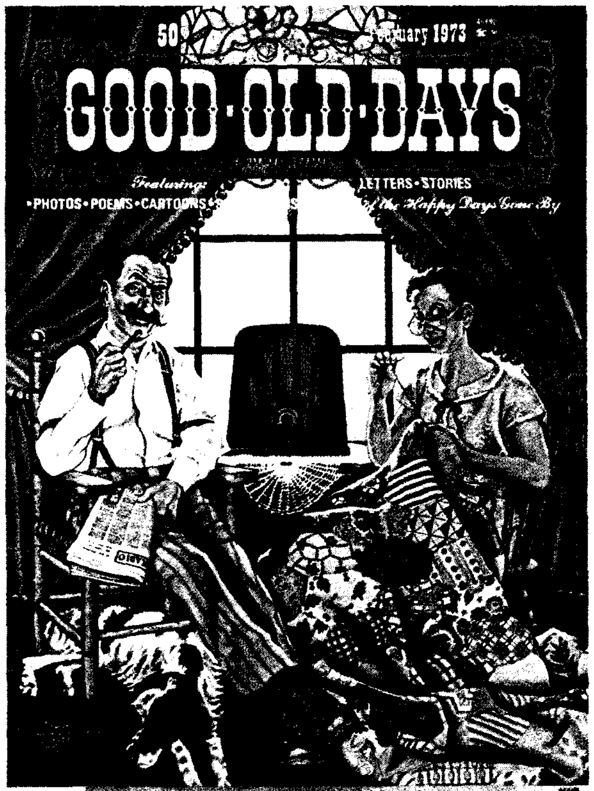
The first principle of the American business system is the idea of giving the man at the top total and complete responsibility for what happens to his company. Chances are you have the potential to be a fleet admiral. But will this potential come out? Here are some of the things that might stifle it:

Overdependence on Experts. All the new management sciences are simply tools for making wiser and quicker executive decisions. The chief executive should continually question his experts, try to trip them up if he can.

Lack of Full Understanding. Businessmen now are among the broadest and most concerned of citizens, by and large. Make sure you keep up with this trend.

Failure to Follow Up. You can't just *make* decisions. You must also *follow them up*. This means that you must have some system for making sure that your decisions, when you make them after due deliberation and consultation, are in fact carried out.

The Hat of the Skipper is the first on the shelf. It's the basic item in any president's apparel. If you can't stand almost crushing responsibil-



Each month . . . A look into the nostalgic past through authentic photos, drawings, cartoons, comics, memories, features, songs, poems, letters, ads, etc., from the turn of the century up to a decade or so ago.

You'll relive those days and events through the pages of this one and only magazine of its kind.

For about the cost of a good movie, you can receive this big entertainment value each month for the next 12 months! We guarantee . . . that you will be thrilled beyond words . . . or you can have your money back!

Like old time comics?

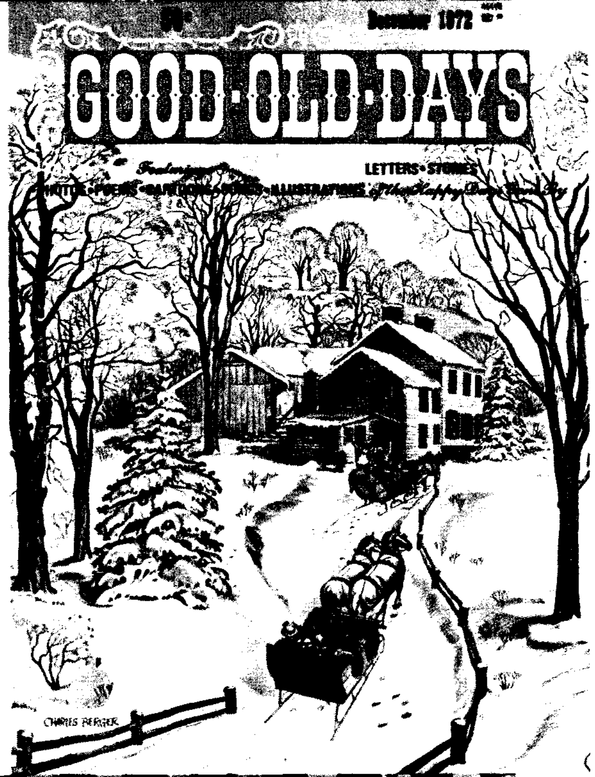
You'll find complete comic pages from the past featuring such characters as: • Barney Google • Happy Holligan • Boob McNutt • Tillie the Toiler • Little Annie Rooney • Little Nemo — plus many, many others.

We're embarrassed by the kind words in letters such as these.
Dear Sir:

Frankly it's a good thing that "Good Old Days" is not harmful to our health because it certainly is habit-forming; also hard to find on news stands too. I'm breaking loose with the four dollars for a year's subscription. I believe anything as good as you've got deserves support. It's refreshing to see a magazine that can sell itself, without the use of sexy covers, lurid stories, and above all, a lack of violence.

Honestly, reading G.O.D. gives a feeling of peace no drug can match!

M.J.P. West New York, N.J.

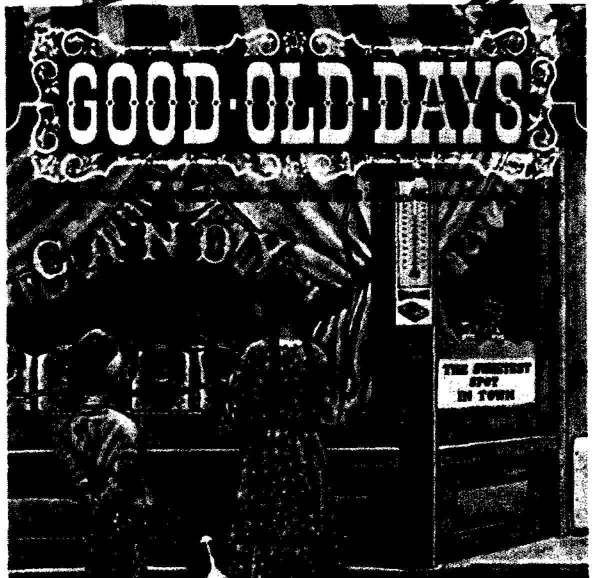


JUST A FEW OF THE FEATURES PREFERRED DURING THE PAST FEW MONTHS.

- Thank heaven for Bisquits!
- Armistice Day of Long Ago!
- I remember Butchering Day
- Remember those Movie kids?
- Early 1900's Shoe Repair
- Looking Hollywood Way
- Growing Pains of a Country Boy
- My 5¢ nickel
- The Old Huckster Wagon
- Dry goods store — 1910 style
- Horse Hitching Posts
- Days of the Woodshed
- Bloomer girl
- Superstitions 60 years ago
- Straw ticks & feather beds
- They danced for 20 days
- Halloween Memories
- A little red schoolhouse
- Grandma what's a coalbin?
- Glorious Fourths, family style
- Oh women of yesterday!
- Shoe factory work in the 20's
- 1st women's lib — 1910 —
- Durable doll of yesterday
- Barn dance
- Grandma's house we went
- Christmas Memories

A subscription makes the best Christmas gift money can buy! Special — 3 or more 1 yr. gift subscriptions at $3.00 each!

50¢
March 1973
GOOD·OLD·DAYS
PHOTOS•POEMS•CA



GOOD·OLD·DAYS

$2.00 for 6 months — $4.00 for 1 full year

Your money back at once! If the first issue you receive doesn't please and entertain you beyond words!

GOOD OLD DAYS — Box 428- BA , Seabrook, N.H. 03774
Here's my ☐ **6 month subscription $2.00**
☐ **12 month subscription $4.00**
☐ **36 month subscription $9.00**
☐ **3 or more 1 yr. gift subscriptions at $3.00 each.**
Past issues can be found in our Good Old Days Big Books (19 vols. in all)
$1.00 per vol. vol.________ Big Books
Name________________________________
Address______________________________
City________________State______________Zip________

ity, none of the other Hats will do much for you. If, however, you can be Skipper, the prizes are great.

The Hat of the Pioneer

There must be tough independence, that willingness to "make tracks into the unknown," as Thoreau phrased it, in every corporate president. If the chief executive's coonskin cap is frequently and prominently displayed, key subordinates will be quick to take the cue and don innovator hats of their own. Here are some ways to blaze the trail:

Establish individual responsibility for innovation. Define objectives, spell out specific areas to explore, set up a system of reporting and review to keep track of progress made.

Give research the emphasis it merits. Research activity should be geared to specific company goals and need.

Allow sufficient time for creative reflection. Systematically allocate a certain time each week for uninhibited and unrestrained mental rambling. Arm yourself with a series of problems and questions to mull over and see what comes out.

Keep on top of developments in the field. Select competent managers and charge them with the specific responsibility of keeping the company up to date.

Broaden the perspectives of your key people. Expose your managers and supervisors to problems outside their day-to-day experience. Consult your key people on problems not relating directly to their own jobs.

Get Away From It All. Getting away from familiar environments is an excellent way to stimulate fresh ideas.

Dredge Up Old Ideas. Almost every manager I know has his reservoir of pet projects that never got off the ground. Urge your key people to dig deep into dust-covered files for abandoned ideas they feel worthy of freshening.

Use Constructive Conflict to Hone Ideas. The trick is to control conflict so as to sharpen rather than smother worthwhile ideas. Some companies I know use impartial intermediaries in an effort to bring fledgling ideas into fruition. The sole function of these referees is to keep programs moving along in the face of conflict and opposition.

The Hat of the Soothsayer

Misreading a broad trend important to your business can be disastrous. And make no mistake about it: forecasting is, in the final analysis, the president's job. Drawing on his knowledge, experience, and instincts, and on the advisory and technological resources of his company, the chief executive must be able to gaze into the future and read signs that other men might miss.

As a rule the most telling signs will be found in politics and economics. You need at least one person in Washington whom you can call to just talk things over. Maybe he's on your payroll; maybe not.

Among the vital economics and general business trends that should be kept track of in just about any industry, during the next decade, are these: 1. Rate of technological "fallout" from space, oceanography, and other exotic programs. 2. Patterns in government spending. 3. Population patterns. 4. The global stance of American enterprise.

Your competition can provide important information. Do you use bugs, "industrial espionage"? Not necessarily. Your people can find out a lot about competitors just from reading newspapers and trade journals, keeping their eyes and ears open at conventions and meetings, getting brokerage reports on rival companies, using a clipping service, combining government reports, patents, and anti-trust reports.

With all this information, however, the best soothsayer in the world is *still* guessing. After you collect the facts and analyze them rationally, don't be afraid to add the slightly mysterious ingredient of intuition. Pull up the hood on your toga! Let your intuition take over at times.

The Hat of the Impresario

He's a mover of men and ideas. He must keep the corporate wheels at full speed constantly. He is the Impresario. The leader who succeeds in triggering and sustaining enthusiasm among his key people is the one who winds up leading the pack.

The motivational strategy that works on one may have absolutely no effect on another. One man seeks additional responsibility; another shuns it. One man wants to lead; another would rather follow. When you find a man who wants to lead, treat him like a leader. Let him make his own decisions and accept the errors of judgment he will make from time to time. The manager who is not permitted to stand on his own two feet soon loses faith in himself and in his managerial ability.

Protect yourself and your leaders from preoccupation with the trivial and the picayune: let people control their own time; don't nitpick procedures; identify positive idea values; back your convictions with cash; reflect with pride the achievements of your people.

The trick I have found is to keep your key people in mind throughout the business day. When an idea is generated, immediately relate it and lateral it to the person or persons best equipped to strengthen it into a flourishing profit entity. I find that ideas circulate best when you put them into writing the moment they occur.

The Hat of the Marathon Runner

The great thing in running a corporation—as in running the marathon—is pacing. And it helps to know the course.

Carry along a pocketful of 3" x 5" cards, one for each task to be done during the day. Jot down information on each card and refer to it later in the day.

Most detours can be avoided if the executive spends about half his time in planning. He should spend another 40 percent in organization time and about 5 percent in payoff time. The last 5 percent will unavoidably go to waste.

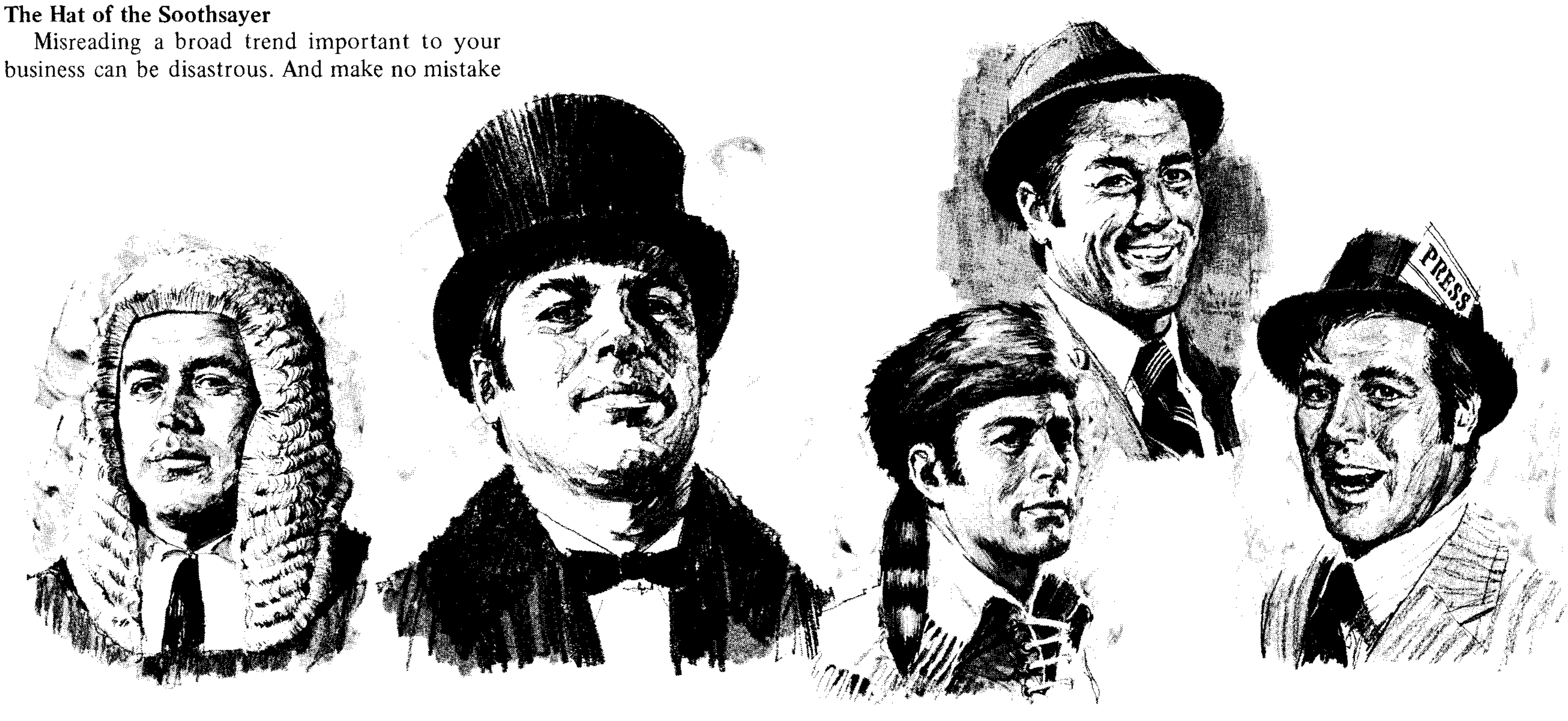
Keep a close record of your activities for two or three weeks. Jot down on a half-hour calendar what's going on in your office. You may be amazed at what you discover.

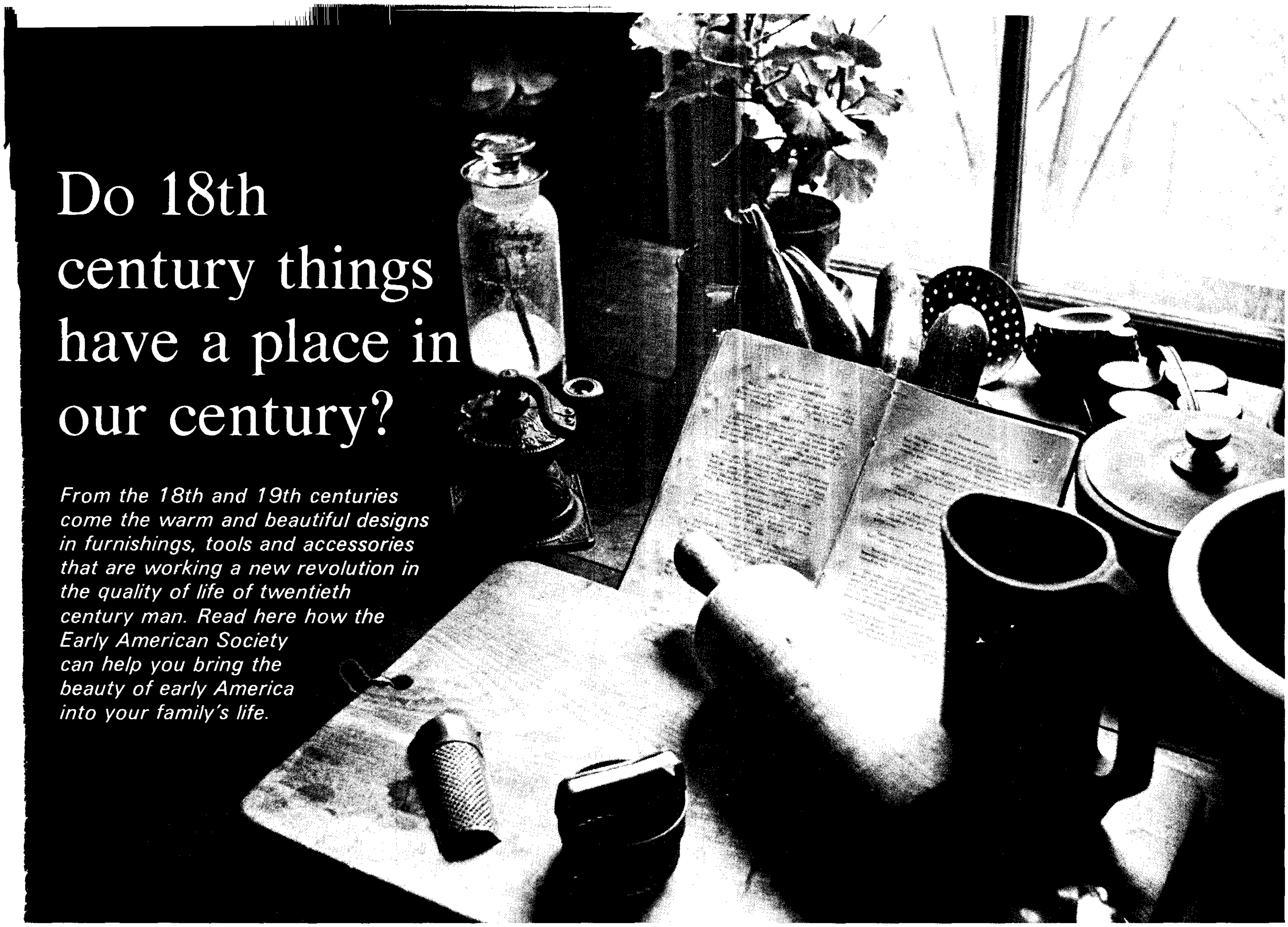
Decisions should be met, not cultivated. When a problem comes up for your review, decide it. Don't let the problem simmer until it's overdone. Handle each problem just once. In an area where decisions recur, where certain things come up with regularity, programming is in order. In other words, "think ahead."

The Hat of the Lord Chief Justice

As a chief executive, you must be the daily judge of the performance of hundreds of people, many of whom you have never met.

In reviewing your people the trick is to smoke





Do 18th century things have a place in our century?

From the 18th and 19th centuries come the warm and beautiful designs in furnishings, tools and accessories that are working a new revolution in the quality of life of twentieth century man. Read here how the Early American Society can help you bring the beauty of early America into your family's life.

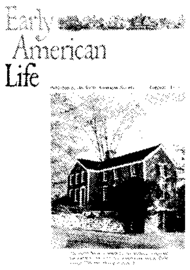
The Early American Society Story

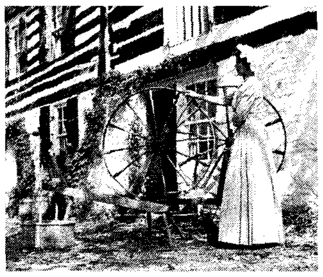
Millions of present-day Americans are stimulated by the warmth and beauty of young America. Some wish to re-create in their homes a total atmosphere that recalls Colonial days. Others practice the skills that created the objects and art of the period. Still others wish to absorb the background - the "social history" of the people of that day through understanding how they lived, loved, and worked.

The Early American Society, founded in 1969, is dedicated to bringing the total story of American social history of the period, 1700-1850, to those who wish to use it in their lives. We accomplish this through several programs including publishing EARLY AMERICAN LIFE six times each year. Our magazine features articles, lavishly illustrated, on arts, crafts, antiques, restoration, travel to historic sites, and all related subjects of interest to members.

To foster reading of books on these subjects, the Early American Society Book Program offers the latest books of leading publishers at discounts up to 25%. Heirloom quality reproductions of outstanding early furniture items are commissioned by the Society and made available only to members in limited editions. Group travel and historical assemblies offer members the opportunity to enrich themselves under the guidance of qualified professionals.

If your special early American interest includes antiques, restoration, arts, crafts, social history, or simply the warm style of the period, 1700-1850, your membership in the Early American Society may become one of your most valuable possessions. We are certain enough of this to offer a no-risk membership. Just mail the application below or the accompanying card. You pay only after your mind is made up that you are satisfied with your membership. Annual dues are $6.00.





Membership Chairman The Early American Society
206 Hanover Street, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania 17325

Please enroll me as a member in the Early American Society and bill my annual dues of $6.00 after I have received my first issue of EARLY AMERICAN LIFE. I understand that if the first issue does not live up to my expectations I may cancel without further obligation.

Name ________________

Address ________________

City ________ State ______ Zip ______

6661

out the climber in your organization and apply just the right mix of guidance and motivation to enable his personal aspirations to dovetail with your goals and expectations. *Can he walk alone?* The leader of men has initiative to spare. He tackles problems with zest, but his main focus is on solutions.

Whenever possible, reinforce your judgment. However objective you believe your appraisal to be, chances are it is colored in some measure at least by some prejudices, conscious or hidden. I find it is a good idea to reinforce my own judgment regarding any man's abilities by soliciting the judgment of others. And, there is a great need, constantly, to put promising subordinates to the test. Often, when I have a challenging project on tap, I throw it up for grabs. The comer shows early that he is able to handle his own duties—plus.

How can you distinguish the subordinate who is leadership material? Ask these questions:

1. Is he skillful at sorting the trivial from the important?
2. Does he inspire excellence in others?
3. Does he remain strong under pressure?
4. Is he curious about activities outside his immediate realm?
5. Do new ideas excite him?
6. Does he get along easily and naturally with people?

As you review others, don't forget to evaluate yourself. The problem is to retain the ego drive you need to lead men and make crucial decisions, and at the same time, to assess your performance in an honest and meaningful way. In seeking counsel, call on the climber and sidestep the "yes men." If you want the truth, you have to convince people of your willingness to accept it.

If you level with yourself, you will spot your weaknesses. The idea of self-appraisal is to recognize our greater strengths, our lesser strengths, our outright weaknesses for what they are. Once these are accurately defined and solidly ingrained, we can concentrate on applying weaknesses and strengths to the improvement of our personal productivity.

Shoot for free expression, encourage subordinates to level with the boss, reward courage and honesty. Sometimes I find it is helpful to go a step further and use a good consultant who can serve as a combination sounding board and executive conscience.

The Hat of the Student

Strategies and techniques used to impart knowledge to employees at all levels from president on down must be of major concern to the corporate executive. The manager who makes it to the top in the seventies and eighties will not be a super-specialist. He will be a cultured and well-rounded individual.

The will to learn cannot be borrowed; true motivation must originate inside the man. The manager who refuses to motivate himself cannot be motivated by others. The manager's responsibility is to make knowledge available to his subordinates, to sharpen awareness, to inspire if he can and, from that point, expect the prospect to take the initiative on his own.

It is your responsibility to do for the moderately self-motivated subordinate what the super-motivated employee would do on his own. Your subordinate will need an occasional prod from you to keep his performance near peak. Usually your casually-voiced suggestions will cause your man to take the hint.

His role is performance, yours is analysis. Why does he do better? Has he always performed better? Is Smith aware of Jones's superiority? Probing questions of this sort will give you valuable new insights into the strengths and weaknesses of your people. It will help you to determine corrective training measures to take.

Satisfactory performance is not enough, and, it takes a challenging attitude about approaches, goals, methods, and procedures to keep subordinates on their toes. Along with confidence building must go a constant striving to surpass past achievements. One good way is by means of analysis and emulations of what has been done right in one's department, one's company, and one's industry. The trick is to spotlight individual examples of successful profit performance.

The Hat of the Reporter

The news media are alert and extremely knowledgeable. When activities of significance take place in a company of some size, they want to know about them. Your best bet is to tell them. I can tell you from personal experience that the Hat of the Reporter—a truthful, accurate, conscientious reporter—is one of the most important items in the presidential wardrobe.

In digging for the truth steer clear of quick assumptions. The big danger is to base your message on what you assume your public thinks and feels rather than what you know with reasonable certainty your public thinks and feels. And don't hesitate to put salesmen on your research team. I've seen instances where a well-aimed salesman's probe accomplished more in the way of uncovering sentiment than an external effort taking twice as long and costing three times as much.

Prepare for the worst and when it happens—as it sometimes will—have in readiness a carefully thought out procedure for dealing with disaster, such as a strike or a plant shutdown. Pre-set your communications machinery.

You have personal appeal—use it. The most effective language of the people, I'm convinced, is the kind you transmit flexibly and informally on a face-to-face basis. I consider it of the utmost importance to meet personally with as many of my people as I can any time a major corporate change is in the offing, and I urge everyone to be a public relations man. Encourage your top aides and middle managers to go out into the community with your company's story on a face-to-face basis. Set up a speakers' bureau.

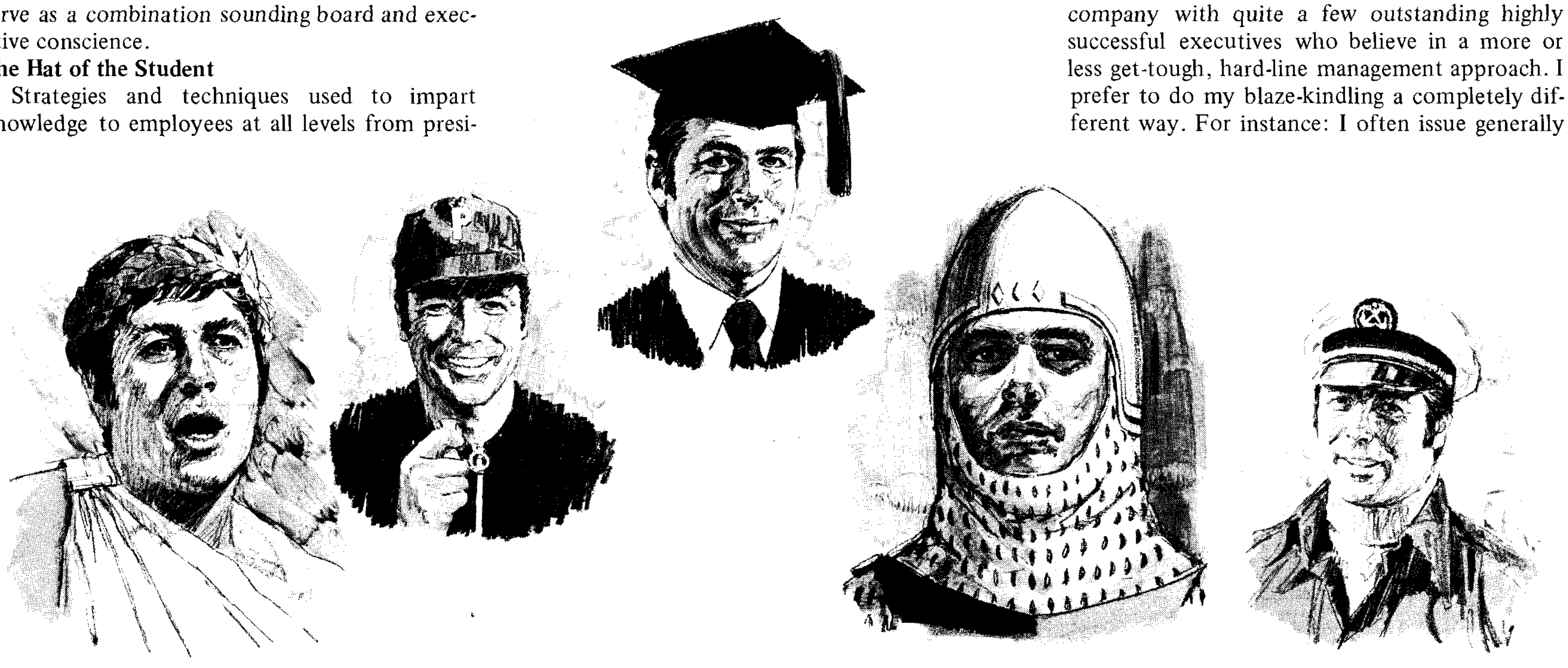
Is it right or wrong? It's the president's job to decide, and, where matters of corporate conscience are involved, it's the president's task to set the pace. It is a responsibility he cannot in good conscience delegate to PR people or anyone else. In public relations gimmicks backfire again and again. But I cannot recall a single instance where either I or any other top-level officer ever told the truth on a man-to-man basis and lived to regret it.

If the truth has the ring of novelty, so much the better. Daring to be different, in my view, is by far the most effective form of communication. The advertising and public relations community is coming to appreciate the importance of genuine and uncontrived originality in its communications.

Again, tell the truth. Don't make speeches about cleaning up the environment unless you're really trying to do something about it. Don't sound off about the quality of life unless you're sure all your plants are healthful, decent, invigorating places in which to work.

The Hat of the Coach of Champions

What I am talking about, of course, is motivation. How do you build a fire under a man—not just any man but one real human being? I part company with quite a few outstanding highly successful executives who believe in a more or less get-tough, hard-line management approach. I prefer to do my blaze-kindling a completely different way. For instance: I often issue generally



HOW TO GET A HOOD IN FASHION

The Holiday Shopper, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me ___ Jack Frost Hood and Scarf kit(s) for only $6.95 plus 75¢ postage.
☐ Enclosed is check or money order. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No. ____________ Expiration Date ____________
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: _ _ _ _

Signature ____________

Name (print) ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ State ____________ Zip ____________
Indiana residen ks for delivery. 4A

“Scarves are very important fashion accessories this year. And I like to make my own. I made this one. I ordered the complete Jack Frost Hood and Scarf kit by Studio Twelve which includes a square loom, instruction book, needle and plenty of yarn. It's 80 inches long. You can order one, too, simply by filling out the coupon above. Then you can get a hood in fashion.”

worded memos that cause people to scratch their heads and wonder just what in the world I could have meant; I'm occasionally late for appointments because I stop to talk with perfect strangers; I fraternize shamelessly with third and fourth level subordinates.

A good manager stays cool and leads with neither the carrot nor the stick, but with the mind-prodder—in my case, among other things, the generalized memo. Why don't I just tell people what I want? What do I gain by this oblique approach? Simple. I make them think for themselves.

Before removing our Coach's Cap, let's look at a few special kinds of individuals.

Your problem with the high achiever is keeping him fired up by continually confronting him with challenges. Never let him slip into a feeling of self-satisfaction with his job, his income, his production. Keep raising the level of his expectations.

The mind-changer can save you from your own enthusiasm and the illusion that everyone goes along with your ideas. My suggestion is to avoid pressing him for agreement during a meeting. Probably he needs to think about the problem in private. Tell him he can have a certain period of time to enter his objections, if any, but after that insist on a firm opinion, in writing.

The outsider is not very social, talks little in group meetings, almost never gets together with his peers to bat around ideas. Use him as a sounding board, almost as you would a third-party consultant. He's detached and he'll speak his mind.

The temporary failure deserves more than neglect, however benign. Make sure he knows what went wrong—and also what parts of the operation he did right. Give him an assignment of comparable importance just a few weeks later.

The Hat of the Crusader

Business risks—which are what we are basically discussing—should be a natural, normal, almost inevitable part of every manager's operation. Your job is to make it easy and natural for your people to take the ordinary risks that go with the competitive realities of industry, and also, on occasion, some of the not so ordinary ones. For instance, you want your managers to approve outlays of cash without quaking in their boots; to take a chance on promising subordinates; to get out of their ruts and think of new and perhaps better ways to accomplish their unit goals. These are bold acts and they involve a certain element of risk.

Risk-taking in organizational matters means a great deal more than gambling on young talent. It also means gambling on old talent, and it means at every turn organizing a division or department or a whole company along lines that give a man the chance to excel, rather than plod along safely.

What is the daring manager really like? Here are some of his identifying traits: sometimes he plays hunches, and he's not afraid to ask for trouble; he holds neither products nor services in sacred awe. He gets his people to stick their necks out by sticking out his own. He says what's on his mind; in business dealings, you can fight hard for your position without making enemies. All it takes is respect for the other person. And finally he's not afraid to change his mind. And with good authority, Ralph Waldo Emerson: Consistency, as he said, is the hobgoblin of little minds. It's sound advice, when you know you're wrong, to rise above your emotions and remind yourself that no one really thinks you're infallible anyway.

There are proper times to take chances, and there are proper ways. First, go into the venture with your eyes wide open. There are always options. Examine them all before deciding on any course, risky or super-safe.

Second, don't be afraid to use outside help.

Third, keep your cool. If you seem to have second thoughts about risks, so will everyone who works for you, resulting in general overcautiousness. Above all, you must inspire confidence.

Fourth, go all out.

Fifth, know what you will do if the plan fails. Even though you act as if everything depends on the success of the risk, you make sure that everything does not depend on it.

The Hat of the Miner

Are we tapping all profit mines to the hilt? Are we digging deeply enough? Are we using the proper tools of excavation? What should we and could we be doing that we are not doing?

The companies that exploit profit opportunities most successfully are the ones that build the following four ingredients into their exploitation programs: (1) Never-diminishing "grow mindedness" of the chief executive. (2) Venture capital needed to back up ideas. (3) Organizational machinery that will carry investigation forward. (4) Wholehearted participation and cooperation of talented people. Number four is the most important one of all. The trick is to set those human wheels in motion and to keep them moving. In mining, as in drilling for oil, the more holes you sink, the more rich veins you are likely to tap. The more minds you explore, the more ideas you will uncover.

I pose an open question to any acquaintances: What information can you give me that I can turn to profit advantage for my company?

The trick in charting a profit course for the top and middle manager, I have learned, is to make darned sure that the course you chart for him is not in conflict with the personal profit course he may have set for himself. It is the president himself, sitting objectively at a wide-ranging vantage point, who must decide which matters are primary and which are secondary as far as the most profitable use of his time is concerned. The only time the president worries about the routine aspects of the business is when it is called to his attention through a tripping of controls that things are not going right.

The Hat of the Super-Salesman

Call it what you will, the president of a company must be highly skilled at the persuasive arts. He must be a convincer of great ability. He is the one who is finally responsible for presenting the company's case to the public. He deals with stockholders and the financial community, and he persuades employees to get behind important programs. It is he who represents the company vis-à-vis government.

Any successful chief executive must have that magic gift of getting other people interested in the things he is interested in. He must be able to generate enthusiasm and get people to respond to what he is saying.

Persuasion, or salesmanship or whatever you want to call it, is not a logical thing. It is basically irrational because it appeals to the emotions. Here are some guidelines:

1. *Get Attention.* Your evident sincerity may do the trick. There are times when you have to resort to a little gimmickry.
2. *Try early and often for a commitment.* If you can't "close the sale," work for agreement on various points that get the prospect in the habit of agreeing with you.
3. *Know the emotional content of your argument and use it.* If you're offering recognition, bonuses, or some other basic value, make sure your audience knows about it.
4. *Ask for a lot.* The more "opinion change" you ask for, the more you are likely to get.

It's up to you. You are "Mr. ABC Manufacturing." Never forget it. You are never too busy to push the product.

Now you have perhaps a clearer idea of what it is like to be the head of a company.

But above all, to help solve problems, to help lead society, to help bring the world toward the kind of opportunities of the individual spirit that could be just around the corner—what higher calling in life could anyone have? ♖

Heirlooms of the Future

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
A VISIT WITH NORMAN ROCKWELL

Summer 1971

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Fall 1971

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Winter 1971

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Spring 1972

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Summer 1972

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

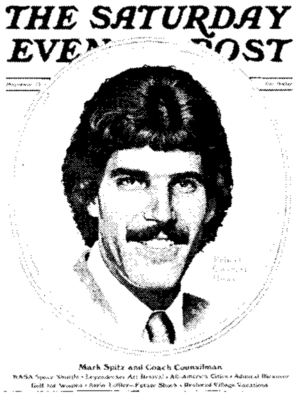
Fall 1972

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

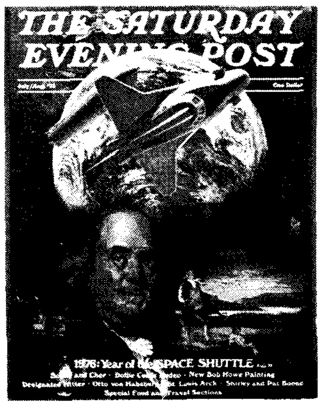
Winter 1973

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
NORMAN ROCKWELL

March/April 1973


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Mark Spitz and Coach Counsilman

May/June 1973


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
1976: Year of the SPACE SHUTTLE

July/August 1973

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
BACK TO SCHOOL SUPPLIES

September/October '73

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

November/December 1973

These *Saturday Evening Posts* are now available to you as an investment. They are a record of the Good Life in America, a joy to the reader and thinker and a delight to the eye. Beautiful Norman Rockwell paintings are reproduced faithfully in the pages of the magazine that nurtured his vision of heart and home, as are Robert Charles Howe paintings, which are bound to become treasures. This offer brings you these collector's items in mint condition.

Included in this offer are all the issues since and including the famous first sold-out Summer 1971 issue. The cover of the March/April issue of 1973 is Robert Charles Howe's extraordinary self-portrait. May/June featured Mark Spitz and Alvin Toffler. July/August starred the Space Shuttle and Sonny and Cher. September/October interviewed the stars of the "Today" show and the Miami Dolphins. In the November/December issue, Margaret Mead writes about science and religion and Barry Goldwater talks about the Southwest.

It's a marvelous gift idea for collectors, students, and people interested in Americana. For your convenience, turn to page 115A to order. . .or simply fill out the attached coupon.

Heirlooms

1100 Waterway Boulevard,
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202

Please send me the following issues of *The Saturday Evening Post* at $1.50 each; $14.40 for a set of twelve. I am enclosing a separate sheet of paper with a list of friends whom I wish to receive the issue(s) or set of twelve as indicated.

☐Summer 1971
☐Fall 1971
☐Winter 1971
☐Spring 1972
☐Summer 1972
☐Fall 1972
☐Winter 1973
☐March/April 1973
☐May/June 1973
☐July/August 1973
☐September/October 1973
☐November/December 1973

☐Check enclosed. Bill: ☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge
Master Charge 4-digit Interbank No: __ __ __ __
Credit Card No. __________ Expires ________

Signature ____________________

Name (print) ____________________

Address ____________________

City ________ State ________ Zip ________

4A

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1100 WATERWAY BOULEVARD
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U. S. A.

BEURT SERVAAS, EDITOR
CORY SERVAAS, EXECUTIVE EDITOR
FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM, MANAGING EDITOR
JOHN BURKHART, EDITORIALIST
STARKEY FLYTHE, JR.,
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1974

Pacem in Terris

Ten years ago the encyclical of Pope John XXIII, *Pacem in Terris*, entered history as "one of the most profound and significant documents of our age." He emphasized, as did Thomas Aquinas before him, that peace is the nature of human life everywhere. Said the Pope, "The fundamental principle upon which our present peace depends must be replaced by another." Thus he consigned nuclear arms, nationalism, colonialism, racism, and non-constitutional regimes to the wastebasket of history. He rejected the devil theory of politics, asserting that "the same moral law which governs relations between individual human beings serves also to regulate the relations of political communities with each other." Former U.N. Secretary-General U Thant has observed, "It is not for me, a Buddhist, to speculate on Pope John's religious significance, but I believe that later historians will regard him as one of the principal spokesmen and architects for vital change in the twentieth century."

Pope John recognized that the age of "hiding places" had come to an end. For the first time, everyone inside the world enclosure is potentially vulnerable to the failure of even well-intentioned men.

Today's Solutions Can Create Tomorrow's Problems

Population intensities create many problems that often are paid for by others than those served and a reallocation of resources that can have long-time consequences of a most serious nature.

A case in point is the insatiable water demands of Southern California. This area began importing this liquid gold as far back as 1913.

It has pulled water from the Colorado to the despair and disadvantage of Arizona; it has gone northward in its own state with a program, part of which, now dropped, would have turned San Francisco Bay into a dead sea; and serious contemplation has been given to going as far as Alaska and the Yukon in the quest to quench its thirst.

Arizona itself has long been using more water than nature replenishes, much of it to raise cotton, a crop that farmers elsewhere are paid millions of dollars by the Federal Government not to grow.

Carle O. Hodge, Research Coordinator at the Environmental Research Laboratory of the University of Arizona, finds this whole subject deserving more attention, more concern, more development of alternatives than we have had thus far.

We agree with Mr. Hodge.

Multinational Companies: We Need Them

One of today's prime targets the world over is the multinational enterprise. By George Meany, by foreign governments, by members of Congress sharp attacks are launched, heavy penalties and remedies are proposed.

What is needed is a moment of reflection upon the wonders of a free market. More than any alternative mechanism it supplies the goods and services that people want. And when unhampered it does so by utilizing the most economical resources, men and money and materials, wherever they may be found. Modification of this market, in any way, results only in reducing living standards.

A loose analogy may be found in our own country where it was early learned—although apparently it has to be continuously relearned—that state lines ought not be allowed to become economic barricades. We have developed the wise doctrine that interstate commerce may not be impaired by state action or state law.

The curtailment or elimination of multinational companies would be a massive step backward.

The Good Old Federal Trade Commission

On previous occasions these columns have called attention to the often arbitrary, irresponsible, and often indefensible actions of the FTC.

Thus there was a certain special significance, a reinforcement as it were, to be found in an editorial recently reprinted by *Barron's*—an item it originally presented in 1964.

Its criticisms were triggered by FTC charges against the VioBin Corporation, then a tiny manufacturer of food and drug products. Typically, they were charged by the Commission with the "dissemination of false and misleading advertisements" and subjected to the heavy costs in adverse publicity and in actual dollars in defending their honor.

Fortunately VioBin won its case. No wonder. The expert witness whom FTC had retained to make the original research, when put on the stand, was compelled to make one astonishing confession after another. He admitted to the deliberate distortion of both dosages and statistics. His final claim to immortality came upon his admission that the products he tested were not even those of VioBin.

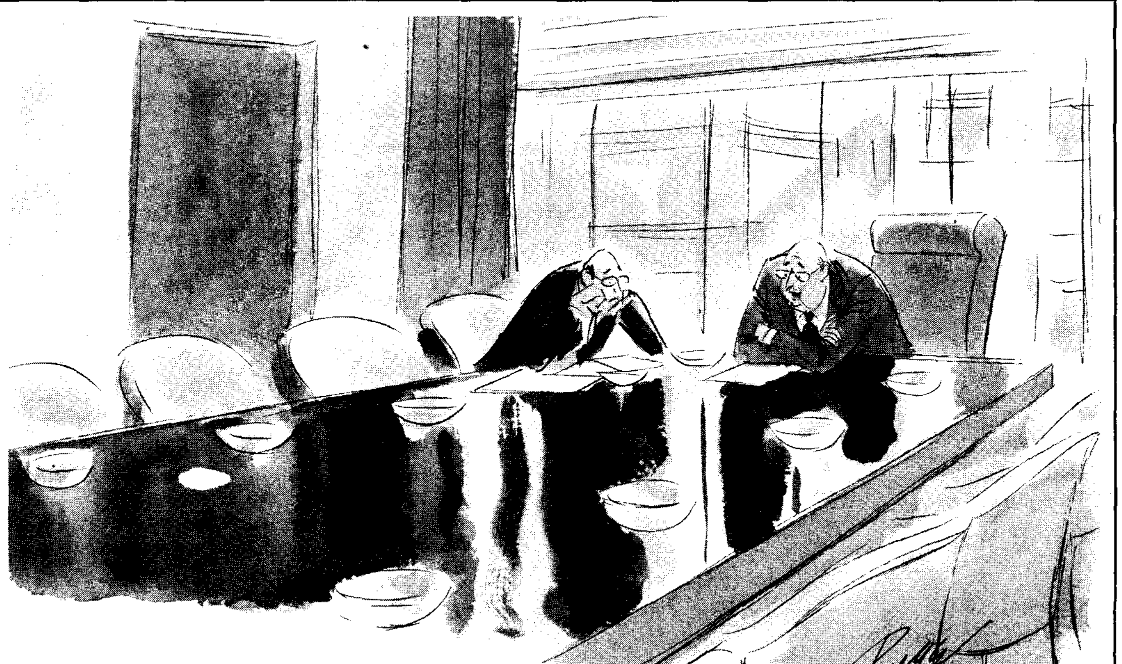
Perhaps the most instructive point of it all is that the thoroughly discredited Professor Karpovich (a graduate of the State Military Medical Academy in Leningrad) continued to receive grants from the National Institutes of Health until his retirement.

Wondrous are the ways of government.

Technology Creates Problems But Also Solves Problems

Since World War II there has gradually developed a polarization between those who admire "technology" and those who feel that what we need is "love." No early end to the debate is in sight.

Yet it is altogether probable that the two



"Remember the good old days when the college graduates were pounding on our doors looking for a job—any job?—Just so they could get in place for a future shot at a vice-presidency—when we had them so bug-eyed and inspired that we could tell them how to dress in blues, grays and muted glen plaids—with variations of the narrow knit tie? When we preferred that they marry an approved type of girl and—if they didn't they'd stay forever in that little house in Ozone Park?"

points of view have more in common than either suspects and that each can learn and profit from the other.

To take a case in point, while we cannot precisely pinpoint the time when present energy supplies will run out we can be reasonably sure that we may be facing a real survival problem within the next century.

But the mere fact that we are now forewarned is a tribute to technology. In times past, most devastations visited upon mankind could not be detected in advance and little or nothing could be done to prepare for them.

Now we know that there have been periodic reversals of the magnetic poles, a very useful bit of knowledge in the task of interpretation of geological data.

Likewise now identified are the movements of our ocean bottoms, movements that further separate our continents, nourish earthquakes, and have other good and bad results. But the knowledge is most helpful in matching up existing reserves of petroleum with drifts elsewhere that have the same geological history and structure.

We are learning that cells may be solid state electronic devices and that electromagnetic forces generated may significantly affect the life processes of mammals.

Research by Dr. Robert O. Becker and others has established that electromagnetic forces can do such remarkable things as influence bone growth, stimulate and bring about the regeneration, or replacement, of certain parts of the body.

Thus, some day, we may not need to transplant hearts; we may be able to regrow them!

Manure, which used to be the prime source of fertilizer for the farm, now finds itself more and more unneeded and unused. But experiments now under way are finding methods to convert it into fuel oil, or through bacterial processes, into animal feed.

Self-destruct plastics are in the mill.

Thus the battle between the pro-technologist and anti-technologist seems poorly suited to our present times and problems.

The Goals of American Organizations

Until some ten years ago, political scientists and management theorists simply took it for granted that organizations have some basic goal that expresses their purpose or function within society. Since then, this position has come under sharp attack. One problem with traditional research on organizational goals is that scholars have never adequately analyzed what they mean by "goal." Furthermore, it is fairly obvious now that organizations have many goals, not just one, and that they do things for themselves as well as (and perhaps even more than) for society. The dominant trend in organization theory now is to consider that organizations have a large and undefined set of aims and purposes, many of which conflict with one another, and that an organization is primarily something that exists for the sake of itself and its members rather than for anything outside of itself.

Decision-making in some organizations has been convincingly characterized as a "mixed bag" in which problems, solutions, choice, situations, and decision-makers move about the organizational structure almost randomly, encountering one another from time to time according to rules which have essentially nothing to do with organizational aims.

"Don't come back too late, don't drink and don't declare war on anybody!"

To what extent do the aims of the executive dominate organizational behavior? To what extent do organizations concentrate on sub-goals or simply on effort and activity? How important are internally oriented goals such as profitability or prestige as compared to externally oriented goals having to do with the quality and impact of the organization's products or services? One recent study, for example, found that the prestige goal of universities seems to be much more important than their educational goals.

Now that many hallowed organizations are coming under congressional and legislative scrutiny—not to disregard the omnipotent presence of the IRS, the FTC, and other custodians of the public welfare—the stated and unstated goals or organizations, federations, leagues, clubs, and brotherhoods may soon undergo some very comprehensive revisions, the better to stay in step with the reform mood of consumerism now rampant in the commercial sector of the nation's establishment.

Government Patents— Yours for the Asking

Billions of dollars' worth of research discoveries are yours—free for the asking. And they should be. You pay for them.

A veritable gold mine of federal patents, paid for with tax dollars, is open to individuals and corporations throughout the United States. In fact, the government actively seeks recipients for the giveaway of inventions it has financed. Independent research groups such as Battelle Memorial Institute, a not-for-profit organization in Columbus, Ohio, help locate and refine useful ideas for distribution to the general public. Prospecting for useful ideas, Battelle suggests the following examples of what can be done.

- A strong, protective film made from cornstarch that is water-soluble and edible could be used to package individual portions of breakfast cereal.
- A laser-guided tool for boring out the barrels of Navy guns might be utilized to dig subway tunnels.
- A water-sprayed device for preventing smoke during fire fighter training might be used in air pollution control.
- A technique for building super-strong laminated wooden beams could help make better use of dwindling timber supplies.
- A new method of counting bacteria could make medical diagnosis quicker and more reliable.

Individuals or companies wanting more information should write: National Technical Information Service, Communications Media Research Laboratory, Battelle Memorial Institute, 505 King Avenue, Columbus, Ohio 43201.

JOKES THAT MADE PRESIDENTS LAUGH

By BOB HOPE

A rich and human memoir by the famous comedian whose fund of chuckles lightened the burdens of U.S. Presidents from FDR to Richard Nixon.

- FDR and Churchill were planning war strategy . . . meaning when and where to attack the enemy and how to keep Eleanor out of the cross fire.
- Playing golf with Ike is very handy. If you hit a ball into the rough and it stops near a tree, the tree suddenly becomes a Secret Service man and moves away.
- I can understand why President Nixon enjoys football games so much. After Washington, it's such a nice change to see some teamwork.

When I delivered these lines audiences usually were very obliging and chuckled, but the greatest laughs came from the people who were the butt of the jokes—Presidents of the United States.

Our Constitution doesn't provide for a Secretary of Gagriculture and the job of supplying jokes to make Presidents smile has fallen to professional comedians. I think it all started when Jack Benny or some other misguided performer told George Washington a funny about a cherry tree floating down the Potomac. Ever since then it has become our lot to be labeled court jesters.

"First Man" stories have come at such a dizzy pace that the Library of Congress hasn't had time to catalogue all of them. To remedy this oversight I have tried to keep a file of some of the higher-level howls. Despite my inordinate modesty I've had to include many of my own jokes . . . but a few from my "friendly" rivals also appear. Herewith some of the best concerning the man in the oval study:

"My experience with Presidents has been that they can take kidding about themselves." Their golf game is something else.

FDR was the greatest audience I ever worked for. I prepared a lot of special material for him. One of the gags that produced presidential laughing fits concerned his dog Fala. Everybody knew that Roosevelt and Colonel Bertie McCormick, publisher of a conservative midwestern newspaper, were feuding so I meekly said that Fala was the only canine in history who had been housebroken on the *Chicago Tribune*. I said it during a command performance at the White House and all eyes focused on the President to see his reaction. I was a bit scared, thinking that perhaps I had gone too far, but FDR banged his hand on the table and roared with obvious glee. Only then did the other guests join in.

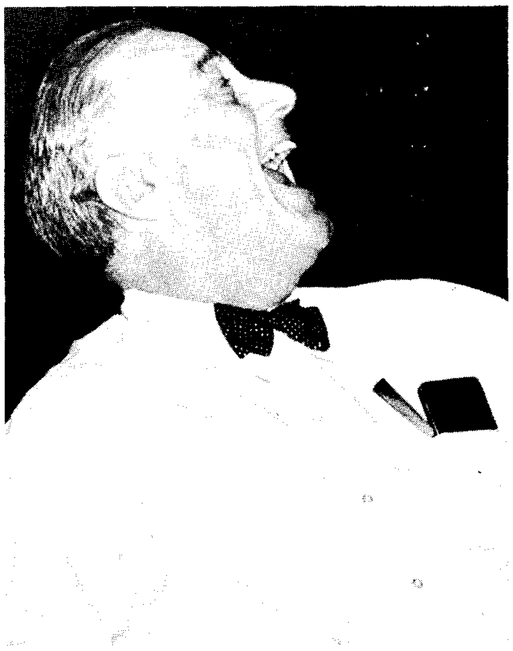
In those days Eleanor jokes were sure to get a howl and I issued them fast and furious, like the one where Mrs. Roosevelt came in and said, "Good-bye, Franklin." And he replied, "Where to now, dear?" Another gag that got him laughing concerned Eleanor and the airplane: "Nothing passed us on this flight," I said. "We went so fast, only Eleanor passed us going both ways."

How the President loved that one. But he had a two-way reaction to humor—he could give as well as take. Once Jack Benny, who as usual was thirty-nine at the time, appeared at a Gridiron Club dinner where the guest of honor was FDR. The newspapers that day ran banner headlines announcing the government's seizure of Montgomery Ward for alleged noncompliance with an official directive.

"This tuxedo I'm wearing," Benny said in his monologue, "I bought it at Montgomery, Roosevelt and Ward." Above the instant laughter President Roosevelt's voice could be heard shouting, "You've got it a little twisted, Jack. It's *Roosevelt*, Montgomery and Ward!"

Harry Truman was another President who loved a joke. In 1945, when I was in Washington to do a Victory Bond show, he appeared at the rally. It was shortly after his inauguration, and the following day I received a letter from him, thanking me for what I'd done for the bond drive and inviting me to the White House. I accepted and was ushered into the Gold Room where the President and his family were sitting with the staff. There were about forty people assembled and as I walked in I said, "Man, this looks like Missouri already."

The President guffawed and offered to show me the rest of the place. He took me on a personally conducted tour and couldn't have been more cordial. As we passed a grand piano he told me about an encounter he recently had with pianist-comedian Victor Borge. At a correspondent's banquet that the President attended Borge suddenly pretended to get stage fright and became hopelessly confused about the names of prominent cabinet members. He climaxed the routine by announcing, "I would now play for—er—Pres-



ident Harry *D.* Truman—er—the *Fifth Symphony* by Harry S. Beethoven." Harry *S.* Truman roared appreciatively. He was grateful for everything. After all, everyone had been sure he'd lose the election, including Dr. Gallup, who went into hiding. The evening of Truman's amazing victory I rushed off a congratulatory telegram to him at the White House: "Unpack!"

Matt Connolly, Truman's secretary, kept my message under a sheet of glass on top of his desk for a long time.

President Eisenhower loved to listen to jokes on the golf course and dutifully, I obliged. I told him that when he's the opponent, three or four Secret Service men ride along in your golf bag to make sure you don't swing your clubs too wildly. That gag went over so well that the President played the hole under par. But I once made him hit a ball into some water when I said, "I just reached for a club and accidentally pulled J. Edgar Hoover out of my bag."

At one game I asked, "What do you want to bet?" and Ike replied, "A dollar." Then the President added, "Funny thing, but I just loaned a billion and a half to Bolivia and here I am playing for a dollar."

At the 1956 White House News Association Dinner I was M.C. The day before I had played with Ike at The Burning Tree Country Club. "Ike used a short Democrat for a tee," I quipped to the illustrious guest, as Ike grinned.

"It's very disconcerting, everywhere you look you see Secret Service men with a matched set of machine guns in their bags." I went on to say, "You know, folks, I met Mr. Eisenhower during the war in Algeria; they had sent him over to replace Charles Boyer. That was when Eisenhower was a General and had some power." That really broke up President Eisenhower.

Milton Berle cracked a joke about Eisenhower at a Republican dinner in Washington. "John Foster Dulles is here, but he can't stay long. He has his plane double-parked." At a Republican luncheon Berle said with Eisenhower sitting there, "I just heard that Dwight David Eisenhower is running for President. Some guys will do anything to get out of the army."

John F. Kennedy was real quick on the uptake and was a very funny raconteur . . . if he hadn't gone into politics, he might have developed into a fair-to-middlin' comedian. At one dinner at which he was present I ran off a few lines about the Kennedy clan taking over Washington. JFK was more than ready with a reply. He expressed mock surprise over my objections to Robert Kennedy's nomination as Attorney General.

"What's wrong with Bobby getting a little legal experience before he goes into business for himself?" the President asked.

My good friend Milton Berle used to kid President Kennedy about his boyishness. For example, Berle was entertaining at a luncheon which the President attended. In the middle of his routine the President had to leave and Berle's instant response was "JFK's not feeling too well. He's had too many Pablums-on-the-rocks. . . . By the way, I heard that he went Christmas shopping yesterday. He bought a playpen, a rattle and a teddy bear. Tomorrow he's going out and buy something for the kids."

Although Berle ribbed him over his youth, the President took the ribbing like a man. He knew the value of a joke. Before a speech in Los Angeles he ambled up to Mort Sahl and whispered, "Mort, do you have any good one-liners for tonight's speech?"

The whole idea of joking in front of a President began as early as the Coolidge administration. It was Groucho Marx who did this first at a performance of *Animal Crackers* at a theater in Washington in 1928. One night during the first act Marx learned that Calvin Coolidge was in the audience. At exactly 10:30 p.m. in the middle of the second act, Marx interrupted his love scene with Mrs. Rittenhouse—strolled to the front of the stage, leaned over the footlights and said to President Coolidge: "Isn't it past your bedtime, Calvin?" The orchestra leader swears he saw a slight smile cross the President's face.

George Jessel once sat next to Herbert Hoover at the Waldorf-Astoria during a dinner. Jessel kept whispering jokes in Hoover's ear and getting no response. As he tells the story: "When my turn came to speak I pointed to Hoover and I said I'd do better with Democrats." Hoover finally laughed.

Phil Silvers appeared at a Radio & TV Dinner at the Washington Statler Hotel—entertaining the entire cabinet, except Secretary of State Dulles who had flown to Berlin. The Supreme Court was there and many congressmen. "Would somebody please tell me who is minding the store," Silvers joked. The phone rang behind the curtain, totally unplanned, and a Secret Service man answered it—Silvers acted like he was listening in on the call and shouted out to the audience, "It's a long distance call, somebody by the name of Dulles. He wants to reverse the charges and will talk to anyone here."

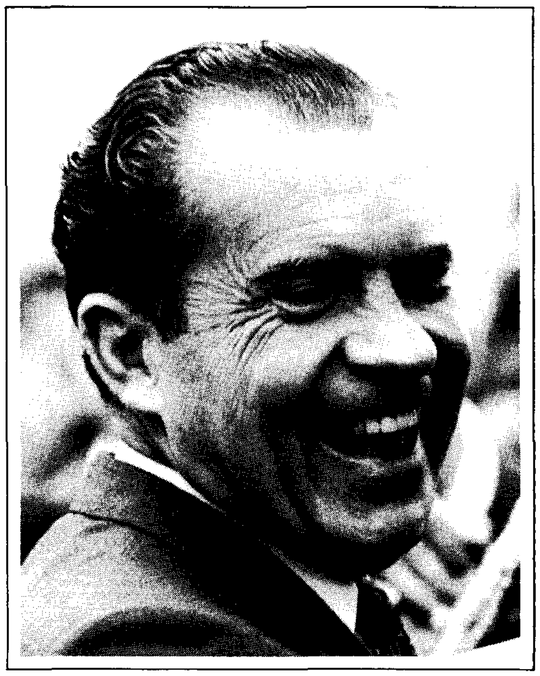
Perhaps being President of the United States is such a serious matter that the top man desperately needs gags to ease his work load? I delivered a great many jokes about Lyndon Johnson and I think he enjoyed most of them . . . like the one where I said, "President Johnson was in Palm Springs this weekend because he feels that if you're gonna fight poverty, go to the source." Others that made him laugh were:

- "President Johnson must be feeling better because he kicked a Republican this morning."
- "If President Johnson likes you, he invites you to swim in the White House pool . . . and if you're a Democrat, he puts water in it."
- "Lyndon's always been a politician. . .the moment he was born, the doctor slapped him and Lyndon handed him a cigar."

Another born politician is Richard Nixon. I've heard it told that President Nixon has long had a sense of humor and that when it strays, John Wayne fetches it back . . . unless the President loses it in Los Angeles. On the President's last visit to L.A. the smog was so thick, he was shaking hands with Democrats, too.

The President is always working. I can certify from firsthand knowledge that he rarely relaxes. He works so hard . . . even when he's supposed to be relaxing on the beach at the Western White House, he has the phone right there beside his official sand pail . . . . The only time he can take things easy is at dinner . . . then everything gets passed.

Richard Nixon takes this joshing good-naturedly. My experience with Presidents has been that they can take kidding about themselves—in fact they welcome it. I'm fortunate that most of them possessed keen senses of humor. If they hadn't—even though we boast of a democracy—my nose would have surely been cut off long ago . . . and Crosby wouldn't have been able to make those Road pictures by himself. Instead he would have had to beg some kind President for relief—*comic relief*! ♖



THE GOOD OLD DAYS—YOU CAN HAVE THEM

By S. I. HAYAKAWA

120,000 horses in New York in 1908 were the cause of 20,000 deaths by disease.

The sporty tam-o'-shanter is but one of many hats worn by the versatile S.I. Hayakawa. A renowned scholar, lecturer, lexicographer and the former president of San Francisco State University, Dr. Hayakawa was recently appointed by President Nixon to the National Advisory Council on Extension and Continuing Education.

Traditionally it has been the conservatives who have viewed the world around them with alarm and longed for the good old days. Today it is the liberal who looks at the world with alarm and yearns for the good old days—before mechanization, before pesticides, before atomic power, before air and water pollution.

Another irony lies in the fact that liberalism, long the theoretical defense of individual liberties and economic abundance, should now be so much on the side of regulation—of consumer standards, of agricultural and employment practices, or energy production. "Down with abundance!" they seem to be saying. Hamstring the big industries. Stop population growth. Stop the production of oil and the building of pipelines. Stop economic growth.

Liberals today sound curiously like Thomas Malthus, while conservatives sound like the great 18th-century economic liberal, John Stuart Mill.

I am led to these reflections by a speech I heard given by Charles L. Gould, publisher of the San Francisco *Examiner*, before an exclusive San Francisco men's club—one of the few remaining bastions of male chauvinism in the Bay Area.

If you were born in 1909, said Mr. Gould, referring to the year of his birth, your life expectancy was forty-nine years. If you are Mr. Gould's age or older and able to read these words, you have already beaten the odds by a wide margin indeed.

The baby born today, however, has a life expectancy of seventy-four years, which means that in A.D. 2047 most of the babies born today will be still alive. The child who enters the world today is able to look forward confidently to a quarter of a century more of life than a baby born in the administration of William Howard Taft.

There are those who see, says Gould, "death, disease and destruction in the food we eat, the air we breathe, the water we drink and the products we manufacture." That single statistic about life expectancy, he says, is dramatic proof of the fact that life today, far from being disastrously miserable and dangerous, as critics of our society are constantly saying, is an enormous improvement over the "good old days."

Gould claims that statistics show that the crime rate a century ago was twice what it is today. Drug addiction, a by-product of patent medicines widely used in those days, was far more prevalent than now. Prostitution flourished and venereal disease was more widespread than today—and much harder to cure. Hundreds of thousands of children under twelve years of age worked ten hours a day in factories, mines and farms. Social welfare was nonexistent. For the indigent old there was the poorhouse; for the indigent young the orphanage.

We have made enormous progress in social justice, though granted there is still a long way to go. Gould emphasizes a fact well known to educators but unfamiliar to the general public, namely, that a Negro youth in America has a better chance of getting a university education than an English youth in England, a German in Germany, an Italian in Italy—or for that matter, a Russian in the U.S.S.R. or a Chinese in the People's Republic of China.

For all our alleged racism, "We have more Negroes sitting as judges, more in Congress, more in state legislatures, more in city halls, and more in positions of power than all the communist nations of the world combined."

"In one generation," Gould continues, "we have conquered or controlled diphtheria, smallpox, typhoid, measles, tuberculosis and pneumonia"—and, he might have added, polio. "We have done more to bring dignity and equality to all minority groups than any generation has ever done in any nation since the dawn of history."

But what I enjoyed especially in Mr. Gould's remarks was his account of how good the good old days were. In 1908 there were 120,000 horses in New York City, the horse being the prime mover of freight and people. The removal of horse dung from the streets was a major task. Furthermore the dung attracted hordes of flies, which contributed to periodic epedemics of cholera, typhoid, dysentery and infant diarrhea.

Horses, like automobiles today, when no longer operative, were abandoned in the streets by their owners. But unlike abandoned cars, which are unsightly but actually quite harmless, inoperative horses are dead—and they rot and therefore become a menace to public health. Each year, in New York City alone, some 15,000 carcasses had to be hauled off the streets.

An average of 20,000 New Yorkers died each year from diseases spawned by horses and horse manure and spread by flies.

Thanks, says Mr. Gould, I'll take carbon monoxide. So will I. ♣

A Million College Football Facts, Anecdotes, and Thrills

Next time you want to remember something about football, here's your feast of nostalgia and your ready encyclopedia of football fact.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL U.S.A. 1869-1973

Here's a big—566 page—photo-filled collection of statistics, essays, and biographies of football greats and near-greats over the century the game's been played. You don't need to be told that there are differences in the game played in the Big Ten and in the Southwest Conference, but this book tells you how those differences came to be.

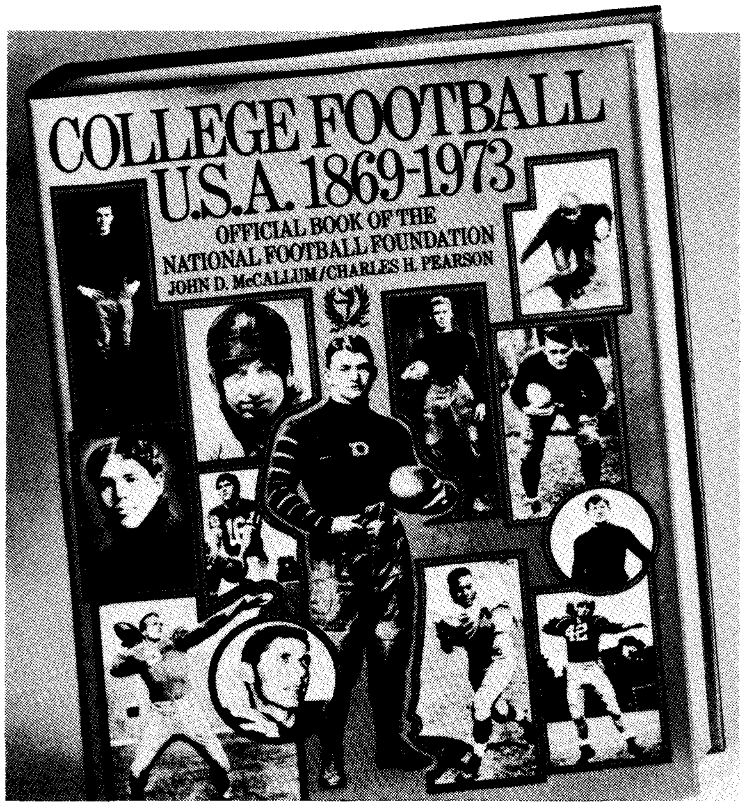
Then there are biographies of 300 or so of the great players and coaches who've been immortalized in the Football Hall of Fame. How did Frankie Albert change from just another player to one of the greats of his day? You remember little Albie Booth, one of the all time greats at 144 pounds? Or Tom Harmon, whose magic name is still revered? All these stories and many more are told in all their colorful details in College Football U.S.A. And more—Notre Dame's Four Horsemen; Army's Mr. Inside and Mr. Outside. And the greats who later turned pro—Mel Hein, Sammy Baugh, Cliff Battles, Kyle Rote, Sid Luckman and Bronko Nagurski.

And those who went on to fame in other fields—like Whizzer White, now a Supreme Court Justice.

Then, there are the records—for all conferences from 1926; records of all the major teams since 1949; lists of the All-America teams since 1950. And the biographies of all the greatest football coaches.

College Football U.S.A. is a book you'll read, browse, refer to dozens, hundreds of times during the coming season. You'll be able to recall all the great players and all the great games of your own old school. Times when you helped tear down the goal posts, as well as the times when you slunk home in defeat. Here are all the upsets, the powerhouse teams, the history-making plays.

Here's a special review of College Football over the past 20 years with photos of outstanding players. Here's the authentic history of football from its inception to now. Here are colorful stories of the gridiron immortals—plus many humorous anecdotes you'll laugh over and share with friends.


COLLEGE FOOTBALL
U.S.A. 1869-1973
OFFICIAL BOOK OF THE
NATIONAL FOOTBALL FOUNDATION
JOHN D. McCALLUM/CHARLES H. PEARSON

Here, too is the official roster of players and coaches of the National Football Foundation's Hall of Fame, plus the Gold Medal Winners—those men who have made outstanding contributions to football. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Richard M. Nixon, Rear Admiral Thomas Hamilton, Governor Ronald Reagan, and many more.

And here you'll find the records—all time records for more than 150 major colleges, annual results for the 21 leading Bowl games, year-by-year standings of the major conferences and leading independents, going all the way back to 1876. Plus awards, All-America selections, and more.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL U.S.A. has been reviewed by many leading sportswriters—

"Certainly the most detailed, the most interesting and the most complete book on college football ever published."
Matty Simmons, Liberty Magazine

"Covers every phase and facet, every era and area of college football... Did you know it was Bob Zuppke of Illinois who first introduced the huddle?... It even has a photograph of Joe Namath with short hair."
Hy Zimmerman, The Seattle Times

"The most comprehensive book ever written . . . on college football. I have countless books on football but not one I treasure more than College Football U.S.A."
Zipp Newman, Birmingham News

"It has everything . . . Roy Reigel's famous Wrong-Way Run . . . Knute Rockne . . . The Four Horsemen . . . Ernie Nevers . . . Norm Van Brocklin . . . Amos Stagg . . . Jim Thorpe . . . We agree it's the greatest book on football ever published." *L. H. Gregory, The Portland Oregonian*

Now available in a completely new, revised edition

COLLEGE FOOTBALL U.S.A. 1869-1973 is certain to become a collector's item, in this new limited edition. So be sure to order at once, for when the present supply is gone, there'll be no more. Use the handy coupon to order.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL U.S.A. 1869-1973

566 pages. 640 photos. 8½ x 11½ inches.
Luxury Buckram binding.

ORDER NOW—MAIL COUPON TO

HALSEY
c/o Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Make check payable to Trading Post.

Please send______copies of College Football U.S.A. at only $24.95 postage included.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Bill BankAmericard

☐ Bill Master Charge (for Master Charge also give 4 digit Interbank number above name______________)

My credit card number is______________Exp. date_____

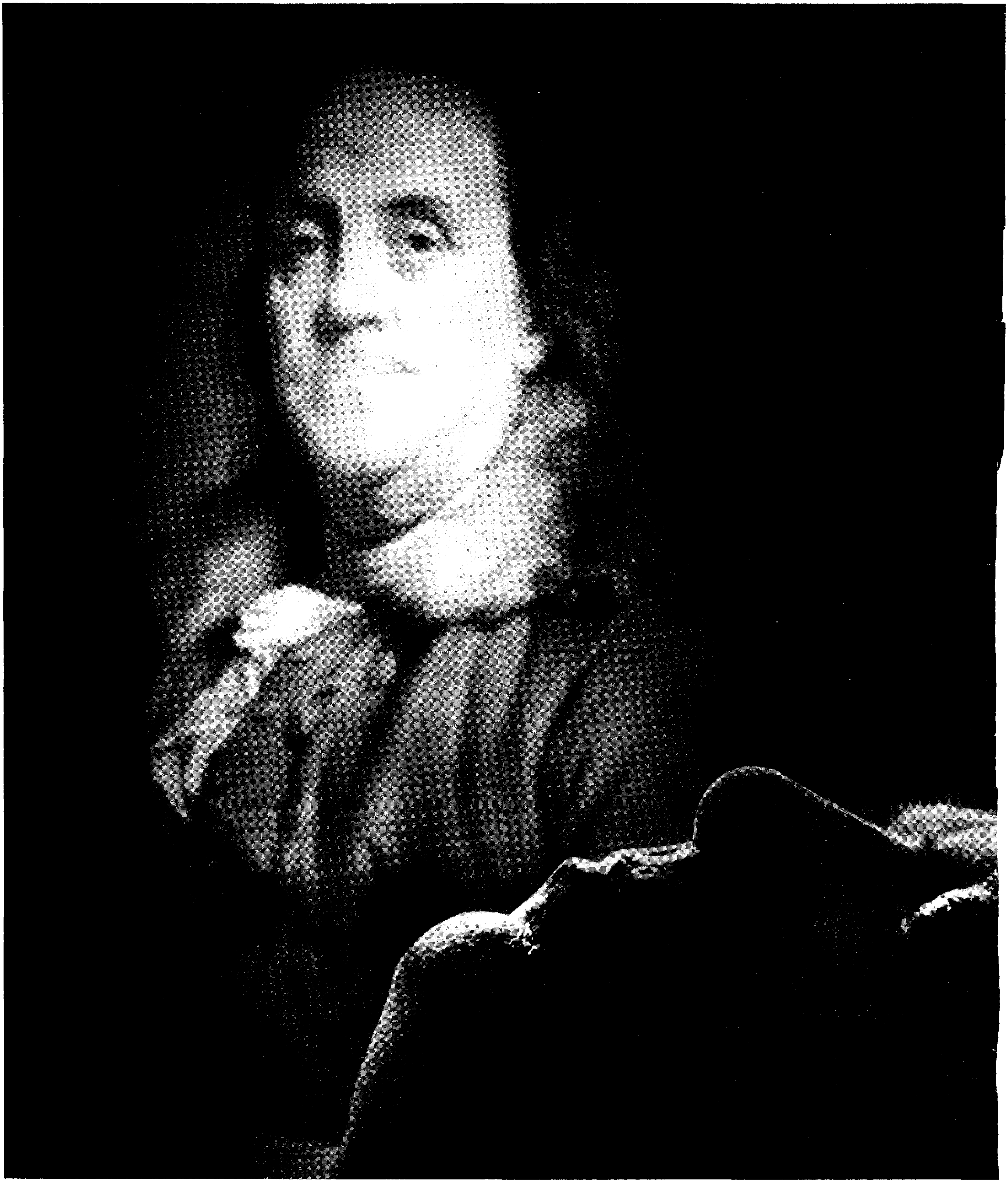
Signature______________________________

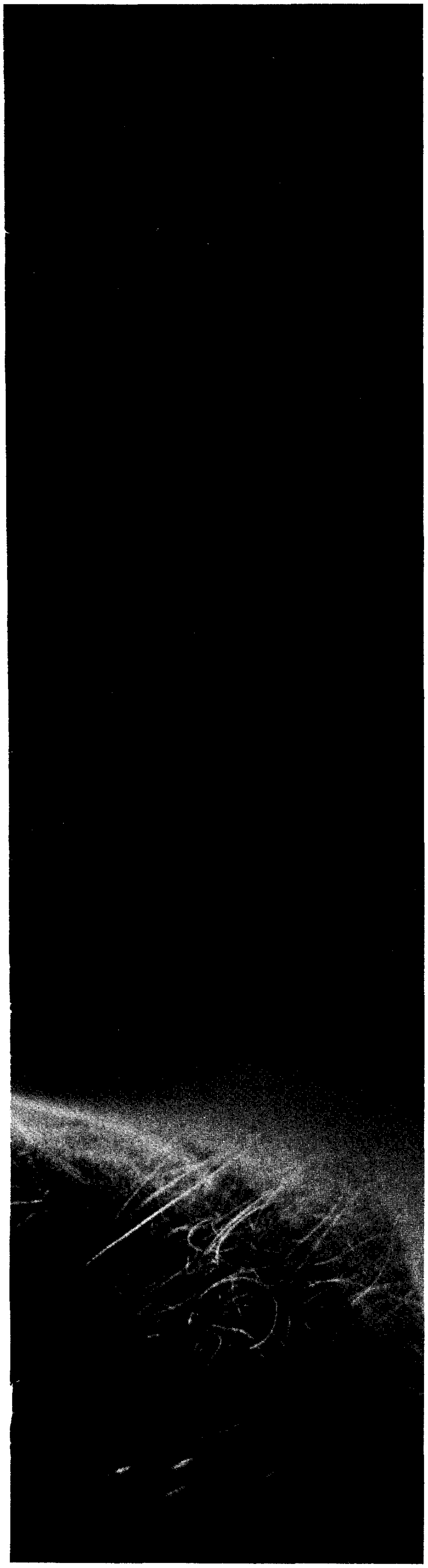
Name__________________________________

Address________________________________

City__________________State_______Zip______

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. 4A





THE DREAM

Benjamin Franklin's dreams of a nation of free men were vital to the birth of the United States. The ghost of Franklin learns that some of his dreams came true, some are still hopes. And he tells about a vision of an American Bicentennial.

By ISAAC ASIMOV

"I'm dreaming," I said. It seemed to me that I had said it aloud. I knew that I was in bed. I was aware of the bedclothes. I was aware of the scattered city lights peeping through the slats of the Venetian blinds.

Yet *he* was there. As alive–as living–as real––

I could reach out and touch him, but I dared not move.

I recognized him. I've seen enough pictures of him, and so has everyone. He did not look quite like his pictures, for he was old, very old. White hair fringed his head. I recognized him. I simply knew who he was.

He said, "I'm dreaming."

We stared at each other and all the world faded away–the bed and the bedclothes and the room. I said, "You're Benjamin Franklin."

He smiled slowly and said, "It may be that this is not a dream only. I stand close to death and perhaps the dying may have their wishes answered; if so be the wish be sufficiently earnest. Of what year are you?"

I felt panic rise. It might be a dream, but it might be madness. "I am dreaming!" I insisted wildly.

"Of course, you are, after a fashion, dreaming," said Franklin–what else could I call him? "And I as well. How is it conceivable that you and I could speak but by something outside reality? And how does man transcend reality but in dreams? Of what year are you, my good sir?"

I was silent. He waited patiently and then shook his head.

"Then I will speak first," he said. "I am old enough to have naught to fear. It is New Year's Eve of the Year of our Lord, 1790, in the fourteenth year of the Independence of the United States, and in the first year of the presidency of George Washington. And in the last year of poor Benjamin Franklin, too. I will not last the new year. I know that.

"I do not die prematurely. In a fortnight and a few days I will mark my eighty-fourth birthday. A good old age, for it has made my life long enough to see my native land become a new nation among the nations of the Earth, and I have had something to do with that. We have a Constitution that was hammered out, not without pain, and will perhaps serve. And General Washington is spared to lead us.

"Yet will our nation last? The great monarchies of Europe remain hostile and there are dissensions among ourselves. British forces still hold our frontier posts; Spain threatens in the south; our trade languishes; the party spirit grows. Will our nation last?"

I managed to nod my head.

He chuckled almost noiselessly. "Is that all you can say? A nod? I asked for two hundred years. With this new year coming in, my last year, I asked what the United States might be like on its two hundredth birthday. Are these, then, the only tidings I am vouchsafed?"

"Almost," I managed to say. "Almost. It is almost the Bicentennial."

Franklin nodded. "Yet two centuries is a long time. It is two centuries since the first Englishmen stepped ashore on Roanoke Island; two centuries since Spain's Invincible Armada was smashed. I fear the many inevitable changes two more centuries will bring."

He paused and then his voice seemed stronger, as though he were preparing to face whatever might be. "You speak of the Bicentennial as though you accept the idea casually. The United States, then, still exists in your time?"

"Yes!"

"In what condition? Still independent? Still with the princely domain we won from Great Britain?"

"Still independent," I said, and I felt myself grow warm with the pleasure at bringing great news. "And far larger. It is a land as large as all of Europe, with a population of more than two hundred million drawn from every nation. Fifty states stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with the fiftieth leaping the sea to the Hawaiian Islands of the mid-Pacific."

His eyes lightened with joy. "And Canada?"

"Not Canada. That remains under the British crown."

"Great Britain is still a monarchy then?"

"Yes. Queen Elizabeth II is on the throne, but Great Britain is our friend and has been for a long time."

"Let the Creator be praised for that. Does the nation prosper?"

"The richest on Earth. The strongest."

Now Franklin paused. He said, "You say that because you think to please me, perhaps. Richer than Great Britain? Stronger than France?"

"If you asked to have the future revealed to you, would it be lies you would hear? The time has not been all bliss. If we are a mighty Union of states now, under our thirty-seventh President in unbroken succession from George Washington, it is because we have survived a long and bloody War Between the States. In this present century, we have fought war after war overseas. We have had periods of economic disaster and periods of political corruption. It has not been the best of all possible worlds, but we have survived and, as we approach the Bicentennial, we are the richest and strongest nation on Earth."

The old man seemed restless. He stirred in his bed and said, "I feel that I would like to walk about. I am not yet so old as to be bedridden. Yet I fear it will break the vision. It grows stronger, do you not feel that?"

"Yes," I said. It was as though we two alone, separated by two centuries, were all that existed in a universe closed tightly about us.

Franklin said, "I feel your thoughts without asking. I begin to grow in you, or you in me. I sense your world–the world that is to come."

There was a tickling in my skull—not a tickling, either—a sensation I could not describe and still cannot. It was another mind which, even in great old age, was more powerful than my own, and which had gently inserted itself into the interstices of my own.

Franklin said, with infinite satisfaction, "Yours is an age in which natural philosophy, then, is highly advanced, I see."

"We call it science now," I said, "and you are right. We fly through the air and can circle the globe in less time than it took you to go from Boston to Philadelphia. Our words streak at the speed of light and reach any corner of the globe in a fraction of a second. Our carriages move without horses and our buildings tower a quarter of a mile into the air."

He was silent and for a time seemed to be attempting to absorb what might have seemed like wild fantasy.

I said, "Much of it stems from you. You were the first to penetrate the nature of electricity and it is electricity that now powers our society. You invented the lightning rod, the first device, based on the findings of pure science, that defeated a natural calamity. It was with the lightning rod that men first turned to science for help against the universe."

He said, "You make it unnecessary for an old man to praise himself. I am too old to play at the game of modesty. I look back at my life and my eyes are not so blind as to fail to show me something of my true worth. Do you think, then, the lightning rod is my greatest invention?"

"One of them, certainly," I said.

"Not at all," said Franklin, seriously, "for my greatest invention is the United States, which I see is fated to increase so mightily in strength and wealth. But you think I exaggerate?"

"Well," I said, "you were a member of the committee that wrote the Declaration of Independence—"

"Tom Jefferson did the writing," interrupted Franklin, "though I suggested a passage or two."

"And you were a member of the Constitutional Convention—"

"Where I devoted myself to quieting tempers. None of that. I invented the United States over a score of years before it was born. Have they forgotten that in your time?"

"I am not certain—"

"The French!" he said, impatiently. "Have the Americans of the future forgotten the day when France controlled Canada and Louisiana and reached out to take the Ohio Valley, too. The day when they would have penned us between the mountains and the sea, to take us at their leisure later?"

"We remember," I said. "We remember Wolfe and the capture of Quebec."

"But that was victory, in 1759. Cast your mind back to 1754. The French were at Fort Duquesne, only 250 miles from Philadelphia. Young George Washington's mission—for he was Young George then, a lad of 21—to the French had failed. Yet the colonies would not take action against the menace. The Pennsylvania proprietary government was torpid. The British were concerned with Europe, not with us. And even the Iroquois, our old Indian allies, were threatening to transfer their friendship to the French. Do you remember all that?"

"Only dimly, sir."

"So Governor De Lancey of New York called a congress of the colonies to meet and confer about the common danger. On June 19, 1754, twenty-five delegates from seven colonies—the four of New England, plus New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland—met at Albany. We comforted the Iroquois and held them firm and then, on June 24, I presented my plan of Union to the Albany Congress."

He paused dramatically.

He said, "I suggested the colonies be governed by a governor-general, appointed and paid by the British crown. Partner with him was to be a grand council in which delegates from the various colonies, in number proportional to population, would sit. The grand council would deal with American affairs, and the governor-general would see to it that the interests of the Empire were preserved. The congress accepted it—on July 4. It might have saved the colonies for Great Britain."

I nodded. "It might have. Canada finally came to much such an arrangement and is still under the British crown, though it rules itself."

"Ah! But the colonies ignored my plan because it gave too much power to the crown, and Parliament ignored it because it gave too much power to the colonies. But the idea of Union, which was *mine*, did not die, you see. And what I suggested, molded into modified form by time, came to pass, so that my invention became the United States of America. And," he added, with deep satisfaction, "I lived to see it and to play my small—no, my *large* part."

I nodded again.

"And now," he said, "you live in a great world that has grown curiously small; a world far smaller than my thirteen colonies of 1754. Around the world in a day, you say? Words at the speed of light? The astronomer royal, Mr. Bradley, had worked that out to be some 180,000 miles per second."

"That is right; 186,282 miles per second."

"Even to the exact mile? And yet your world is as divided as our American states once were."

"More divided, I fear."

"I catch a dim view of devices that make war deadly," he said.

"We have bombs that can destroy—"

But old Franklin waved his hand. "Do not tell me. I see enough. And yet with the chance of universal destruction, there remains no certainty of peace?"

"The nations are armed and hostile."

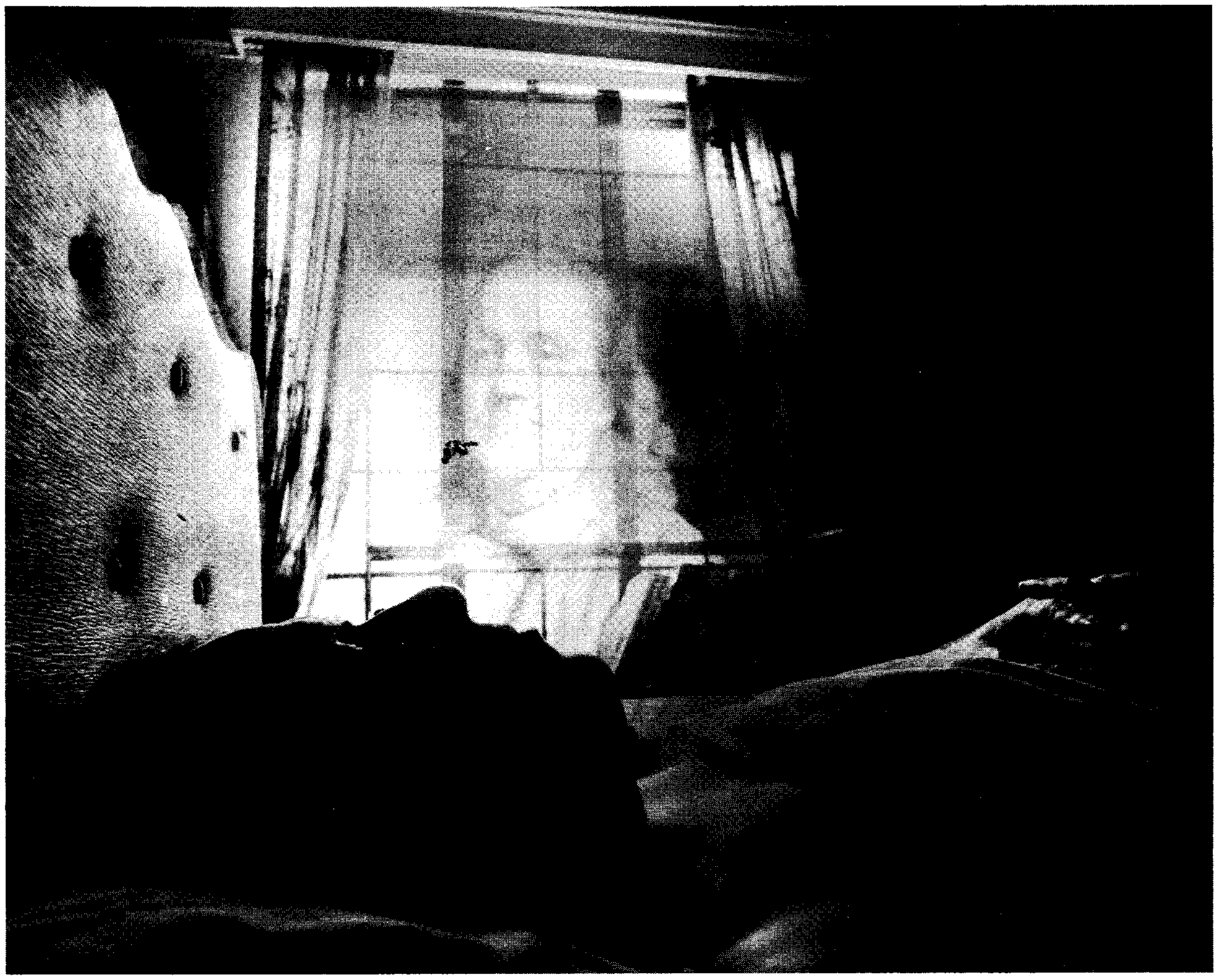
"The United States arms also?"

"Certainly. It is the strongest nuclear power."

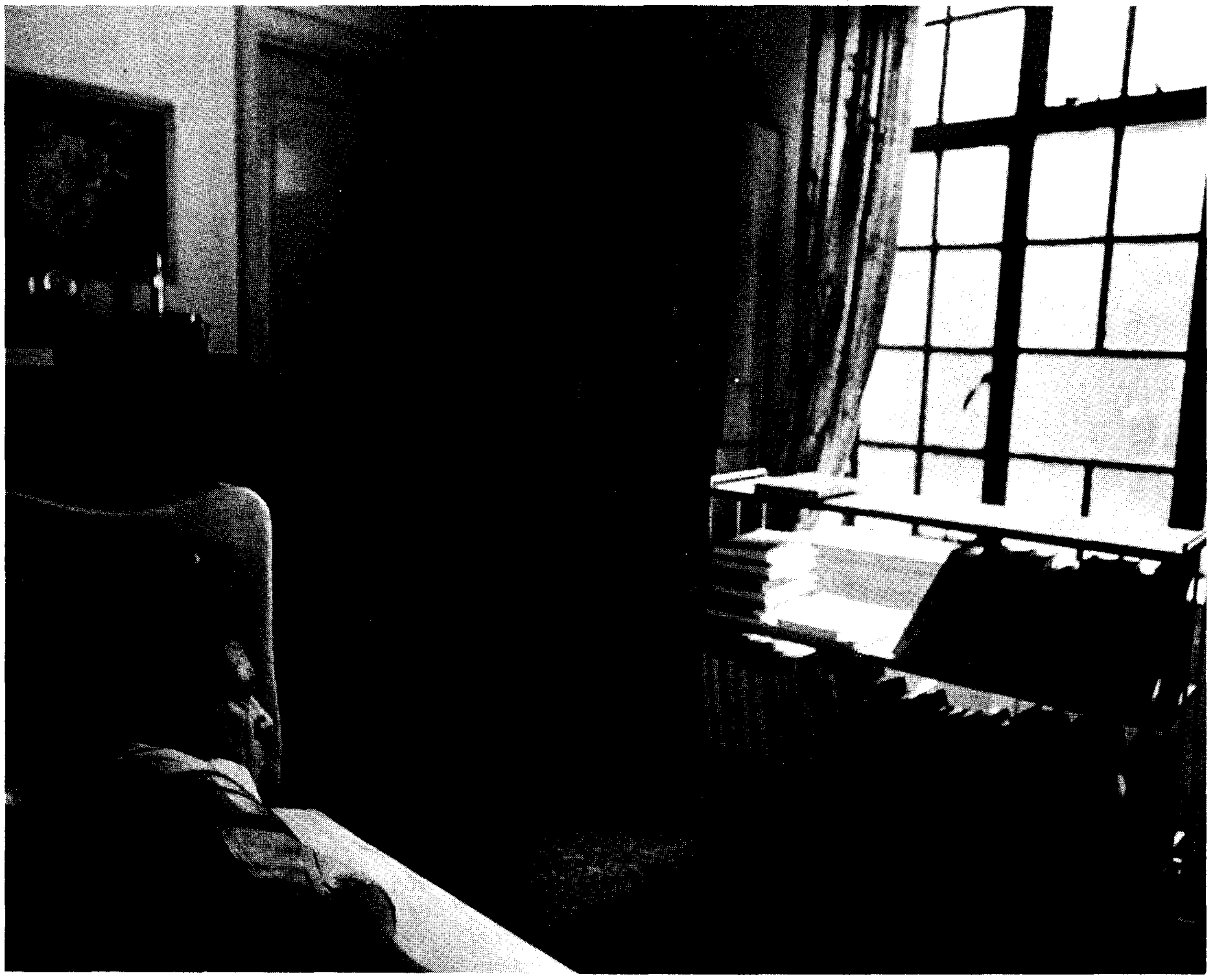
"Then man does not advance in wisdom as he does in power?"

I shrugged. What could I say?

Franklin said, "Are there no enemies against which the nations can unite? We tried to unite



The author sleeps as Benjamin Franklin appears to him in a dream. In a mood of phantasmagorical daring, photographer Barry Kaplan, creator of this trio of photographic studies, used author Isaac Asimov as the model for himself.



In the morning light of his New York City studio, Isaac Asimov's dream fades as he watches Franklin's figure grow dimmer, wraithlike, and then vanish in the mist. "If it were a dream, it was Franklin's dream, too."

against France, but relied too greatly on Great Britain to feel the absolute need. We did unite against Great Britain, at last, when we stood alone."

I said, "There is no power against whom the nations of the world feel the need to unite. There is no enemy from beyond the Earth to threaten us with universal defeat and slavery."

"Are there no enemies other than those who are living beings?" asked Franklin, angrily. "Is there not ignorance? Is there not misery? Is there not hunger and disease; and hatred and bigotry; and disorder and crime? Has your world changed so much that these things do not exist?"

"No. We have them. Not all of man's material advance has ended the threat of those things you mention. We multiply still in number—nearly four billion the world over—and that multiplies our problems, and may even destroy us all."

"And mankind will not combine against this immaterial foe?"

I said, "No more than the colonies combined against France; or even against Great Britain until bloodshed in New England brought them a clear and present danger."

Franklin said, "Can you wait for a clear and present danger? What you call a nuclear war would make it too late at once. If matters advanced to the point where your complex society broke down, then even in the absence of war, you could not prevent catastrophe."

"You are correct, sir."

"Is there no way, then, to dramatize the——" His head bent in thought. He said, "You spoke of a War between the States. Are the states still at enmity? Is the nation still divided?"

"No, the wounds are healed."

"How? In what manner?"

"That is not easy to explain. For one thing, in the years after that war, the nation was engaged in building the West. In this great colonizing venture, all the states, north and south, combined. In that common task, and in the further common task of strengthening the nation, smaller enmities were forgotten."

"I see," said Franklin. "And is there no great venture in which the world is engaged in your time. Is there nothing so grand that in it all the nations may find a common goal and, as you say, forget the smaller enmities."

I thought for a moment. "Space, perhaps."

"Space?"

"Both ourselves and the Soviet Union—which used to be the Russian Empire—have sent out exploring vessels as far as the planets Mars and Jupiter."

For a moment, Franklin seemed speechless. Then he said, "With men on board?"

"No, unmanned. But six vessels, carrying three men each, have traveled to the Moon. Twelve Americans have walked on the Moon. A seventh vessel miscarried, but brought its crew safely back to Earth."

Franklin said, "And with so majestic a feat at the disposal of mankind, the nations of the world can yet quarrel?"

"I am sorry, but it is so."

"Is the venture, perhaps, merely a useless show?"

"No. Not at all. Vessels bearing instruments circle Earth. They help in our planetary communications. They serve as navigational aids. They report on our cloud cover and help us predict the weather. They investigate the properties of space and help us understand our universe. Through their observations we can plot Earth's resources, pinpoint Earth's physical problems of pollution, understand the planet as a whole in ways we never could before. We can add to our knowledge in as yet unsuspected fashion that will help us in——"

"And *still* the nations quarrel."

"Yes."

Franklin's eyes began to blaze at this. One arm reached out tremblingly toward me. "Then there must be further dramatization. Tell me, is it an American venture only—those vessels to the Moon—or are other nations involved?"

"It is strictly American."

"Ah. And the Bicentennial approaches. Then cannot the United States establish a birthday party that will be the greatest birthday party of all time by making it a celebration for mankind?"

"In what way, sir?"

"Launch one of your vessels on the Bicentennial," he said, energetically. "Or, if there is not time for that, announce one to be launched by the united aid of all the nations of the world. Let there be a celebration of the Fourth, not as the Bicentennial of a single nation; but as a glorification of the principle of the union of political entities against a common foe and for a common purpose.

"Let there be the largest birthday cake in the world, if you will; the decoration of whole cities; the saluting of a thousand guns; the playing of ten thousand bands—but let it be for all mankind. Let the leaders of all nations assemble to praise the Union of mankind. Let them all plan their own part in the launching of vessels into space under the auspices of a united planet. Let the conquest of space be the source of pride for nothing smaller than mankind. Let it be that in which all men can find a common glory, and in which all men can forget small enmities."

I said, "But the problems of mankind will remain. They will not disappear."

Franklin's figure seemed to waver, grow less substantial. "Do you want everything at once? The American Union did not solve all problems for Americans. But it made it possible for solutions to be sought, and sometimes found."

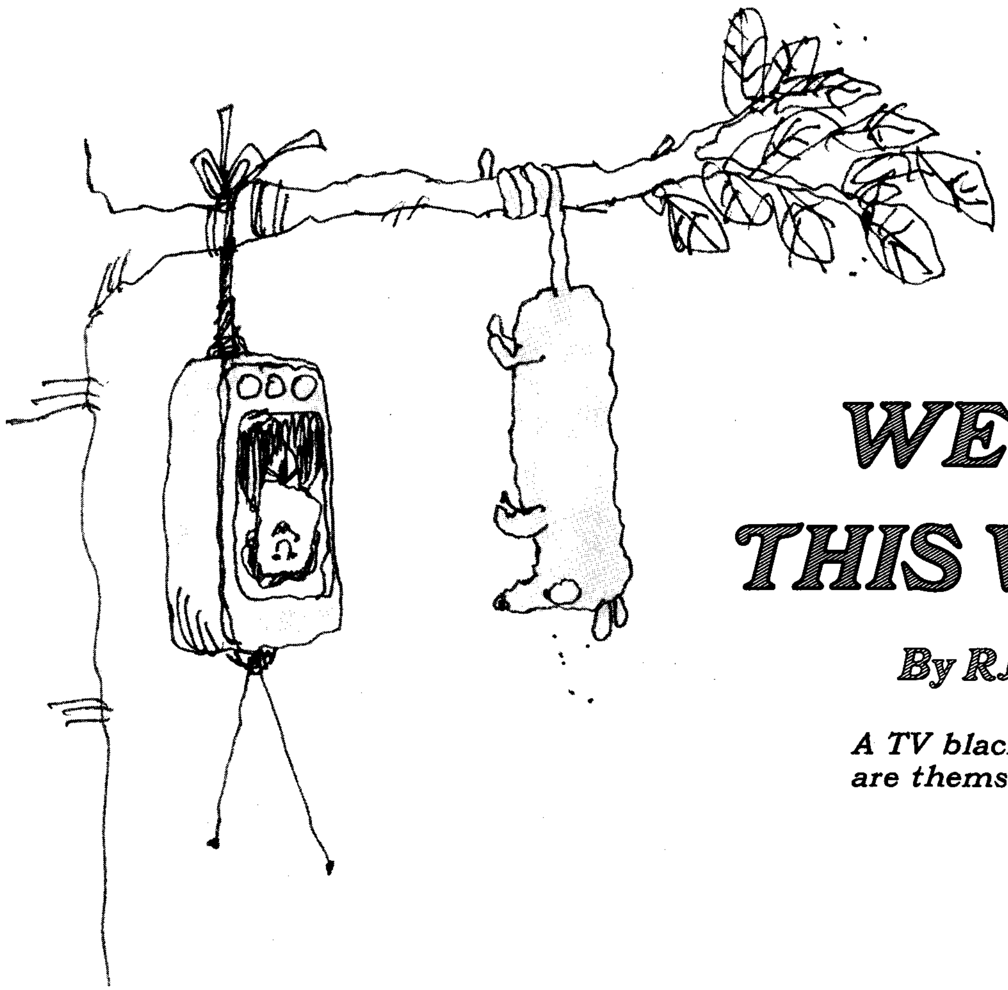
He grew dimmer still, wraithlike, and then vanished in a fading smoke. And I woke up.

If it were a dream, it was Franklin's dream, too. And a greater dream still—of a union beyond our Union.

But what could *I* do? I do not make policy.

Yet I am a writer. With help, I might make myself heard. With help!

So I picked up the telephone and called a certain editor, for, in addition to the lightning rod, to the United States, Benjamin Franklin had also invented *The Saturday Evening Post.*



WE INTERRUPT THIS WAY OF LIFE...

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

A TV blackout reveals that American spouses are themselves having technical difficulties.

Illustrated by Jared Lee

At 9:09 p.m. Eastern Daylight Time one evening in the summer of 1973, every TV set in America suddenly went off, plunging 98 million people into three dimensionality. Absolute darkness took over the screens, even those showing departing flights, descending stocks, a closed-circuit D&C in Houston, and a rerun of a holdup at an A&P in Harrisburg. An awful silence engulfed Americans who moments before were merrily being sold Sani-Flush, candidates and indebtedness—Americans like two in Sheboygan named Sam and Judy White.

"Dammit," said Sam as the evening news disappeared. "Just when I was trying to relax with a little ghetto rioting." And he started to spin the dials.

"It went *off!* It went *off!*" his two children cried as they stumbled into the room.

"It's something at the station," Judy said, "and we'll just have to keep ourselves going until it's fixed. Let's try to be as brave as those people on the *Titanic*. Remember we saw that last Monday right after 'Let's Make a Deal'?"

"But they didn't lose their *program,*" said their son. "The band kept playing."

They all stared at the blank screen.

"It's Nixon or Nader who's behind all this," said Sam. "Or both."

"If only we'd *scheduled* something for this time," Judy said. "We're just so unprepared."

By the time the blackout was five minutes old, the New York City police had received several hundred calls from people who reported that their evening was missing, people who'd been cruelly hurled into unsponsored spontaneity.

"If it's that goddamn Orson Welles again," one woman said, "we'll see to it that he's finished guesting with Johnny and Dick."

"The people have a constitutional right to TV," said a man. "What the hell do you think 'domestic tranquility' means?"

Thousands of people, huddled together in the dead air of their homes and terrified by the thought of free play, had already called Paley, as well as ABC, NBC, and the archdiocese.

"If this is a publicity stunt," one man said to ABC, "it's really dumb and dangerous. People can't just suddenly go cold turkey with TV. You gotta gear 'em down to five or ten shows a day till they're finally on methadone like 'Celebrity Bowling.' "

This man hadn't overstated the danger of the event, for millions of people had started to slip into disorientation, gloom and conversations with their children. In suburban Detroit, a father and son slowly approached each other and exchanged long nervous stares.

"It'll come back," the father finally said. "We'll just have to put our courage on vertical hold and have faith in our way of life. Don't you have some homework that could make you forget it awhile?"

"I have some history," said the boy, "but I always do it with Flip Wilson on. I need Flip for Woodrow."

At that moment, the boy's sister came running into the room with a magazine.

"Daddy, read to me!"

"Yes, honey, that's it. Reading will get us through."

And then he took the magazine, sat the children beside him, and softly began to read, "Seven-thirty, Channel Two, 'Doctor in the House'; Channel Four, 'The Mouse Factory'; Channel Six . . . ."

All across the blacked-out land, Americans rose from their chairs and began to move about like rudderless ships, again and again returning to search their TV listings for either an offbeat defense alert or an unusually early sign-off time.

One Buffalo man, convinced that the President had canceled the news, picked up his phone and called the White House.

"Give me Kissinger or Ziegler or someone in charge," he said.

"In reference to what?" asked a voice.

"*Media murder,* that's what. Look, it's a cute trick but it won't work. The news is the same every night and we *remember* it."

After the call, the man at the White House went in to see the special assistant to an aide who had once met the President.

"Is this TV business anything we've done at this end?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," said the special assistant.

"Is there anything we want the people to know?"

"Certainly not."

"Then let's let it ride."

But Americans weren't letting it ride. The panic was spreading as people quaked before the unthinkable: an improvised existence, the loss of life once removed. People under thirty found the situation even more frightening than an earthquake or a general election because there was no precedent for packaging their own prime time. The only people who were able to remain calm were those who refused to believe the blackout because they couldn't actually see it on the TV news.

In a radio studio in New York City, Dr. Joyce Brothers was receiving more calls than the White House, the police or ABC.

"My husband Harry and I are at an indoor crossroads," one woman told her. "Tell me, Dr. Brothers, would it be better for us to start talking and run the risk of discovering that we loathe each other, or should we just stay dumb in every sense of the word?"

"How much have you talked in the past?" the doctor asked.

"Oh, the usual: marriage vows, channel switching—that sort of thing."

"All right, then, why not try a little light conversation about things that couldn't threaten any lack of rapport you two may have. Ask Harry what he thinks about 'Kukla, Fran and Ollie.' "

Moments later, the doctor was talking a man out of jumping off the Brooklyn Bridge, because he had just discovered—in his TV-less living room—that his wife spoke only Dutch.

Although many people were losing their grip, others were engaged in brave experiments like the one in Manhattan, where Jean and Warren Wilkes sat cuddling together. Discreetly, Warren, with a free hand, turned on a radio in search of a sweet nostalgic flight away from Jean.

"This used to knock off whole evenings," he said just a moment before a manic voice cried out, "It's eighty-three big fat degrees, but no sweat, baby, no sweat 'cause here's the coolest sound since the Ice Age hit Detroit! Fatty Deposit and the Globules playin' number ninety-four, 'You're Hexachlorophene, Honey, 'Cause You Go Right to My Brain.' "

"It's no use," said Warren sadly, turning the radio off. "You can't dial home again."

"Lord help us," said Jean, "we're alone. If it were only our wedding night."

"Let's not lose our heads. We got through the blackout of 'sixty-five, remember?"

"But the shows are better now."

"Look, we're two intelligent people. How about some solitaire?"

Thousands of others, summoning native American resourcefulness, were also managing to hang on. Even those with memories of neither radio nor decks of cards were making inspired efforts to navigate through the black pit of conversation.

In a Pasadena living room, newlyweds Ruth and Irving Finch beheld each other in uneasy silence, each worrying about what kind of audio there could be without actual video.

"A conversation?" Ruth wondered.

"I forget how it was done," Irving finally said.

"Mother once told me about one," said Ruth, "but she didn't say how it starts . . . and I'm afraid . . . I just don't know how."

"Okay, I'll try. Let's see . . . to start . . . our next guest, married just thirteen days but already appearing at Shopwell on Friday nights . . . let's give a fabulous welcome to *Ruthie Finch*!"

"Thanks, Irv. It's really wonderful meeting you in person here at the check-out counter. I never miss your show."

"Ruthie, we want to hear all about that hilarious night when the stack of tuna fell on you, but first a word from Oh You Kid, the fun hygiene spray that. . . ."

At 9:34, in the TV blackout's twenty-fifth minute, most Americans were still seeking their bearings after the loss of the sweet vicariousness that so long had nourished them. Many of those reeling

Continued on page 86

Don't Drive *Without* One!

Deluxe Highway Emergency Kit $19.95

BE PREPARED—TRIP OR TOWN

Take along this Deluxe Highway Emergency Kit and leave highway headaches to someone else. You'll find all the needed, essential aids that prevent or minimize driving mishaps. Don't plan a road trip without one of these kits in your trunk. Just as handy and helpful in town, too. A real *saving* at $19.95. Look what's in it:

- Tough Texon Case
- 8 Ft. Booster Cables
- Tire Inflator
- Fire Extinguisher
- Emergency Blinker
- Auto Spot Light
- Gas Siphon Pump
- First Aid Kit
- First Aid Book
- Instruction Sheet

See p. 115A for ordering information.

Send check or money order to:
HOLIDAY SHOPPERS • P.O. Box [illegible], Indianapolis, Indiana [illegible]
Use your BankAmeriCard or Master Charge Card.
Add $2.00 for shipping charges (Total $21.95).
Allow 3 weeks for delivery.

Adventures of the Mind

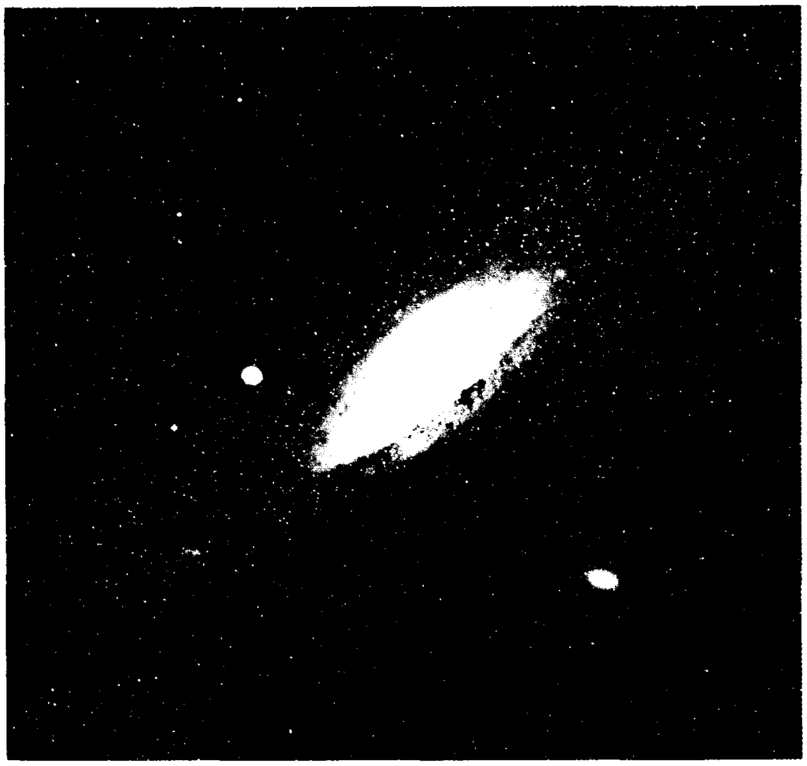
IS ANYONE OUT THERE?

By DR. SIMON MITTON and DR. ROGER LEWIN

The belief that we are not alone in the universe leads astronomers to search the sky for signs of life. Meanwhile, a Nobel prizewinning biologist suggests that life on Earth descended from organisms sent here thousands of millions of years ago by extraterrestrial civilizations.

The year is A.D. 2000. The place: a launching pad somewhere in the northern hemisphere. An excited crowd gathers to bid farewell to a small nuclear-powered spaceship about to blast off on a journey that will take one million years. The craft's payload–1,000 kilograms of assorted microorganisms–is bound for a small uninhabited but hospitable planet deep in our galaxy. The motive of the project's planners is to establish life on the planet so that in 4x10^9 (4 billion) years or so a community like the one here on Earth will have evolved.

This little scenario is, at the moment, pure science fiction. But by the end of the century we will almost certainly have sufficient expertise–technical, engineering, and biological–to carry it out. The fact that the project is feasible has led two of the world's most eminent molecular biologists, Francis Crick and Leslie Orgel, to suggest an intriguing new idea of how life started here on Earth. They hypothesize that thousands of millions of years ago, an intelligent civilization decided to seed other nearby planets with primitive forms of life in the hope that more advanced civilizations might develop. Crick and Orgel claim that their proposal–called Directed Panspermia–is as tenable as other theories that aim to explain the origin of life on Earth.



"Is it feasible to transport life over . . . vast distances? And is there any biological evidence to suggest that life on Earth might have been created elsewhere?"

The problem of life's origin on our planet has, of course, taxed the imagination of scientists for many years. Once the 19th-century revolutions of Louis Pasteur and Charles Darwin had smashed the illusion of spontaneous generation, people had to look for other ideas. One group followed Darwin's lead and favored a long, slow evolution of organisms from very primitive beginnings. But a second took a more radical view. This idea–formulated by the Swedish chemist Svante Arrhenius at the end of the last century–was that life arrived here in the form of bacterial spores that had escaped from another planet where life was already established. Later, Lord Kelvin modified Arrhenius's proposal–known as Panspermia–by suggesting that the spores may have used meteorites as vehicles for their long journey through inhospitable space.

A Space Odyssey

Faced with the apparent improbability of life, generated in the proverbial primeval soup, many people found the idea of Panspermia attractive. (Life must start somewhere, of course, but Arrhenius got around this difficulty by saying that life must be eternal; the problem of its origin therefore does not arise!) There are, however, strong arguments against Panspermia as originally proposed. For instance, Carl Sagan of Cornell University has demonstrated that the amount of radiation to which the spores would be exposed on their interplanetary journey would almost certainly be fatal to even the most radiation-resistant organisms. If the spores were buried in a meteorite–as in Kelvin's proposal–they would, of course, be protected. Against this is the infinitesimal probability of a sufficiently massive object being able to escape from one solar system and land on a planet of another. It has to happen only once.

The notion of Panspermia was featured at an unusual joint meeting of the American and Soviet academies of science held in Armenia at the end of 1971. It was there that Orgel and Crick first conceived the idea of Directed Panspermia. They felt that, although the arguments against conventional Panspermia were not conclusive, the chances of passive interplanetary "infection" were extremely small. But what if there was a guiding hand?

In a recent publication (*Icarus*) Crick and Orgel pose and answer a number of relevant questions. Has there been enough time in the life of our galaxy for the sequential development of two advanced civilizations? Is it feasible to transport life over such vast distances? And is there any biological evidence to suggest that life on Earth might have been created elsewhere? They conclude that Directed Panspermia is certainly possible, but available scientific evidence does not allow a rational choice between this and the more orthodox hypotheses for the origin of life on Earth.

Birth of a Galaxy

However, the age of our galaxy is about 13x10^9 years. The first generation of stars, which were formed from light elements, are unlikely to have been accompanied by planets. But within 2x10^9 years of the birth of the galaxy, stars such as our own Sun would already have been formed. We know that roughly 4x10^9 years elapsed between the appearance of life on Earth and the development of the current technological age. There does seem therefore to have been opportunity (about 7x10^9 years) for the inception and evolution of an advanced extraterrestrial civilization before the first spark of life appeared on Earth (see Figure 2).

The feasibility of sending life on journeys covering the innumerable light years that separate potentially hospitable planets depends critically on the organisms' ability to survive. Microorganisms are an obvious choice for such a project because of their convenient small size for the journey and their modest nutritional requirements on arrival; blue-green algae, for instance, can thrive on carbon dioxide, water and sunlight. Furthermore, microorganisms could probably be freeze-dried for the journey and reconstituted when they got to their destination. Peter Sneath of Leicester, England, has calculated the survival time of microorganisms under spaceship conditions. He says that "life could probably be preserved for periods of more than a million years if suitably protected and maintained at temperatures close to absolute zero." This is just as well because at a speed of 60,000 miles per hour (optimal, according to Crick and Orgel) the interplanetary jaunt would take just about that long. Packaging microorganisms for Directed Panspermia is therefore becoming feasible for mere Earthlings to carry out. The engineering problems of very long space flights are also likely to be solved within the next few decades.

Is there any evidence that we are mere descendants of ancient interplanetary travelers? Two biological anomalies could certainly be mentioned here. The first concerns the genetic code. Many molecular biologists find it somewhat embarrassing that there is only one code universal for all forms of life. The chances of the base pairing and triplet coding systems being the only methods that are intrinsically acceptable, as some people believe, seem unlikely. The other orthodox explanation–that of a "frozen accident"–says that once established a code is bound to dominate because no other code could arise from it by mutation. Though this argument is strong it leaves many molecular biologists feeling (as Crick puts it) "slightly uncomfortable." Could it be that the universality of the genetic code is simply the result of our arising from a "seed" sent here some eons ago?

The molybdenum factor

The other biological anomaly that should urge people to give serious thought to Directed Panspermia is the unusual importance of the metal molybdenum to the functioning of biological systems. Many enzyme systems require this metal as a cofactor; other transition metal substitutes often cannot replace it. This situation would not be unusual if molybdenum were relatively abundant on Earth. But it is not. Its abundance here is 0.02 percent compared with 0.20 and 3.16 percent for chromium and nickel (two chemically related elements). One might have expected the chemical constitution of a planet to be reflected in the biological makeup of its inhabitants. Crick and Orgel say that " if it could be shown that the elements represented in terrestrial living organisms correlate with those abundant in some class of star–molybdenum stars, for example–we might look more sympathetically at 'infective' theories."

Why should we, or other intelligent civilizations, want to perpetrate Directed Panspermia? Perhaps one need look no further than the operation of current space programs to answer that question.

The considerable effort and imagination that goes into attempts to establish the origin of life reflects our collective belief–or hope–that intelligent life abounds in our galaxy. This concept itself requires that planetary systems be commonplace, and this part of the hypothesis can be checked direct by astronomers. Estimates of the number of stars that may have a retinue of planets run as high as 20 percent; perhaps one-tenth of these unknown worlds have surfaces that are suitable for the evolution of life. How far up the evolutionary ladder such life will have climbed cannot be guessed. However, most workers who have considered this treacherous problem conclude that habitable planets are ubiquitous. In effect, planetary scientists are telling the biochemists: "You give us life and we'll find a vacant lot where it can flourish."

Looking for wobbles

Because far-off planets will certainly be too faint for direct viewing by even the largest telescopes, astronomers have resorted to indirect methods. The most obvious technique is to sweep the sky and look for periodic wobbles in the motion of promising parent stars. Unseen planets orbiting a star cause its position relative to very distant stars to oscillate. So far, the most outstanding candidate is Barnard's star.

Black and Suffolk consider data for the position of Barnard's star between 1938 and 1968. They assume that deviations in its motion are caused by a family of planets moving in circular orbits. From their calculations emerge two important conclusions. The first is that at least two planets, each roughly the mass of Jupiter (the giant of our own solar system), orbit the star. One takes twelve years, the other twenty-six years. The second conclusion is that the orbital planes of the planets are inclined at 50 degrees to each other, in contrast to our solar system where the inclination angles are much smaller. If verified independently, this second conclusion is of outstanding interest to cosmogeny.

A hit-and-miss method of finding inhabited planets is to listen for artificially generated radio signals. Project Ozma, initiated by Frank Drake in 1959, is a good example. The idea was to search for intelligent signals on the magic wavelength of 21 centimeters, which is where the important radio-frequency transition of cosmic hydrogen lies. As hydrogen is the most abundant element in the universe (so the argument goes), it is most likely that supercivilizations will beam out messages at this "obvious" wavelength.

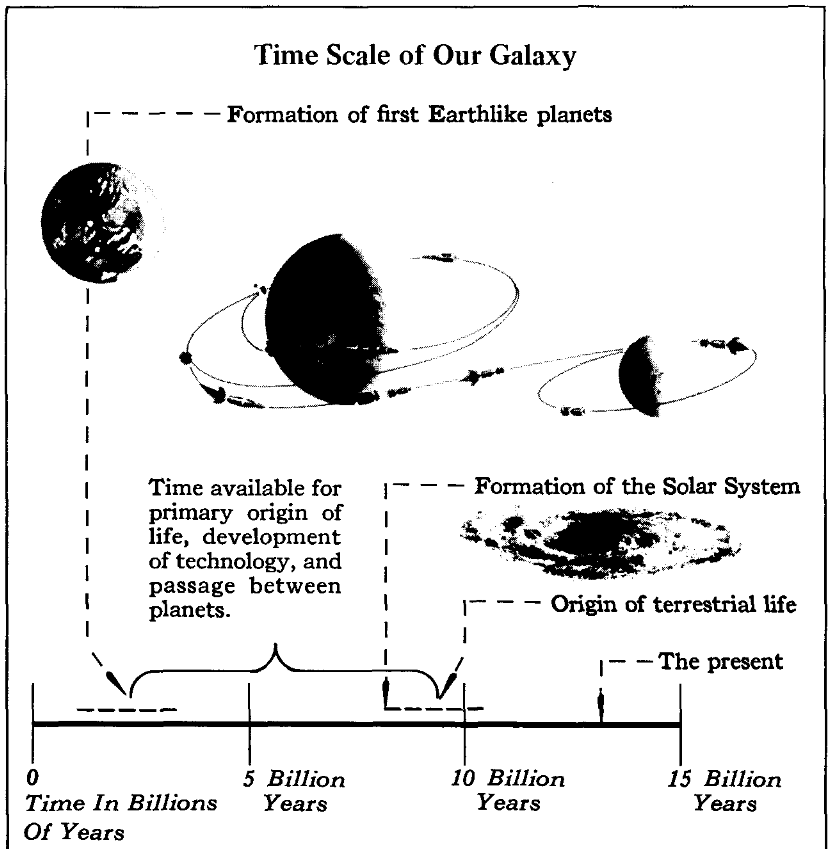

Time Scale of Our Galaxy
Formation of first Earthlike planets
Time available for primary origin of life, development of technology, and passage between planets.
Formation of the Solar System
Origin of terrestrial life
The present
0
Time In Billions Of Years
5 Billion Years
10 Billion Years
15 Billion Years

Figure 2.

An updated version of the Ozma experiment has just been completed at the U.S. National Radio Astronomy Observatory by Gerrit Verschuur who has published his results in *Icarus*. He used the most sensitive 21-centimeter receivers available to scan ten nearby stars including Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani, the two targets of the Ozma project, both thought to have Earth-like planets. Each star was monitored on several occasions by the 300-foot and 140-foot instruments at Green Bank. As expected by all except the superoptimists, Verschuur's hydrogen line profiles give no hint of alien transmitters orbiting the nearby stars. In the search for life, even null results tell you something: alien broadcasts from Tau Ceti and Epsilon Eridani would have to use transmitter power of *less* than 6 megawatts at 1420 megahertz. For the planets round Barnard's star, a limit of only 665 kilowatts is given for any radio station beamed at the solar system. Verschuur does make an interesting remark about these negative results: any civilization interested in radio astronomy is likely to forbid, rather that to encourage, broadcasting of 21-centimeter signals.

The broad problem of detecting advanced civilizations in the galaxy is taken up by Carl Sagan, who considers the problem posed by the sheer enormity of astronomical timescales. He hypothesizes that civilizations substantially ahead of us will have developed technologies and discovered laws of knowledge that are beyond our comprehension. He gives a graphic illustration of this. Our Pleistocene ancestors would have great difficulty in understanding our society and culture; but the gap between the Pleistocene and the present day is insignificant astronomically. **A culture that was one million years ahead of ours–if, indeed, this is possible without autodestruction–will have invented a technology that would seem like sheer magic to us. Would such societies want to communicate with us any more than we attempt to talk to our protozoan and bacterial forerunners?**

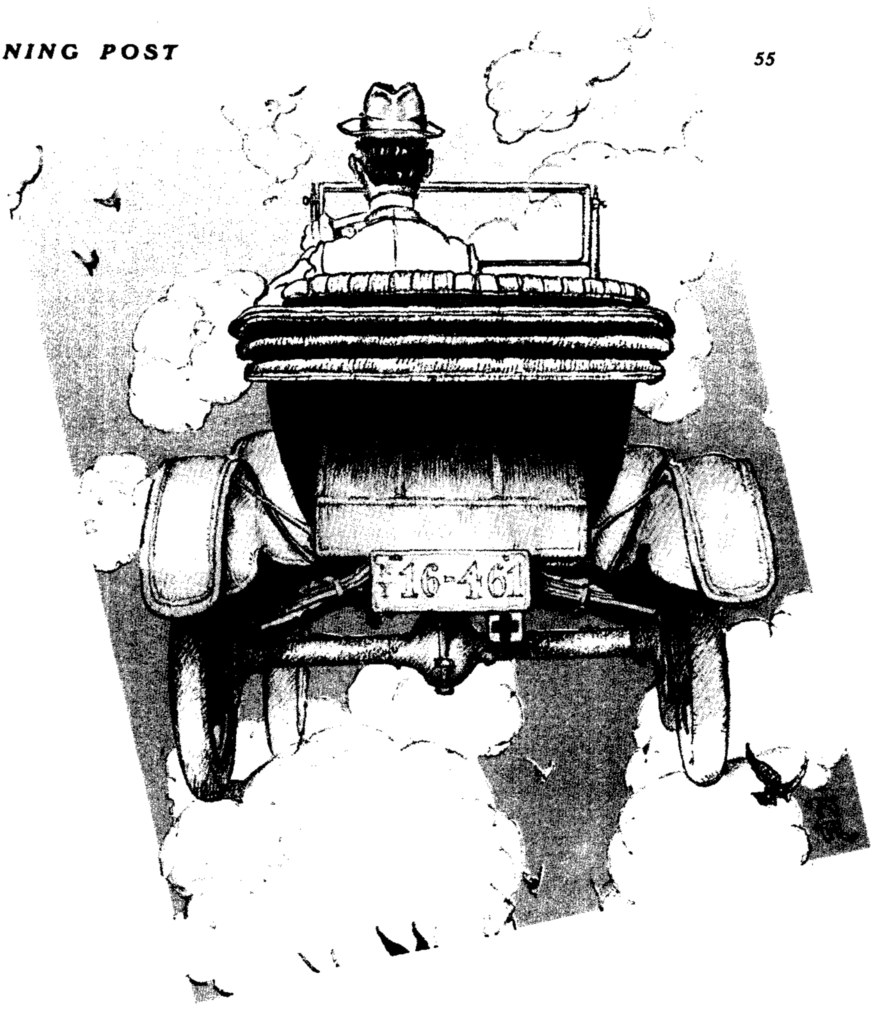
Civilization gap

Clearly there exists a communication horizon between distinct civilizations, which Sagan sets at 1,000 years. Anyone further ahead than this is not interested in us. The existence of the horizon imposes severe boundary conditions on interstellar communication, because it implies that only 0.1 percent of the technical civilizations that may exist in the galaxy are, in fact, accessible to us.

How far away is the nearest society that is still inside our technological horizon? Probably 10,000 light years. We do not know where to look for communicants at such a distance, and two-way conversation is clearly out of the question. Even more depressing is Sagan's observation that maybe only 1 percent of civilizations ahead of us will have solved the problem of autodestruction. This leaves us with about one other world inside our galaxy that is worth listening to. Sagan advocates that we must now give more serious attention to contacting supercivilizations in external galaxies which may try and contact us by antique communication modes such as radio.

A humble explanation of the null results of the searches for life is advanced by a Harvard student, John Ball. He steps into the realms of science fiction with a hypothesis that we on Earth are living in a galactic zoo! The idea is that a supercivilization may by now have control of the whole galaxy. Just as we have safari parks, zoos and conservation areas, so they may have set aside the solar system as a wilderness zone. The perfect zoo keeper does not make himself known to his charges, and thus we are unaware of their presence. A version of this hypothesis is given in a best-seller–the Bible.

DOC MELLHORN AND THE PEARLY GATES



By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Illustrated by Norman Rockwell

Editor's Note: *When Stephen Vincent Benêt died in 1944, his name was in the first rank of American writers. His first appearance in the* Post *was "A Life at Angelo's," May 2, 1931; his last was "Freedom from Fear," published with a painting by Norman Rockwell on March 13, 1943, by a strange coincidence the day that Benêt died. During that time Benêt did his best work which includes stories in the* Post *that were surely among the finest of their time. They included "The Devil and Daniel Webster," an American classic that continues to be read and enjoyed, and a distinguished tale of a country doctor named Doc Mellhorn.*

Doc Mellhorn had never expected to go anywhere at all when he died. So, when he found himself on the road again, it surprised him. But perhaps I'd better explain a little about Doc Mellhorn first. He was seventy-odd when he left our town; but when he came, he was as young as Bates or Filsinger or any of the boys at the hospital. Only there wasn't any hospital when he came. He came with a young man's beard and a brand-new bag and a lot of newfangled ideas about medicine that we didn't take to much. And he left, forty-odd years later, with a first-class county health record and a lot of people alive that wouldn't have been alive if he hadn't been there. Yes, a country doctor. And nobody ever called him a man in white or a death grappler that I know of, though they did think of giving him a degree at Pewauket College once. But then the board met again and decided they needed a new gymnasium, so they gave the degree to J. Prentiss Parmalee instead.

They say he was a thin young man when he first came, a thin young man with an Eastern accent who'd wanted to study in Vienna. But most of us remember him chunky and solid, with white hair and a little bald spot that always got burned bright red in the first hot weather. He had about four card tricks that he'd do for you, if you were a youngster—they were always the same ones—and now and then, if he felt like it, he'd take a silver half-dollar out of the back of your neck. And that worked as well with the youngsters who were going to build rocket ships as it had with the youngsters who were going to be railway engineers. It always worked. I guess it was Doc Mellhorn more than the trick.

But there wasn't anything unusual about him, except maybe the card tricks. Or, anyway, he didn't think so. He was just a good doctor and he knew us inside out. I've heard people call him a pigheaded, obstinate old mule—that was in the fight about the water supply. And I've heard a weepy old lady call him a saint. I took the tale to him once, and he looked at me over his glasses and said, "Well, I've always respected a mule. Got ten times the sense of a——horse." Then he took a silver half-dollar out of my ear.

Well, how do you describe a man like that? You don't—you call him up at three in the morning. And when he sends in his bill, you think it's a little steep.

All the same, when it came to it, there were people who drove a hundred and fifty miles to the funeral. And the Masons came down from Bluff City, and the Poles came from across the tracks, with a wreath the size of a house, and you saw cars in town that you didn't often see there. But it was after the funeral that the queer things began for Doc Mellhorn.

The last thing he remembered, he'd been lying in bed, feeling pretty sick, on the whole, but glad for the rest. And now he was driving his Model T down a long straight road between rolling, misty prairies that seemed to go from nowhere to nowhere.

It didn't seem funny to him to be driving the Model T again. That was the car he'd learned on, and he kept to it till his family made him change. And it didn't seem funny to him not to be sick anymore. He hadn't had much time to be sick in his life—the patients usually attended to that. He looked around for his bag, first thing, but it was there on the seat beside him. It was the old bag, not the presentation one they'd given him at the hospital, but that was all right too. It meant he was out on a call and, if he couldn't quite recollect at the moment just where the call was, it was certain to come to him. He'd wakened up often enough in his buggy, in the old days, and found the horse was taking him home, without his doing much about it. A doctor gets used to things like that.

All the same, when he'd driven and driven for some time without raising so much as a traffic light, just the same rolling prairies on either hand, he began to get a little suspicious. He thought, for a while, of stopping the car and getting out, just to take a look around, but he'd always hated to lose time on a call. Then he noticed something else. He was driving without his glasses. And yet he hadn't driven without his glasses in fifteen years.

"H'm," said Doc Mellhorn. "I'm crazy as a June bug. Or else—— Well, it might be so, I suppose."

But this time he did stop the car. He opened his bag and looked inside it, but everything seemed to be in order. He opened his wallet and looked at that, but there were his own initials, half rubbed away, and he recognized them. He took his pulse, but it felt perfectly steady.

"H'm," said Doc Mellhorn. "Well."

Then, just to prove that everything was perfectly normal, he took a silver half-dollar out of the steering wheel of the car.

"Never did it smoother," said Doc Mellhorn. "Well, all the same, if this is the new highway, it's longer than I remember it."

But just then a motorcycle came roaring down the road and stopped with a flourish, the way motor cops do.

"Any trouble?" said the motor cop. Doc Mellhorn couldn't see his face for his goggles, but the goggles looked normal.

"I am a physician," said Doc Mellhorn, as he'd said a thousand times before to all sorts of people, "on my way to an urgent case." He passed his hand across his forehead. "Is this the right road?" he said.

"Straight ahead to the traffic light," said the cop. "They're expecting you, Doctor Mellhorn. Shall I give you an escort?"

"No; thanks all the same," said Doc Mellhorn, and the motor cop roared away. The Model T ground as Doc Mellhorn gassed her. "Well, they've got a new breed of traffic cop," said Doc Mellhorn, "or else——"

But when he got to the light, it was just like any light at a crossroads. He waited till it changed and the officer waved him on. There seemed to be a good deal of traffic going the

Continued on page 100

John Denver above the timberline where the air is pure and the branches glisten like reindeer horns made of diamonds. "I can't remember a time when I didn't want to live in the Rockies."

JOHN DENVER: MR. CLEAN WITH HAIR AND GUITAR

By STARKEY FLYTHE, JR.

John Denver. By the pool. Not his pool. Not some overpriced watering hole where stars gather. An ordinary motel pool. And he's not lounging. He's working. Or about to.

"God! When I think of the places I've stayed. I remember a hotel in New York. No air conditioning." He says it with the weariness of someone who has struggled with windows, the way they can be stuck only in July in New York hotels.

You are surprised to hear this man—so young, like a sort of Jack Benny perpetually twenty-nine even though he's thirty—talk trouper talk.

"When we travel—I try to stay home three days a week, the rest of the time I'm on the road—I carry the guitars. We rent a car. Stay in a Holiday Inn. Now we make enough money to buy another seat on the plane for the instruments."

The sun, Labor Day's last beams, lightens the singer's blond hair (clean and neat, long only in letter, not spirit), and tans the rugged not unhandsome face. There is a tinge of regret in his eyes—the regret everyone feels when summer is over and the watermelons are gone—but he says, "There isn't any place in the world I'd rather be right now than right here. Annie and I've just built a house—in Aspen—I can't remember a time when I didn't want to live in the Rockies and I wondered how I'd feel when the time came to go out to be in hot muggy Cleveland instead of the cool mountains; but I'm grateful to the people who like me, and who make it possible." (He will say this same thing to some young reporters who corner him after his concert. You have the feeling it's a philosophy he's talked himself into. An expedient but pleasant philosophy.) "By becoming a star"—he says the word with a trace of disdain, it meaning, in his case, folk singer (four records that sold gold, one that sold platinum—'Rocky Mountain High"), a voice for ecological protection and survival, television (slightly less-than-super-duper, i.e. you can still hear him, he's not total amplification)—"people can do things to widen the gulf between being a star and being just anyone. What I want to do is narrow it."

Dick Kniss, Denver's bass player, narrows the gap on the chess board he's been distracting Denver with. "Checkmate." Denver utters a mild expletive (he also drinks a beer occasionaly and is not as goody-goody as rumored). "There goes my resolution. I wasn't going to lose in September." "And here it is only the first day."

"People come to my shows to get turned on about themselves, not me. Still, I try to be myself on stage—I don't want to do anything on stage that's *not* me."

These same people splash about the pool, not recognizing the man they'll rush home to watch on television tonight. Inside, a waitress points him out to a busboy. "There he is. The one by the umbrella. That's John Denver. He was so nice when I waited on him." "Yeah? What'd he tip you?"

Does Denver see himself in a tradition? "Not really. Contemporary music got so big so fast. Rock happened. Bill Haley and the Comets."

Denver's medallion says "War is harmful to children and other living things." Repeated often, Denver thinks it ought to be said until it sinks in.

Haley's hit record "Rock Around the Clock" number-oned the charts in the U.S. and in England, announcing the engagement that was later to be consummated by those latent Edwardians, the Beatles. The song provoked a mild riot at Princeton ("feverish though harmless," exclaimed the *Philadelphia Inquirer*), established rock as rebellious music through the association of the song with the movie *Blackboard Jungle*, pushed rhythm out over melody and made shouting lyrics more efficacious than singing them. In short, conventional jazz techniques were insinuated into the pedestrian forms of pop music. (It had been done before, even from the moment of jazz's inception, but after World War II, jazz had tended to separate itself from pop, had opted for the classical, ignored its master's voice [the vox populi], became the property of buffs with memories and expensive equipment; but never had that inverted seventh made itself heard on the billboard scale of hit-parade popular music.)

"Folk was different from rock," says Denver. "Then the Beatles came. Dylan went electric." And through it all, through the gigantic eruption that made popular music one, with itself, with its audience, its creators and its marketeers, one in the sense that it was now perfectly all right for balladeers to twang country-and-western, for serious jazzists to croon June-moon-tunes, for rock-and-rollers to lull limpid lullabies, and vice versa the whole thing, through all of this upheaval, a clean swipe of elemental harmony and melodic simplicity beginning with, say the Kingston Trio, persisted. John Denver is part of this persistence, this insistence on hummable, happiness-making, harmless music.

"Mickey Mouse, Tom Sawyer, Mr. Clean." These get hurled at him. "The critics have never liked what I've done." (He doesn't say the critics have never liked *me*.) "I'd like to be better. In a way I'm the weakest musician in my group—Herb Lovelle, drums; Paul Peropino, "anything with strings." Dick Kniss, bass. Steve Weisberg, guitar. "When I hear those guys I think, wow, have I got a lot to learn."

Them on him: "He's the best man I've ever worked for. And I've worked with everybody." (Herb, a professional drummer since 1949) "Straight, but better than regular." (Paul) "Not a bad chess player—which means I win now and then." (Dick) "Friend as well as boss." (Steve)

"Look, you want to go inside? This sun's beginning to sear." A motel room like any other. Instead of salesmen's samples. Guild guitars.

"People relate to my songs in a way maybe they don't relate to the Stones.

"I want to communicate the incredible JOY—[it's said in caps almost like the dishwashing liquid, convincingly, though]—I have in life or in living or in loving someone. What I have, anybody can have.

"Life is all we have. My closest belief in the Creator is what the Indians called 'The Great Spirit.' " His beliefs are as much a part of his appeal as his music.

Still he's a careful musician. "Sometimes I don't practice, per se, but not a day goes by I don't play. I know people would've noticed if we hadn't practiced last night—gone over the songs. I sing notes sometimes in a concert or in a recording session that raise the hairs on the back of my neck."

Denver is a broad tenor—nowhere near the nasal voice Shaw once referred to as a "disease," and the breadth and strength of his voice box is evident when he speaks—louder than your nearness and the size of the room require.

"I took lessons on the guitar for about a year in junior high. Then I stopped. I knew the basic chords. There were things I wanted to do on my own." Like. Pack up his '55 Chevrolet to follow a migratory pattern of lemmingesque proportion for Young America. To California. Where the world begins all over again, or so young people think.

John had a trade—drafting—a guitar. He didn't exactly cream the coffeehouses where he performed at night the way Joan Baez had a decade before around Harvard Square. And it had been tougher for Joan. She had had to open up folk singing, wrench it away from scholarly performers like Richard Dyer Bennett who treated it as museum melody, something for necktie concerts. But neither Joan nor John had it hard, say like Woody Guthrie, the troubadour of America's depression. Joan Baez came of academic parents; John's father was an air force officer.

"I had kind of a lonely childhood. We never stayed any place long enough to make friends. I was small so I wasn't good in sports. I would stand in the lunch line with my guitar. Somebody would ask if I could play it. I didn't want

It is as though Denver were playing before the fire in a log cabin in the mountains, say the people who go to his concerts. And the mountains are real when Denver is home and with his friends and everybody's high on clean living and high thinking.

them to be sorry they'd asked." Nobody's been sorry since.

When he arrives at Blossom Music Festival, an open air concert hall that looks like a relic from *The Poseidon Adventure* with a visor on it, you become aware of his professionalism.

People are pouring into their seats. The sound check begins like any Kiwanis Club dinner. "Testing, one, two, three." The first guitar plucks. Rubber bands. Then the harmony, the rightness of pitch, tuning, John, a slight figure among the movers and sound men.

He goes over the sound system, testing the instruments against his voice. "A little too much of me, not enough bass. More guitar." The sound men measure different sides of the shell. Then they walk up the hillside where four hours later thousands of kids—and parents—will sprawl. The band goes over a new song John has written, "Uncle Matthew" about a boy raised on love and joy. The tenor voice slides easily up the arpeggios, bringing the emotion back down into the song from the rafters where, with a lesser artist, it might hang.

"Can you move that bass back from the mike? It's so close it'll be getting some of the feedback," calls a voice from the back.

Lowell Norman, the background engineer, sets up the screens behind Denver for the light show. "I wish they wouldn't build these amphitheaters facing west. That sun'll kill us on the first two numbers."

After the rehearsal—before the show—Denver likes to rest. Alone, he is pensive. "Someday there won't be ten thousand people out there, and I'll go back to the mountains and be just as happy." He is wearing a pair of brown and white jockey shorts, mod, and has just washed his hair, and is drying it with an electric blower. "The music and lyrics usually come together for me. I start with a phrase. 'Uncle Matthew' took two days. 'Rocky Mountain High' a year."

Outside, Art Stokes, an audio engineer, says, "These people come here to listen. Some kids come to make noise but not these. The only other time it happened was with Judy Collins."

The young and the not so young and the distinctly old are spreading themselves on the hillside like a blanket of confetti. A faint whiff of marijuana rises—so faint, though, it is perhaps the mildest on the U.S. concert circuit.

Kent State is fifteen miles away. There are faces here that remember and for whom folk and pot and death will ever be associated. They are in a distinct minority. But they are there. And Denver is aware of them. And of serious currents in popular music. "Some guys came backstage at intermission at a campus show we did year before last. Demanded I sing a song they'd written—some anti-war stuff, Youth Coalition for Peace. I asked how long their protest group'd been in existence. One of them said four days. I said, 'Look, I've been singing protest songs six years.' Students get all worked up every spring. Then summer comes, they go fishing and forget.

"People on an individual basis will make changes—not protesters or lobbyists. People who do what they really know to be right or true. Little things. In traffic, in grocery stores, you let somebody else in front of you. That's peace. You have to have some consideration for the things around you and the things that happen. Then, there's joy, great joy in life."

A stagehand brings in hamburgers, beer. The stage manager says, "Here's my personal mug." John: "You mean you're going to let me drink out of that?" Another stagehand: "I hope you cleaned up your pyorrhea."

Bell. Anonymous voice. "Fifteen minutes please." Denver pulls on brown suede western style pants. Cowboy boots. A red print shirt. Fastens a silver buckle.

His soft brown eyes seem far away as he walks on stage to a roar that has nothing sexual in it. "We've got a far out show for you tonight," he says. It is of course not very far out, and in a way you're grateful. You've been far out. With people like Alice Cooper. Edgar Winter. David Bowie. Today's rock star is tomorrow's teen angel. So maybe it's good to be squarely back. With inoffensively wholesome John Denver.

"If you feel like singing along. . . kindly limit yourselves to the choruses. Let me do the verses. It's my show." The jokes are mild. Refreshingly ungagmanned.

Pictures of Denver against the Rockies, waterfalls, the center screen panel moving, the left and right flashing. Clouds scudding by. Peaceful pastures. The world—a better world—seems possible. "Today while the blossom still clings to the vine. . . ." Randy Sparks's gentle tune weaves itself into the slides, satisfying, sigh-making.

Then Denver's "Leaving on a Jet Plane" which Peter, Paul and Mary made, and which partly made them. "Country Roads." Songs that take you back, not in musical style, although they are far from avant-garde, but in thinking. As you listen, you can almost breathe fresh, timberline air. See the hawks and eagles soaring.

Denver has done a film on birds of prey. "I held a young eagle in my hands—an experience I'll never forget. They blink from the corner of their eyes. If he blinks once, he's got you totally figured out. Then he goes on to important things."

Denver's television special on the bighorn sheep of the Rockies established him with a sense of place and purpose that perhaps no other popular singer enjoys.

If there are serious songs and thoughts, there are light ones too. A song about Toledo, Ohio, where the most exciting thing to do is "go to the bakery to watch the buns rise." Wild cheers. Everyone in the audience seems to be from Toledo—or to have been to the bakery there. Another song, in mock dirge time, begs the singer's heirs to take him when he's gone to Forest Lawn. "I want to go simply when I'm gone." ©

Now in the darkness of the Ohio hills, a sudden intimacy seems to sweep over the crowd and it is as though Denver were playing before the fire in a log cabin in the mountains he loves and you were the only one in the audience. Or at least that's what a girl says at the hot dog stand during intermission.

Later Denver tells about performing in a grade

© "Forest Lawn" Copyright 1969 United Artists Music Company, Inc. Words used by permission.

Continued on page 85

Silent on a peak in Colorado where no one can resist pointing out beauties that don't need pointing out. A redundancy of splendors.

PUBLIC TELEVISION

By DOLLIE COLE

No longer a stepchild, Public TV offers a realistic hope for bringing truth, quality and diversity to American television.

Lucian Lupinski

Big Bird, the raffish fowl beloved of youngsters the nation over, has become a symbol of Public TV's fresh cast of characters.

I joined the Board of Directors of the Public Broadcasting Service about a year ago so that I could get a show called "Black Journal" off the air. I found the program destructive and racist. It systematically traced all of the blacks' problems to a government run predominantly by whites—who supposedly cared only for the welfare of the white majority. I had already seen evidence in my own city, Detroit, of the ways that public television could make constructive contributions in the community. For example, a beautiful-spirited black woman who calls herself Martha Jean the Queen has a show "Buzz the Fuzz," on which the police commissioner appears live to answer viewers' telephoned questions. (This is, however, on commercial TV.) Some of the questions are suspicious, even hostile, but the show itself is always constructive; it's entertaining, and it fosters better understanding by closing the communications gap between law enforcement and the public. I wanted to see more programs with that spirit and I wanted them on public television.

Well, "Black Journal" is now back on public television and both of us have mellowed a bit in the past year. The program is taking a more positive look at problems, and possibly this next year might even find some solutions. In finding my way to that conclusion, I also developed a new awareness of the problems of American television—and the importance of having genuine alternatives on the television screen.

If you're like most Americans, you watch a lot of television. The average adult in this country spends over six hours each *day* in front of a set; the average child will spend more hours with television than in the classroom during his first eighteen years. TV is the babysitter of the next generation. And whether we care to admit it or not, the fact is that most of us pay attention to television, rely on it, and—for better or worse—learn from it. But television does not always present a clear picture of our country. I see a pervasive tendency to emphasize what is wrong, aberrant and destructive, and to slight or even ignore the healthy, caring, constructive forces at work in this country. "Television" in America means, above all else, the three commercial television networks, each offering substantially the same kind of news and entertainment, and each geared to the real or imagined desires of a mass audience. "What's the use?" you may have asked, while dragging your child away from a Saturday morning of cartoons. "What choice do we have?"

The spokesmen for television's establishment have one answer: If you don't like what's offered to you, turn off the set! How constructive. Fortunately, there is another answer—a genuine alternative.

The other choice is public television. It is relatively new, sometimes difficult to receive, often faced with severe political problems, and always troubled by a lack of money. Yet in recent years, public television has been responsible for some of

Among "Sesame Street" *loyalists are knowledgeable adults and the young who learn numbers and their ABC's in the company of their dearest friends: Big Bird, the Snuffle-Upagus, Ernie and Bert, Cookie Monster, Oscar the Grouch, and Grover.*

the most innovative, worthwhile television programs in this country.

Over forty million Americans are now regular viewers of public television, and you may be one of them. Even if there are no children in your household, you're probably aware of its superb children's programs: "Sesame Street" and "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood" for the preschool set, "Zoom" and "The Electric Company" for those in their early years of schooling. You may also be familiar with the consistently excellent dramatic presentations of "Masterpiece Theatre," the thoughtful consideration of current issues on programs like "The Advocates," and such special programs as "VD Blues"–which by communicating essential information about venereal disease in a contemporary, arresting, entertaining way, may have had more direct, positive influence on human lives than any comparable television program in years. (After "VD Blues" was shown, the clinics recorded an increase of 75 percent in those seeking help–because young people had been made aware, without sensationalism and without scare tactics, of the truth about VD.)

These programs share an essential quality: excellence.

I do not speak merely as an observer. As mentioned earlier, I've served for eleven months as a member of the Board of Public Broadcasting Service, which distributes programs to 238 public television stations across the country. That board is composed almost entirely of lay people, not professional broadcasters–people whose only reason for involvement in public television is a shared interest in better programming.

I believe that this young, growing broadcasting system is notable for its high percentage of successes, not for its occasional failures. I believe that it merits the active support of concerned viewers throughout the country–and, as a practical matter, that means nearly all of us. But we have discovered in practive that in order to relate to it in an active way, however, you have to understand it.

What is public television?

Public television is simply television without the profit motive. Its financial support comes not from commercial advertisers, but from the public–through contributions, educational institutions, corporate underwriters, and (in recent years) from the federal government.

Because public television is noncommercial, its programs do not stand or fall according to the gross numbers of people who watch them. Its purpose is not to draw the largest possible audience every hour of the day, but to serve special needs in special ways. Public television complements commercial television; one tries to do effectively what the other cannot. We do not need one or the other; we need both.

Ever since the early days of television, most stations have been operated as commercial enterprises. But the Federal Communications Commission, which grants licenses to operate broadcasting stations, also sets aside some channels for the use of educational organizations, universities, state school systems, and school boards. These stations, known collectively as educational

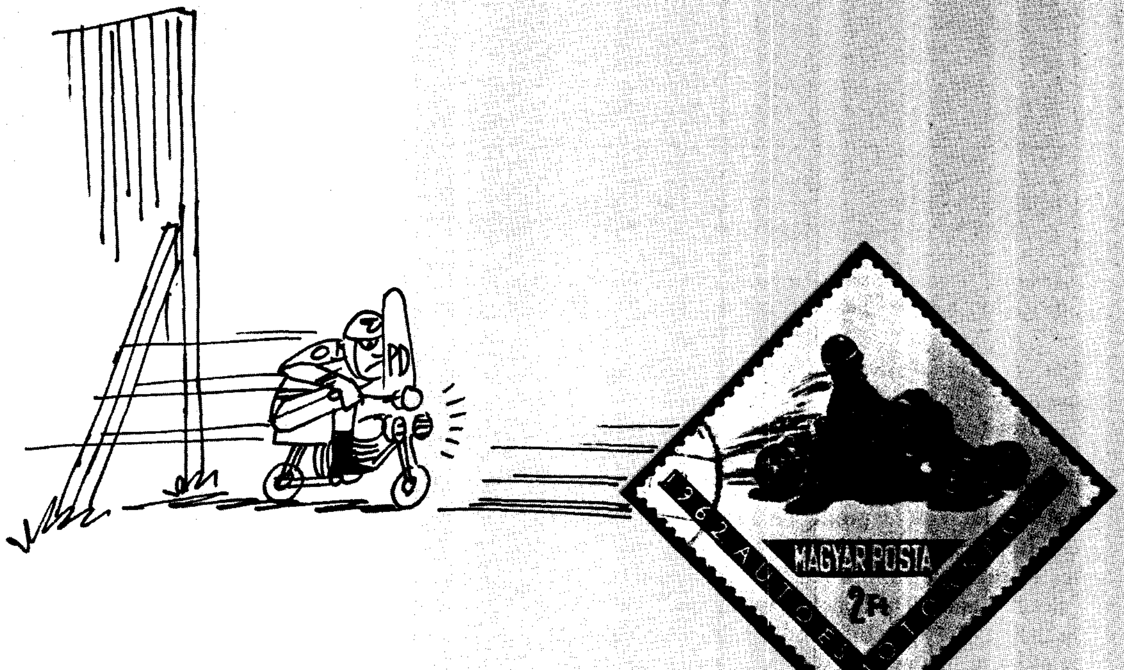
Continued on page 83

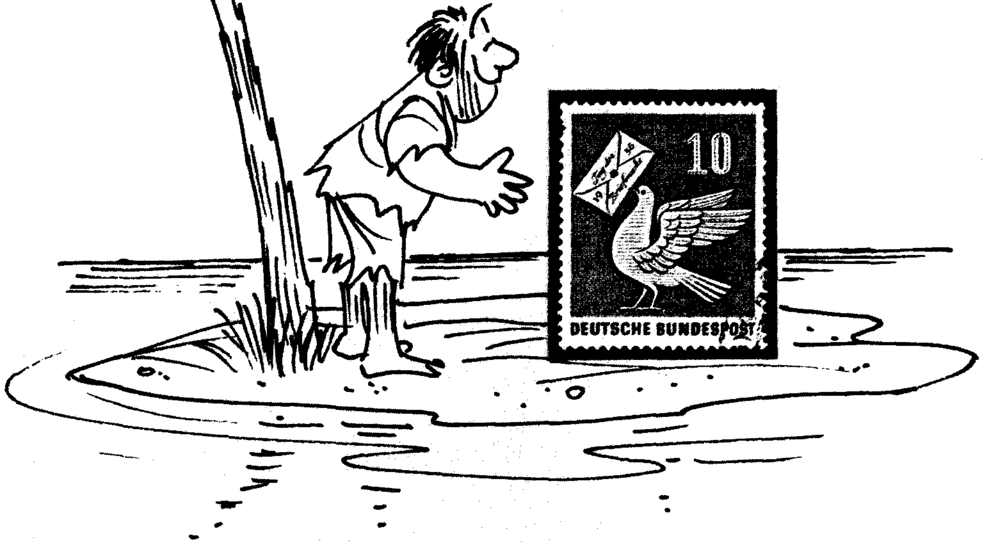
When Mr. Rogers puts on a sweater and laces his tennis shoes, the fun begins.

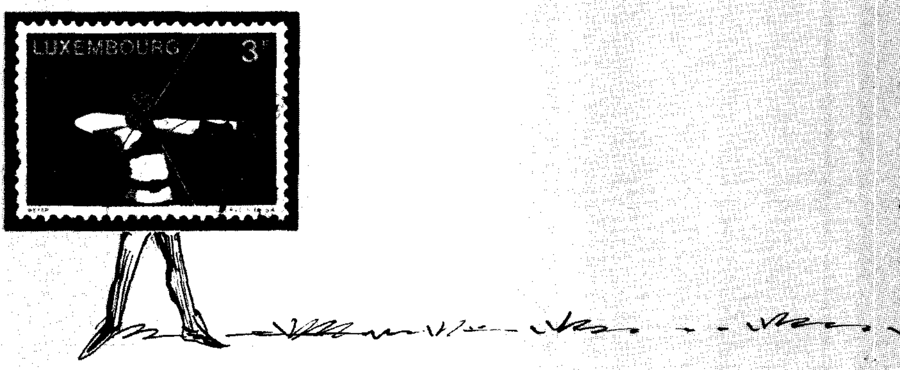
At "Zoom" *the cast as well as the audience is made up of youngsters.*

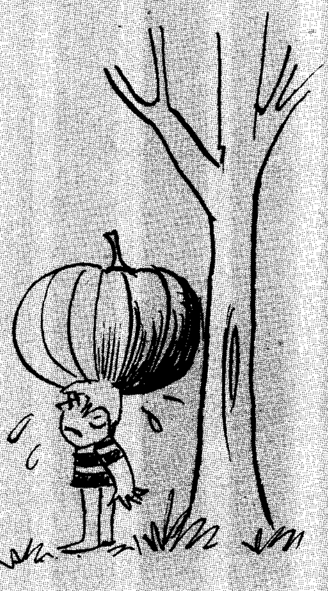
GET INTO THE STAMP ACT

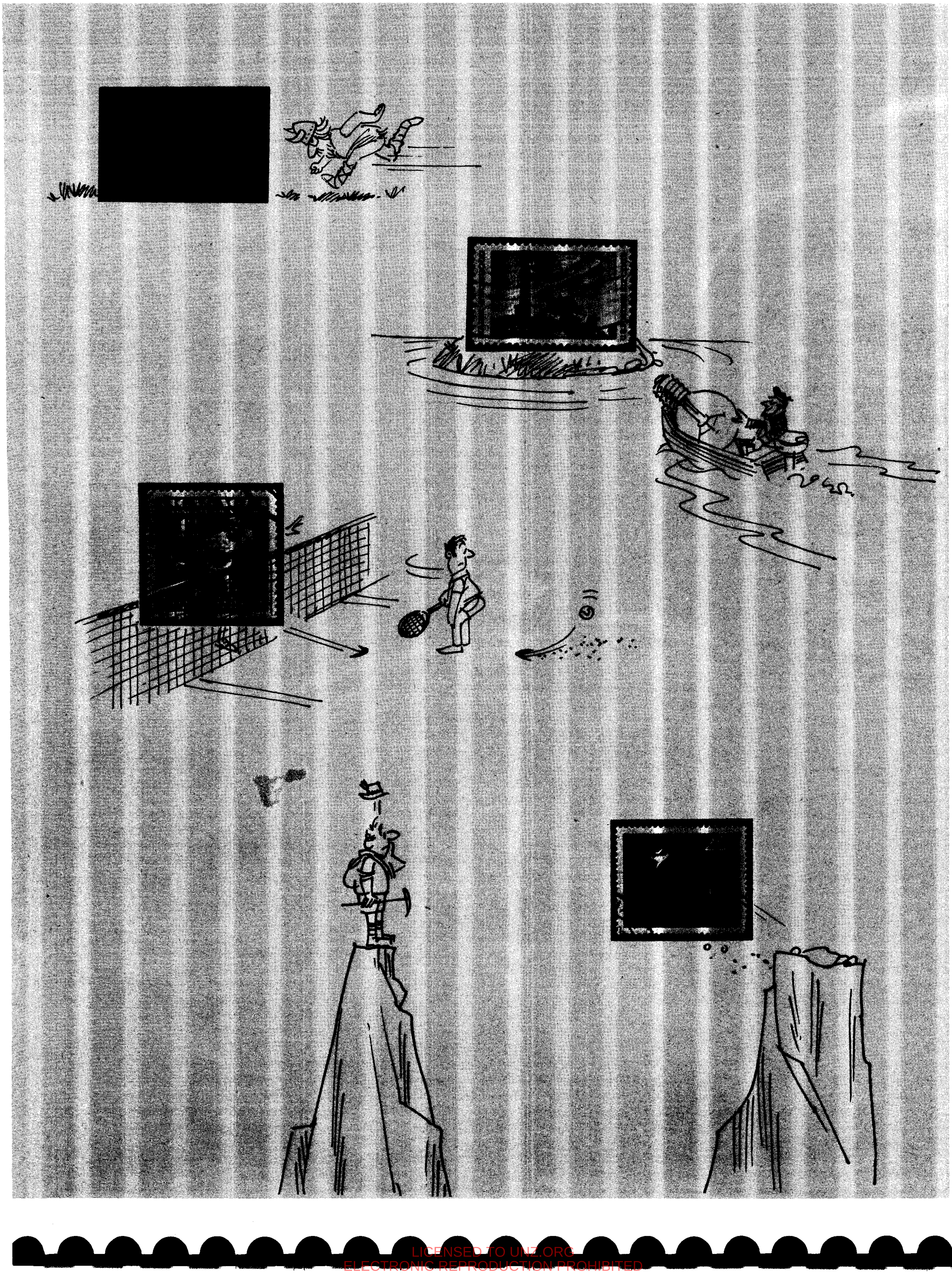
Philatelist Lo Linkert couldn't figure out what to do with duplicate stamps in his collection, so he attached a string to a light bulb on a Thomas Edison commemorative, ran it to a man standing on a chair, and 'Stamptoons' were born, or should we say, the problem was licked. Linkert emigrated from Germany (Westphalia) in 1957 with his wife and three children to Port Coquitlam in British Columbia where he cartoons now "when it rains" and golfs the rest of the time.

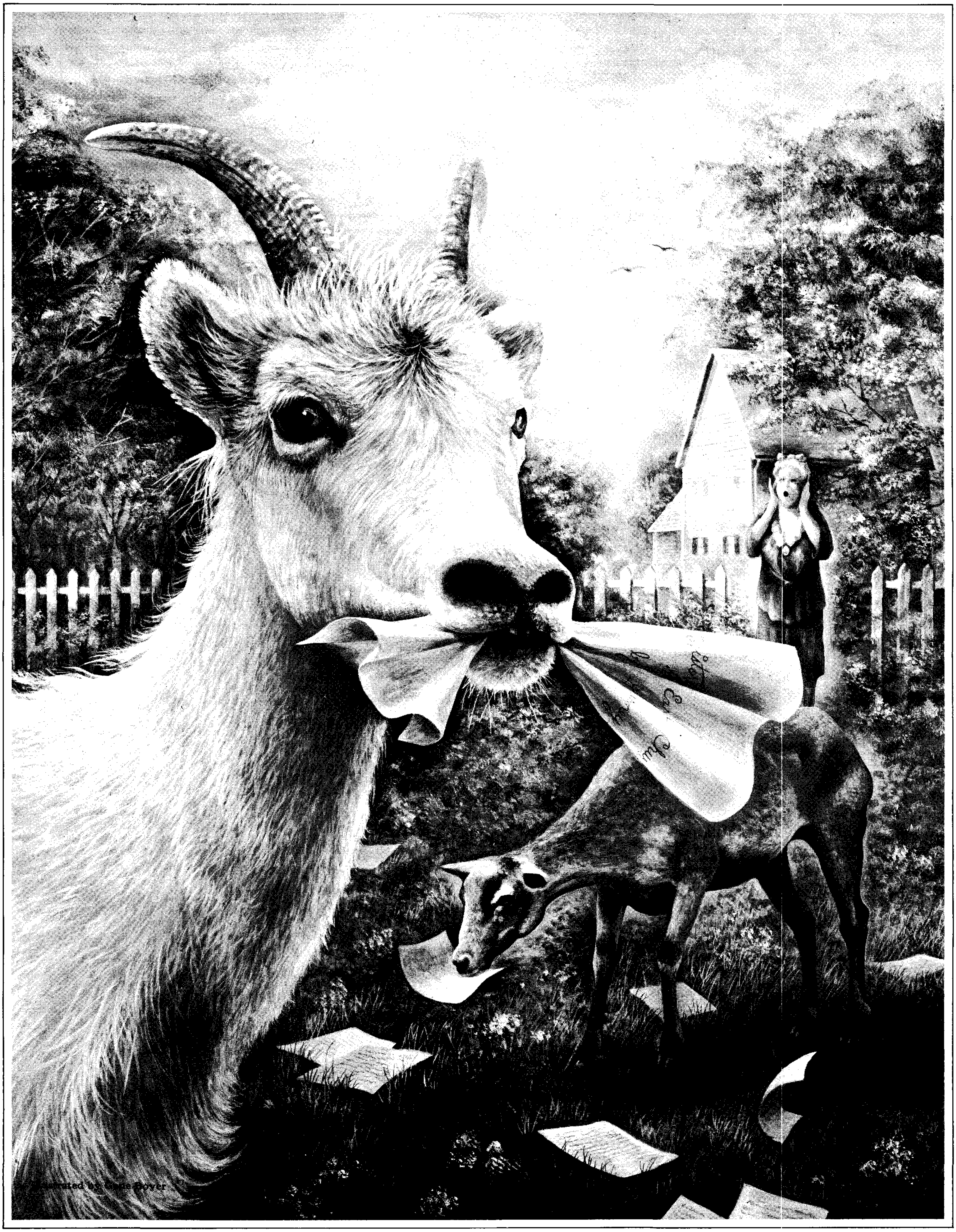

PD
MAGYAR POSTA
2Ft


10
DEUTSCHE BUNDESPOST


LUXEMBOURG
3F






Illustrated by Gene Boyer

FATHER GURNEY AND THE GOATS

By JOCELYN COBB

When Mamzell's beloved charges are tutored by the erudite Father Gurney, it is he who learns.

"Today we multiply fractions. Page 78." Mamzell began in her heavily accented voice. With pudgy fingers, she opened the arithmetic book, smacked it to hold the place, then looked up expectantly. Mamzell was short and stout, her hair a startling black, her face and neck a web of spidery lines. She jingled whenever she moved—bangles and earrings, pendants and beads. In the schoolroom, which was her domain at Belmullet, Mamzell suffered daily, but the Polkingthornes were "family" and she loved them all dearly.

"Page 78?" my cousin Robert inquired brightly, tuning up. "Now, I wonder who was the first to think up multiplication tables. D'you think it was maybe the Greeks, Mamzell?"

"The Egyptians," put in Bridget. "I'll bet they multiplied first. In fact, I'm sure they did."

"Oh, not the Egyptians, Bridget," Robert answered loudly. "I remember now. It was before them. But I'll go and check it out in the encyclopedia. . . ."

"*Non!* Not *now*, Robert," Mamzell said firmly. "Page 78. We begin."

"Did you say 78 or 87?" Bridget asked innocently, thumbing wildly through the pages of her arithmetic book.

"Or the Phoenicians!" Robert was on his feet, jumping neatly up and down like a person doing sitting-up exercises in a limited space. "One, two, three," he said.

Kathleen, who'd been staring out the window, her book open at page 78, got up impatiently. "If he's just going to jump all morning, I think I'd better be excused, Mamzell. I've got an awful lot to do outside. . . ."

"The Babylonians!" Robert shouted. "I forgot the Babylonians!"

Mamzell slammed the edge of her desk with the arithmetic book. "Robert!" she cried. "Silence! Kathleen, sit!"

"But he said he'd forgotten the Babylonians, Mamzell." Bridget looked pained. "Just *imagine* anyone forgetting the Babylonians!"

"Bridget! Robert!" Mamzell's bracelets and chains crashed against each other and the corkscrew curls on either side of her face hopped passionately. "Stop! I say stop!"

The door opened suddenly and my Aunt Emily walked in. Aunt Emily who never came near the schoolroom. Who'd never, in all the months I'd been there, paid any attention. There was one tingling moment when all the voices ran together into a single frantic tone and then silence fell.

"Yes, do stop," Aunt Emily said coldly, looking from face to face. When her eyes reached Mamzell, they studied her speculatively while our poor teacher dabbed at her upper lip with her handkerchief.

"I heard you from the dining room," my aunt remarked coolly and, without another word, she turned and left the room.

Nothing more was said. There was no more noise in the schoolroom but I'm positive it was that last disastrous arithmetic lesson that sparked the search for a new teacher, preferably male. Hardly more than two weeks had gone by before I heard Aunt Emily at the crank telephone in the hall talking to Mr. Hooper, our local taxi driver. There was always a poor telephone connection between the village of St. Philomene and Bellmullet and Mr. Hooper and Aunt Emily were accustomed to shouting at each other. "Yes. Yes. A new teacher for the children," she called into the mouthpiece, "a young priest . . . Father Gurney . . . not Gurdey . . . it's *Gurney* . . . what? . . . no, Anglican . . . of course they do . . . Thursday morning train . . . help him with his bags, won't you, Mr. Hooper . . . and don't drive too fast coming over. . . ."

Aunt Emily made frequent use of Mr. Hooper's dilapidated cab, sending him on errands here and there over the rough country roads. She'd long since learned not to depend on my Uncle Dennis to take her around since his much beloved Packard touring car, ancient and elegant, was up on blocks for repairs more than it was in use.

The Polkingthorne farm, where I lived during most of my childhood, was run with cheerful inefficiency, tumbling with cats and dogs, cattle and horses, aging farm machinery and a troublesome pump. When not absorbed with the Packard's problems, my uncle moved from one balky engine to the next, a roll of baling wire under his arm, muttering over and over, "God Almighty, for the green fields of Ireland. . . ." He was outspoken in his relief when Kathleen, who was fourteen, showed a natural ability for animals and took on most of the responsibility of the barn. He encouraged her. He turned the tattered cattle records over to her. He said, "Here, *you* do it. My line is machines."

Aunt Emily didn't tell us much about the new teacher—except his name, that he was coming on Thursday and that we'd all be sure to love him. Robert was never taken to task for his behavior in class, Aunt Emily choosing to consider it a direct result of his having grown too far, too fast. He was twelve, taller than his own parents, thin to emaciation. My aunt fussed and worried about his poor appetite and what she called his "nervousness," but it was Mamzell, surprisingly free of resentment over the turn things had taken, who thought of the goat's milk.

"At home in Svitzerland, in Vallorbe," she said, as if she'd spent her life in Vallorbe and was just passing through at Belmullet, "always we gave the thin nervous child goat's milk."

"Where would I get goat's milk?" Aunt Emily asked her. "Nobody around here keeps goats."

"You must buy a goat," Mamzell answered. "A she-goat. Robert must have the milk in a regular way if he is to have benefit."

"Buy a goat? But who'd milk it?"

"Always we have had goats at my home," Mamzell replied grandly, "and though, as you well know, Mrs. Polkingthorne, I now care for the hens in the henhouse, also I will milk the goat."

Mamzell's suggestion appealed to my aunt and she went right to the encyclopedia and pulled out FIR to GOM. Finding the page on goats, Aunt Emily read out loud, "Any of certain hollow-horned ruminant animals allied to sheep . . . lighter build . . . backwardly arching horns . . . the milk is white, sweet and nourishing . . . contains more fat and protein than cow's milk and is easier to digest."

Belmullet was half a mile from the St. Philomene station but on THE Thursday morning, the whistle of the train crossing the highway was piercingly clear. Soon afterwards, the whining sound of Mr. Hooper's cab could be heard on the hill below the gates of the farm. It was 20 degrees below that January day but the arrival of a new teacher wasn't to be missed for a bit of cold. We threw on our coats, tied scarves around our heads, and were out in front when the taxi came bouncing up the drive.

Mr. Hooper pulled up with a flourish by the front door. He was alone. Without bothering to turn off the engine, he opened the window and shouted at my aunt.

"Miz Po'kingthorne! Yer goats 're at the station and Art Girard says would yuh come get 'em soon as you can. They come in a crate and they're makin' a helluva row."

Aunt Emily, who wore her warmest social smile, was picking her way carefully down the icy front steps. With her eyes on the tricky patches, she hadn't noticed that Father Gurney wasn't in the taxi and she reached the third step from the bottom before the sense of Mr. Hooper's words sank in.

"Goats?" she said sharply, stopping dead. "What *do* you mean, Mr. Hooper? I only ordered one."

"Well, goats it is, Miz Po'kingthorne," Mr. Hooper bawled over the noisy engine. "I seen them m'self when I was there lookin' for yer priest. He ain't come."

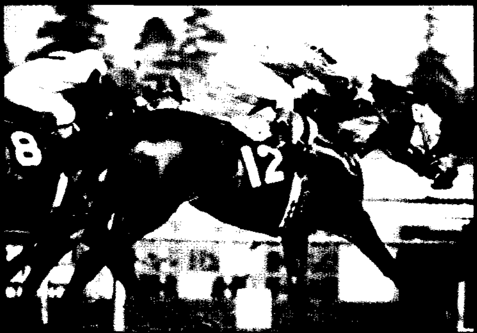
Uncle Dennis wasted no time hitching the team to the big farm sleigh and heading off down the road to the station. He liked nothing better than to chat around in the village and his errands usually took hours to complete, but on this occasion he was back very quickly. Driving toward the house from the gate, he urged the horses into

Continued on page 80

A world tour for a

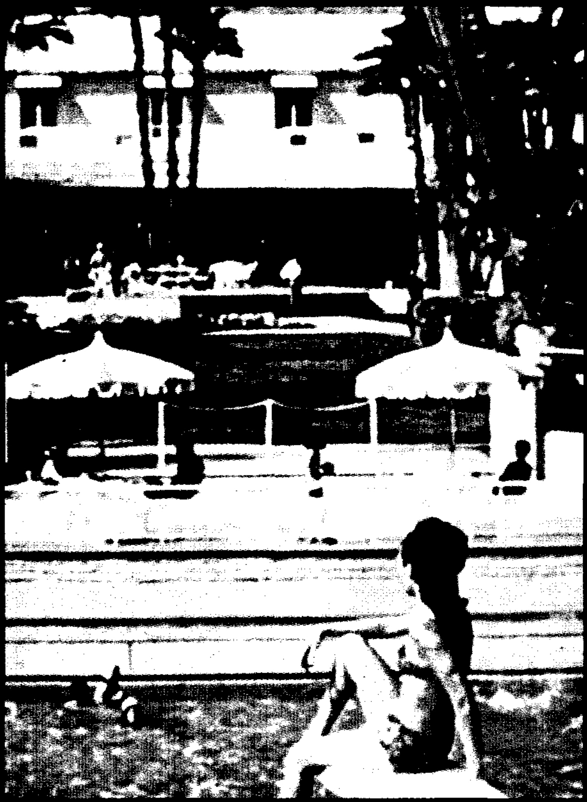
tonight show
more to come

NBC STUDIO TOURS BURBANK



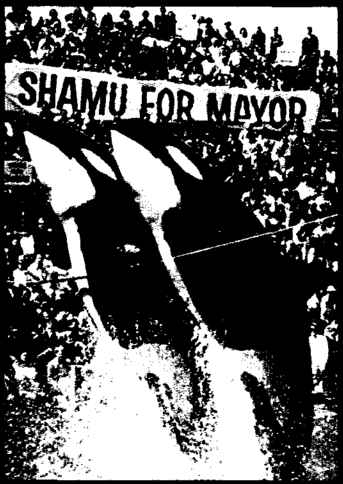
RACING AT FOUR EXCITING TRACKS

DISNEYLAND THE MAGIC KINGDOM ANAHEIM



SUNTAN IN PALM SPRINGS

SAN DIEGO ZOO AND WILD ANIMAL PARK

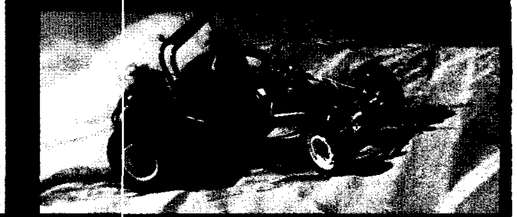

SHAMU FOR MAYOR

SEA WORLD SAN DIEGO

MAGIC MOUNTAIN VALENCIA

QUEEN MARY LONG BEACH 80,000 TONS OF FUN

LION COUNTRY SAFARI LAGUNA HILLS



DUNEBUGGY ON DESERT SANDS

MARINA DEL REY SEASIDE COMMUNITY IN L.A. COUNTY

[illegible] of the world

YEAR ROUND ON [illegible] COURSES

RIDE & CAMP DESERTS & MOUNTAINS

SEE THE OLD WEST AT KNOTT'S BERRY FARM – BUENA PARK

LOS ANGELES MUSIC CENTER WITH THREE THEATRES

SH IN THE PACIFIC

DEEP SEA FISHING

DUTY FREE SHOPPING TIJUANA

UNIVERSAL STUDIOS TOUR

BUSCH GARDENS SAN FERNANDO VALLEY

All the things you want to see and do on a perfect vacation are here in Southern California — within easy reach.

You can splash in the ocean — dunebuggy over the desert — bask on the seashore — hike the mountains — all on the same day.

There are more exciting attractions to enjoy than any other place on earth. Rates are unbelievably low — far less than overseas. Everywhere there is endless sunshine to make every day of your vacation count. Take a world tour for a fraction of the price. Come to Southern California.

SOUTHERN
CALIFORNIA
VISITORS COUNCIL

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE VACATION KIT:
ROOM 128, 705 WEST 7TH STREET,
LOS ANGELES, CA 90017 OR SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT.

STAN SMITH: BIG MAN, BIG GAME

By FREDERIC A. BIRMINGHAM

If you can't stand losing at tennis, better not take him to court.

> ***"If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster, and treat those two impostors just the same."***
>
> ***—Sign just above the steps where the players enter the center courts at the Stadium in Forest Hills, where inevitably a winner and a loser will return along the same way. The legend is printed on both sides of the sign, so it can be seen both entering and exiting.***

The U.S. tennis fan knows his game far better than lovers of any other sport. He also is an unashamed idolator. He needs heroes like a Bill Tilden, a Donald Budge, a Pancho Gonzales, or a Jack Kramer to show by a mere flick of the racket that glory has indeed not fled from this vale of tears if only you can get up to the net fast enough.

Even when the Australian tigers took over the temple over the past years, our local worshippers could at least assemble to gape at the carnage. But now Rod Laver and Ken Rosewall, alas, have grown long in the tooth and a shade slower on the kill. The center court awaits a champion of champions.

It would appear he has arrived, yclept Stanley Roger Smith. At Forest Hills last fall, there were so many champions and near champions on the porch of the clubhouse—Kramer and Parker and Talbert and Gonzales and Trabert and Billie Jean King and Chris Evert and Althea Gibson—that the mere spectator was sated with greatness. But one figure had the special charisma to cause a ripple of excitement wherever he went, and that was the giant Stan Smith. By a kind of common agreement, he is The Champ, the darling of the stands, a tennis player's tennis player all at the same time. In terms of action, when Smith and an opponent go out on that court to do battle, they are strangely of a single mind. They are both agreed that Stan will probably win.

To do so, Stan has only to be himself. But his opponent must play above himself. And since Smith is a man of enormous self-discipline, he is frequently treated to the sight, across the net from him, of how frustrated ambition can utterly destroy performance.

This makes Stan, at twenty-six, a philosopher. It has also made him comfortably well off, with a yearly income in the neighborhood of $300,000, not at all bad for a man who spends most of his time playing a delightful game which the rest of us must struggle mightily to squeeze into lives of economic and emotional stress.

Stan Smith is the Jack Nicklaus of the tennis world, in the sense of Lee Trevino's remark after he had really trounced Jack handily at match play earlier this year: "On my good days I can beat anyone, but Jack is still the best golfer in the world."

Pro tennis is a lot like that. It even has its Trevino in Arthur Ashe. Everybody loves Arthur and wants him to win, and when his game is on, it is phenomenal. But he can't keep it on as often as he and we might like, and sometimes he can't even sustain it throughout one match.

But Stan Smith has *his* game up most of the time. To beat him, you may have to catch him wearied after a long plane trip, as Tom Gorman did in the spring, or own a pair of cat's eyes, as Czech Jan Kodes apparently did at Forest Hills in the semifinals, when he edged Stan, the number one seed, in virtual darkness at the end of a long match.

Not many players ever get to enjoy the experience of Tom and Jan. Stan has superb physical equipment and he is usually up for his matches. He could probably succeed at any sport he took seriously (he came to a parting of the ways in high school between basketball, his first love, and tennis, which he took up relatively late in life) with his tautly muscled six feet four, his long arms, his speed afoot, his great coordination, and a special kind of mental pressure he serenely applies against his inevitably troubled opponent. In this respect he reminds me of Calvin Hill, the famous running back of the Dallas Cowboys. Calvin, when just out of Yale Divinity School, was asked how he could equate his bruising steamroller tactics as a football player with the Christian spirit of his studies. Calvin replied without batting an eye that he felt it a duty to run over an opposing tackle as roughly as possible in order to present him with a valuable challenge, a kind of helping hand along the road to building a finer character. In the same Calvinistic spirit Stan, who reads his Bible every day and is religiously inclined, gazes reflectively and kindly across the net at his opponent just before he releases his own pulverizing service. His attitude is charitable: his plan is to get the match over as soon as possible as a means of shortening the span of his opponent's discomfiture. He thus adds a new dimension to losing. Being beaten by Stan Smith is actually no disgrace; in fact his opponents find the experience as agreeable as a loss can be, so mannerly is he on the court, so pleasantly does he acknowledge a passing shot against him, so amusedly does he smile at himself for blowing a point.

Stan Smith holds the Martini & Rossi Gold Racket, symbolic of his selection in 1973 as The Best Tennis Player in The World by a blue ribbon panel of international tennis writers. He is the favorite of tennis buffs in every land, and the tennis player's tennis player as well. His serene air hides a concentrated will to win in competition.

From the tennis point of view, it must be extremely discouraging to play Stan. Roscoe Tanner is one of our more brilliant younger players, and watching him play Smith at Forest Hills, there were moments when Roscoe's powerhouse left-handed serve and spectacular volleying made him seem virtually unbeatable. Yet Stan took him without too much trouble in four sets. What had happened was that while Roscoe was electrifying the gallery, Stan was winning more points than he was losing, and what's more, winning the key points that swing a tennis match to one player or the other. Archie Moore, the master prizefighter, said it for all time in discussing a blow he had struck his opponent in an early round. "It didn't knock him out," said Archie, "but he got the message." When they play Stan Smith, they get the message.

Stan's greatest rival for world supremacy today is Ilie Nastase, the Rumanian Nureyev of the court and its self-elected clown prince. "Nasty" riles opponents no end by overdramatic gestures, delaying tactics, bullying the linesman, and other forms of gamesmanship that wear thin the Anglo-Saxon ethic of sportsmanship. But no one denies that he is a superbly gifted player, with a repertoire of shots which occasionally suggest wizardry. But one thing keeps him from being champion of the world. He can't beat Stan Smith. Says Stan: "If I have to, I can always go to my guts to beat this guy." No wonder Nasty calls him "Godzilla."

Stan Smith seems to be getting better and better. One who thinks so is Charles Tucker, president of The West Side Tennis Club for a couple of terms, and chairman of the Forest Hills Tournament just past.

"Stan Smith has as sound a game as anybody I've seen play. He's going to be a very hard man to beat for a long time. I think he's improving all along, probably because of the fact that he's playing all over the world now, playing every player that plays good tennis. With that type of experience he's got to be better than just playing the same people all the time, which was what was happening for a certain period of time. But now big-time tennis has caught fire. The top pros are playing all over the world, and meeting people we've never even heard of who are really very good tennis players. Stan's proved himself as the best."

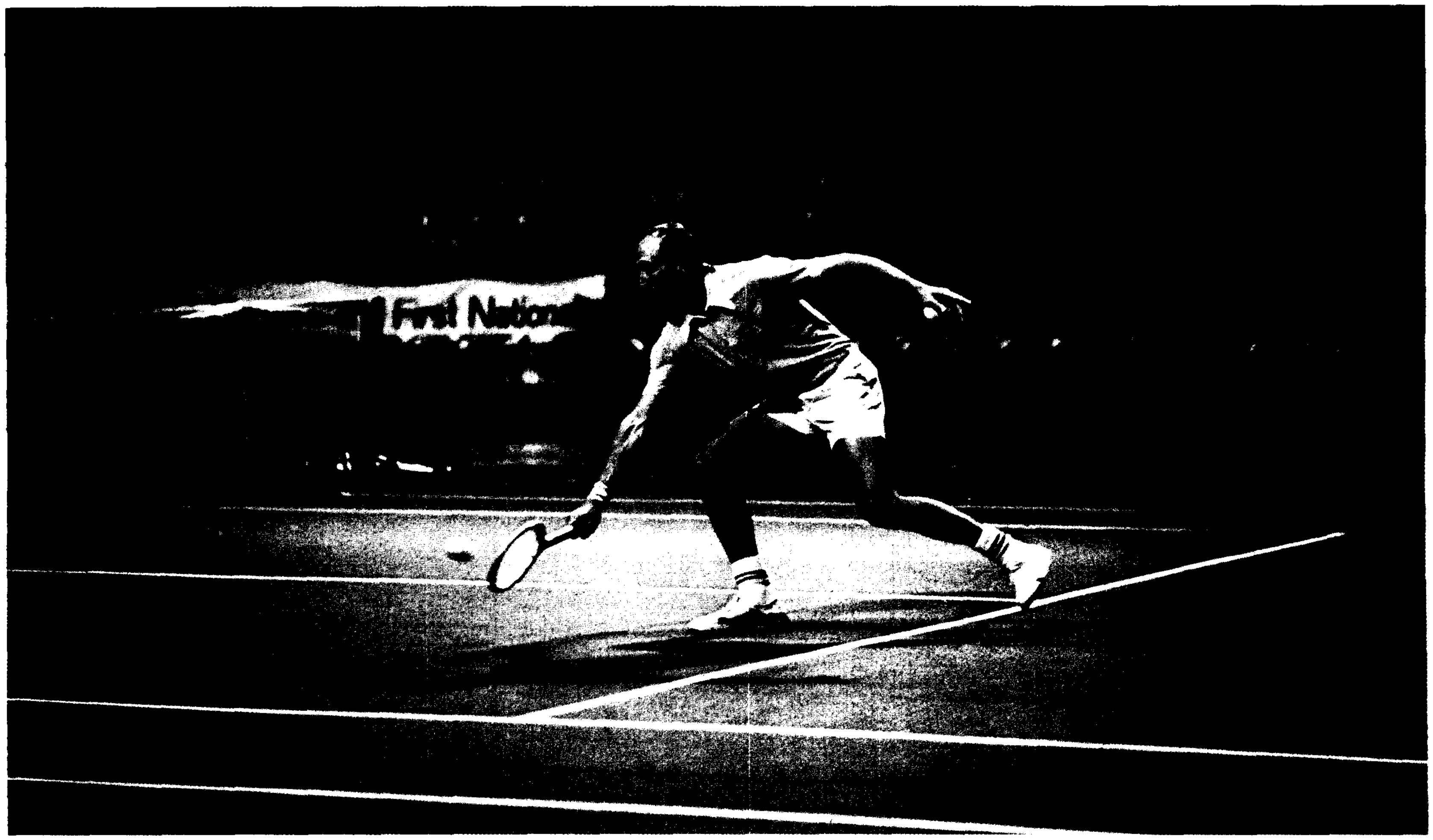
Talking to Marty Riessen, formerly ranked in the world's first ten and who played Davis Cup for us this year, I tested out my contention that tennis is a lot like golf these days in that the top ten players are so close together in ability that give or take a little luck, they can rotate at winning tournaments here and there, as long as Jack Nicklaus is slightly off his feed and not winning everything in sight.

Marty agrees: "I think so. Stan is the top player, but if you're in the top ten you're going to beat him two or three out of fifteen times or something like that. If you're especially good you might beat him even half the time, that's possible. I think the only record right now that stands where one player in the top ten has beaten another one every single time is Ashe against Laver. Laver's won something like seventeen straight. I think Stan's best weapon really is his physical fitness plus his long reach. Every time I play him, his serve doesn't bother me much, I grant that it's a big serve, but I find that I have increasing trouble getting the ball past him down the sides, say on a passing shot or on a return of serve. Strangely, one thing I find easiest to do is to lob him, to try to get the ball over him, even as tall as he is. It doesn't seem reasonable but I've had good success with that, trying to lob and get the ball over him and at least force him back away from the net. The one thing about Stan is that he keeps coming at you. If you happen to get ahead of him you always feel this constant pressure where he's trying to get you down and you feel it's almost impossible to keep the pressure on him all the time. I think that this is what makes him a champion. Stan has a singleness, a purpose, he's really out there for that one thing and he seems to do it better than most of us right at the moment and I think that's why he's the best in the world right now."

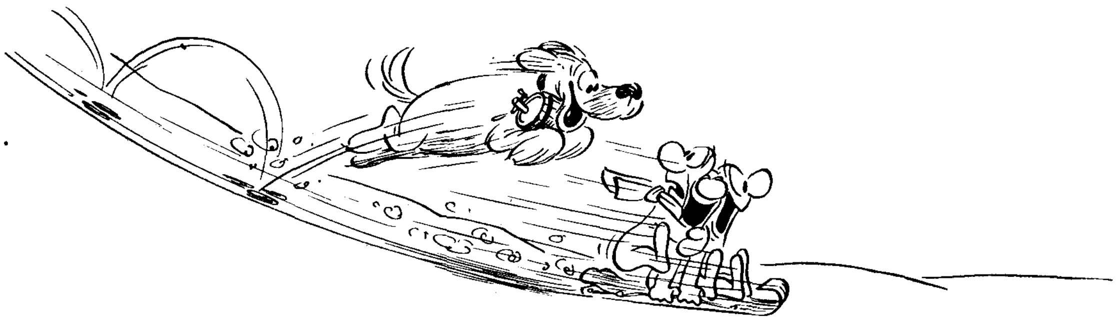
One man who should know all about Stan's tennis stature is Donald Dell, now a Washington, D.C. attorney, but for many years a top player himself, and captain of our Davis Cup team when Stan Smith was recognized as a brilliant player but somewhat unknown as a total performer. "When I was Davis Cup captain in '68 and '69, Stan was only twenty-one years of age. He was known chiefly as a doubles player in those days with Bobby Lutz. They had emerged from California as an excellent team. He played doubles in '68 and then in '69 moved into the role of our top singles player, as a matter of fact was ranked number one in America in '69. He made tremendous strides in tennis ability between '68 and '69. I traveled with him for eight or nine months, ate meals with him and watched all the matches so I did get to know him very well. As to Stan Smith's tennis ability and technical play, first of all he's got tremendous height, tremendous reach at the net, he has learned to move very well for a big man. Smith at sixteen was very awkward, but he has now developed so that when he's at the net he's really a formidable opponent, technically extremely difficult to pass. His best shot is his overhead. Secondly, I think Smith's key to why he's a winner is his abundant self-confidence and belief in himself. He believes he's going to win every match he's going to play. He's probably the best competitor in the game of tennis today.

"Stan has the ability to raise his level of play to a certain high standard every time out, unless he's tired, he's fatigued, he's got an injury or there's something wrong with him. His inner self-confidence is the big thing. Stan in his own way is peaceful with himself. He's not fighting a lot of other battles. I used to say to one of our very talented players, I'd say (Author's note: a top player, but name omitted to save embarrassment) 'Damn it, you've got to fight your opponent. You're fighting the crowd, the linesmen, the ball boys, the umpire, the girl next door is talking too loud, everything is bothering you. Let's just go beat our opponent. There's only one opponent out there, not 5,000.' Smith is able to overcome this, he's got a great inner calm about him. I think he has the most integrity of any man in sports. There is a certain judgment factor in Stan Smith beyond which he is never going to go. Normally, he would be mortified to get mad on the court and lose control of himself. Yet he actually

Continued on page 88



Stan, on his way to the net to attack, executes a beautiful backhand volley at a dangerous point on the court for him. The world's top tennis players are dismayed to discover that he is constantly improving his game and adding to his repertoire of strokes. At 6'4" and ranked No. 1, they figure he has enough to work with right now. For purists: Stan uses a "Stan Smith" Wilson racket, with a 4 7/8" grip, weight between 14¼ and 14½ ounces, and balanced light in the head.



POST SCRIPTS

Take Your Seats, Please

My wife always gets annoyed with me when I fail to seat a lady guest at the dinner table. Once again, in her opinion, I have shown that I am not a gentleman.

Sometimes, to make amends, I move quickly and seat *two* ladies. This, I think, should give me one extra and help average out the score. I have occasionally managed to seat three, when I am really on my toes, even though this means running around the table and grabbing a chair from a man (gentleman) who is about to seat the lady next to him.

By seating a lady I mean the process of shoving a chair toward the table as the lady sits down upon it. It is best to do this while the lady is still lowering herself into the chair. Once she is settled in it, pushing the chair becomes difficult unless it has casters on its legs. Properly seating a lady requires deftness, timing, and either (1) firm gentleness or (2) gentle firmness.

It is also necessary to think of it before the lady has seated herself or been seated by a more alert gentleman. This is where I often fail. I am so eager to sit down and start eating that this courteous social obligation slips my mind.

What I like most about Women's Lib and Equal Rights is that I now have an excuse for letting ladies (women) seat themselves. Indeed, if I didn't have my wife to contend with I would stand helplessly by my chair, waiting for a lady to seat me. After all these years it would seem to be my turn. In fact it will take a long time for ladies to catch up with me and pay me back for hundreds, perhaps thousands, of seatings.

I have been chairman long enough. It is time for the chairladies to take over.

–Richard Armour

¡Olé!

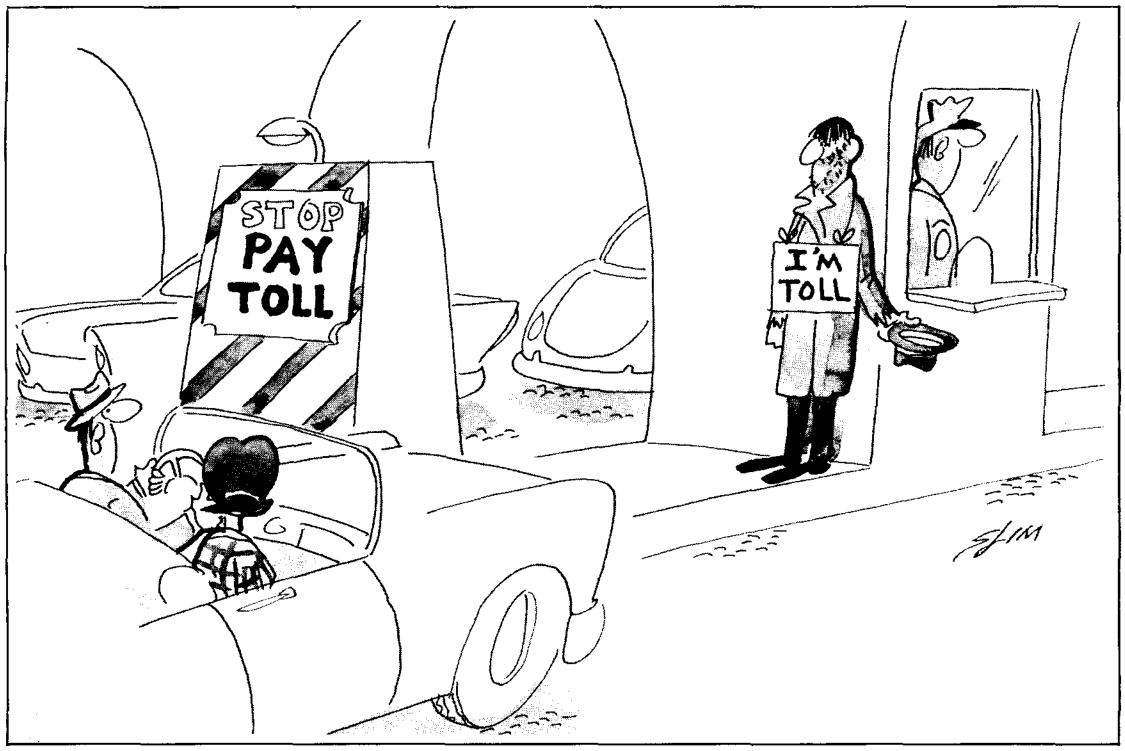
The bull fighter's wife locked him out of the house because he used to picador. He became so matador, he toreador down.

–Teddy Malkin

Stock Market Quotation

I'll not cut a figure on Wall Street
Unhappily it appears.
What ruins me isn't the bulls and bears;
It's the bum steers.

–Georgie Starbuck Galbraith



Rationale

With gasoline in short supply,
The dealers keep a wary eye
Upon their pumps, and sadly chime,
"You can't fuel all the people all the time."

–Ellie Womack

Chow Now

Every boy should have a dog
Psychologists have said.
Of course, he needs a mother too,
To see the dog gets fed.

–Lillian Koslover

In The Looking Glass

No cakes, no shakes,
no coffee breaks,
no more hors d'oeuvres, no charlotte russe.
Alas, the glass
of cheer I pass
henceforth will hold but carrot juice.
Taboo are you,
beloved cashew,
and birthday feast and Christmas goose.
Exclude all food
I've loved and rued;
remember but one thing–reduce!

–Frances S. Barton

Amusing Musing

I'm glad I'm not a pencil,
An eraser for my head,
With a shiny, tight brass collar,
And my system full of lead,
Just to think of such a horror
Makes my feeble body quake,
What with all the flukes and blunders,
And the huge mistakes I make,
I'm sure if I erased each one,
To put my mind at ease,
I'd be worn off from my bald spot
To somewhere below my knees.

–H. Burl Schreiber

M and M

Manic-depressive: One whose life is easy glum, easy glow.

Middle Age: That time in a man's life when he returns a wink . . . with a blink.

–Lucille J. Goodyear

Par For The Course

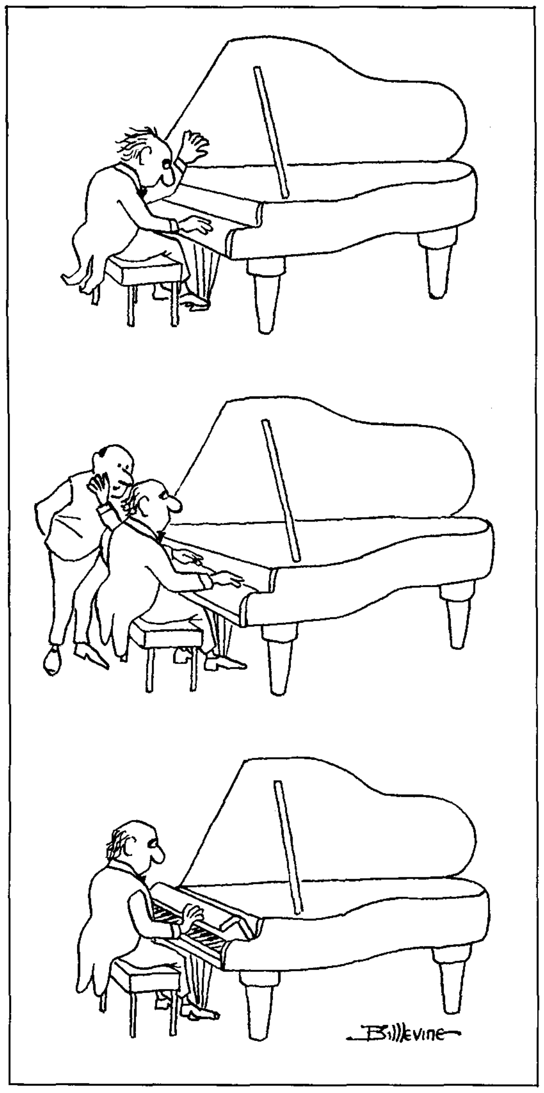
"Don't you think," said the golf enthusiast to his wife, "that it's about time we told our son about the birdies and the bogies?"

–Herm Albright

Heredity Is . . .

What prompts a teen-ager's
Father and mother
To renewed speculation
About each other.

–Thomas Usk



Operation

Coming home from bowlin',
Nolan's stomach kept on rollin',
And then the Doctor said,
"There's a blockage in your
:

So, after consultation,
They performed an operation
And now, our Mr. Nolan
Only has a
;

–A. W. Nelson

Frustrated Poet

I can hear my pallbearers beefing
As they hoist me outa the hearse:
"This son of a gun weighs nearly a ton,"
(I'm taking my unpublished verse).

–Jon Slagle

Persiflage

Fair maiden to knight: "Don't just sit there, slay something."

–Kevin Brake

Post-Journey Perspective

The speed with which the letters changed
Was almost transcendental:
It seems *like that!* the children ranged–
Prenatal to *parental*!

–Fred S. Buschmeyer, Jr.

Beachcomber

A man of the shore
With the sea at his door
Who isn't concerned with what's sold at the store,
So long as there's plenty of jetsam and flotsam
And he's gonna getsam or's already gotsam.

–James O. Nall

The Terrible Moment

The room was dawn quiet. We all sat there, not knowing what to expect. Nothing moved; not even eyelashes flicked. Then, after eons of time, he came forward. Tiny droplets of perspiration appeared on his lineless face. After another interminable space of time, he raised his arms; his brows furrowed into contorted rivers; his skin darkened to deep vermillion from apparent inhuman exertion; the veins in his neck stood out like twisted rope. A look of intense pain racked his face. His eyes closed tight, the lids compressed to a thin line; his breathing was pained and intermittent.

Finally, he looked up, relaxed a little and stared at us with pleading eyes. I felt a tremendous surge of sympathy and compassion for him. I spoke–though the emotion almost cut off my breath–"That's pretty good harmonica playing for a ten-year-old."

–Robert Tinsley

Far Trek

Some things will never change although
We tour out to the stars;
Arriving on the moon we'll find
Our luggage sent to Mars!

–June Brady

Goulash Diet

The imperialist's ambition
Is for more ammunition,
But the cannibal's dream
Is for preachers and cream.

–Lillian Koslover

Fad Chance

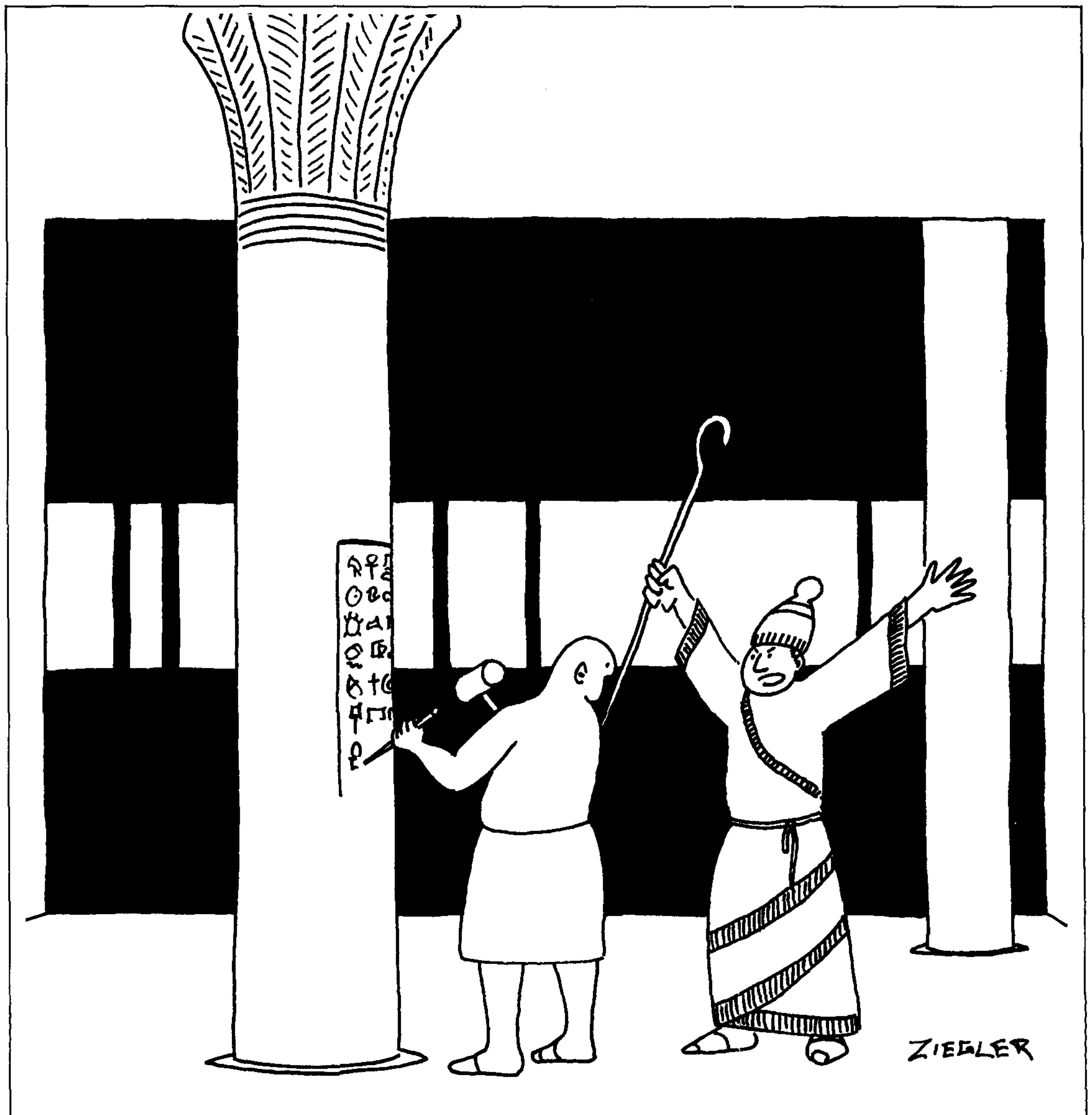
Now that topless swimsuits
Have earned high fashion's tap,
I expect we'll next be seeing
The gownless evening strap.

–Lillian Koslover

Clean Sweep

"We come from dust, we go to dust,"
My favorite preacher said.
So someone's coming or someone's gone
On the floor beneath my bed.

–Walter E. Johnson



"For the twentieth time, Rahotep: 𓃠 before ☉ except after 𓊛 or when sounded like 𓁹 as in neighbor and weigh."

The Saturday Evening Post Book Shelf

Do With Me What You Will

by Joyce Carol Oates
561 pp.; New York: Vanguard Press. $7.95

By RICHARD GRAY

Marriage and the legal profession—two of society's oldest and currently most questioned institutions—are thrown together in the crucible of Joyce Carol Oates's newest novel: *Do With Me What You Will*. Through the life and world of heroine Elena Howe, Ms. Oates depicts a story that is as contemporary and disruptive as the social upheavals and changing morality that plague love and law in today's America.

Ms. Oates's subject matter is every bit as compelling as the material that entices Americans these days via film, pulp, television, and paperback. But it emerges in a far more artistic and dignified manner than most fiction and even nonfiction of the 1960's and 1970's. Sex, violence, civil rights, the counterculture, militants, the peace movement, kidnapping and bugging—all appear in Ms. Oates's work.

These potentially sensational topics are never exploited by the author, however. In contrast to so many modern writers, Ms. Oates is able to write about the lurid aspects of modern life without engaging in sensationalism.

She treats social obscenity without becoming obscene. She depicts carnal love without the slightest suggestion of pornography. She portrays the indignant criticism of the counterculture without engaging in any of the usual profanity of today's militants. She even pictures violence, in contrast to some of her earlier works, without becoming violent herself. In that sense, Ms. Oates is more restrained and less melodramatic than in her previous writings.

In another sense, however, *Do With Me What You Will* is a repeat of the author's earlier literary patterns. Once again she is writing a social novel. Once again she is dealing with the power structure of American life. And once again, Detroit serves as the primary setting for her exploration of the moral, economic, and social-psychological aspects of the modern world.

Insofar as *Do With Me What You Will* is a love story, it proves to be a relatively simple celebration of romantic love and marriage. Ms. Oates presents a detailed record of the experience of love, not only from the viewpoint of the heroine but from her lover's as well. Insofar as the novel is a treatise on the law, it turns out to be a complex examination of the adversary relationship between the prosecution and the defense. The law, in Ms. Oates's terms, is based on how well lawyers contest one another rather than on any real sense of justice.

The author tangles and untangles the love-law themes through the life of Elena, which unfolds in the novel over a time span of about twenty years, from 1950 to the present. The story begins with a suspenseful kidnapping of Elena by her neurotic, alcoholic father who vies with his divorced wife for the affections of the delicately beautiful blond child. Returned to her domineering mother, Elena grows up a sensitive, shy child who is deeply marred by the alienation of her parents from one another.

Joyce Carol Oates

Pushed and somewhat exploited by the mother—who seeks to achieve success through a mother-daughter modeling career—Elena is finally married off to a millionaire, establishment lawyer named Marvin Howe. The dominance pattern continues as Howe, a much older man, molds his young, innocent wife into a facet of his own personality.

Woven into this main plot line is the story of Jack Morrissey, whose father is acquitted of murder because of the brilliant defense arguments of Howe. Consequently, Howe becomes a father figure for young Morrissey, who grows up to also become a lawyer. With the passage of time, young Morrissey and the older Howe grow further and further apart philosophically, however. Morrissey becomes a lawyer for the counterculture.

While at the same time detesting and yet envying Howe's life style, the young and virile Jack Morrissey seizes upon a chance encounter to start an affair with the lonely, detached Elena.

The rest of the novel is primarily an examination of conflicts within conflicts: Elena's admiration and affection for her husband versus her physical attraction and emotional attachment to her young lover. Her desire for security versus her wish for freedom. The lifestyle of the counterculture versus the values of upper-crust Grosse Pointe. The interests of establishment laws versus the interest of legal aid law. The poor versus the affluent. The powerful versus the weak.

The final conflict comes in Elena's decision to leave her secure life with her husband and take Jack away from his wife and baby son. In committing what she ultimately sees as a social crime, Elena wins a personal and emotional victory by shedding the dominance of her adult-childhood and attaining a measure of control over her own destiny.

Unfortunately the plot, when reduced to a synopsis, sounds more effective and interesting than it turns out to be in the flesh and blood of the novel. In the final analysis, the book does not carry the impact that it should, considering its epic length and the seriousness of its intent.

The problem lies in the author's propensity to bog down in unnecessary character description and endless psychological analysis. At times she seems far more interested in exposition than in narration. Consequently, the story line becomes fuzzy and even disappears for long periods of time. Instead of weaving the characterization and explanation in with the action, Ms. Oates almost self-consciously stops to lecture and instruct the reader.

The end result is a book that lacks not only coherence, but lasting dramatic effect. The characters remain locked within the pages of the book. The exceedingly significant problems they face fail to transcend the boundaries of the fictional world Joyce Carol Oates has created. Because of these shortcomings, Ms. Oates remains an author of dazzling virtuosity but not yet a writer of great art.

The Making of the President 1972

by Theodore H. White
419 pp.; New York: Atheneum. $10.00

By ARTHUR G. HANSEN

Nothing is as old as yesterday's news and nothing seems more likely to invite a yawn than the blow-by-blow account of a recent political campaign. There are exceptions, of course, and Theodore H. White is the man who consistently seems to prove the rule. His newest volume, *The Making of the President 1972*, is however rather special. First, it is good reading. White balances well his mix of political history, detached observations, personal interviews, and accounting of events. Second, he has written a book that covers a time of transition in American politics. As such, it is a primer for those who wish to comprehend the forces now guiding our political processes. The campaign of 1972 made clear how much things were changing. The Democratic Party was transformed while the Republican Party became unglued. The Democrats scored major victories across the country except in one department—the presidency. George McGovern rallied grass-roots support and enthusiasm that swept primaries—only to lose the election by one of the greatest margins in American history. The campaign was marked by the Eagleton Affair, the Salinger Affair, and the Watergate Affair. Few campaigns have offered so much interest and drama as that of 1972. This is part of the reason why White's book, as well written as it is, makes good reading.

The election of 1972 begs the question, "What really happened?" Mr. White tries to provide his answer to the question by a careful documentation of the events that led to election eve. We are taken back to the conventions of 1968 where the story properly begins with an examination of the new forces at work within the parties. Following the convention story we are introduced to the prime contenders for the Democratic nominations. We witness their private meetings and their rallies, and watch each one gradually yield the battle to George McGovern.

Interwoven with this tale is Mr. White's sketch of Richard M. Nixon. Here we see a "loner" planning his grand coups in foreign policy, sensing, as he believes, the pulse of the country, and cautiously setting his own pattern for reelection—always alone.

The sense of drama is heightened as George McGovern seems to move inexorably toward the debacle that is first sensed and then becomes reality. One is fascinated by White's description of the confusion, the miscalculations, and the central organization as November drew near. Growing frustration is captured in a quote from a Delaware county committee woman, "The only way for us to save this party is to lose big."

This book does more than tell the story of the making of a president. It is also a study of the man who is now the president. The book closes with a brief account of Richard Nixon, today convinced of a mandate and exercising his power.

The last chapter of the story of Mr. Nixon's role in American politics is yet to be written. We will understand that story much better as we understand the past. This is Mr. White's contribution—it is as good as it is needed.

After

By Robert Anderson
342 pp. New York: Random House. $6.95

By MARJORIE M. CLOKE

For twenty years, Robert Anderson has been writing for the American theater. His plays (*Tea and Sympathy, I Never Sang for My Father, You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running*, and *Silent Night, Lonely Night*) have been widely acclaimed for their honest approach to some of life's more difficult problems.

Because there was too much "explicit sex" in it for the stage, *After* became a novel—his first—and the plot deals with what happens to a man when his wife dies.

Anderson's first wife died of cancer fifteen years ago, and his descriptions of terminal illness certainly proclaim firsthand knowledge. However, he says, "I'm writing about survival, not death."

The story covers an eight-week period in the life of Christopher Larsen, a middle-aged writer. He has known for four years that his actress wife, Fran, will die of cancer, but has never told her the truth about her condition. Living the lie puts a great strain on the distraught husband, just as it strains the reader's credulity that such an intelligent woman would not know, nor face, what was happening to her own body.

This lack of communication was inherent in the relationship. Instead of talking over a problem, Chris would write long, open letters, which they never discussed, and their conversations were surface topics only.

With Fran totally bedridden, in constant pain, and completely dependent on him even for the bedpan, Chris feels a closeness in the marriage he never experienced while she was performing in the theater, surrounded by people who admired and adored her.

His insistence on being with her night and day, doing many of the nursing chores himself, doesn't preclude his obsession with his own sexual needs. He finds his editor's "not-so-young, not-so-pretty" secretary willing to listen to his problems and take him to her bed. He feels nothing more than lust and gratitude for Sarah, despite his shame at using her.

Early in his wife's illness, he pours out his anguish to Jean, a married actress with children. Although they never get to bed together, Chris believes he is madly in love and writes long, impassioned letters to Jean, full of complaints about his marriage.

When Fran begs him to attend a neighbor's party, he goes, reluctantly. Returning home early, he finds her in a coma from an overdose of sleeping pills, and a note pleading that he let her go. He does.

By verbalizing to everyone his perfect marriage, his constant devotion, Chris manages to get through the nightmare of the funeral arrangements, his son's homecoming, Fran's burial. He spends many days writing to friends and acquaintances of their happiness together and his loving care during her illness.

In Fran's memory, he sets up a foundation at her college for aspiring actresses. The first award goes to Marianne—beautiful, talented, twenty-two.

Within minutes of their second meeting, they are in each other's arms and his bed. Descriptions of their lovemaking are graphic, yet sensitive, play-by-plays, with Chris scrutinizing every thought, feeling, nuance. He is convinced he is in love, but is so preoccupied with sexual awareness it suggests his "love" might be measured by his physical prowess. Although he dredges up much tenderness for the girl, the affair remains (to this reader) purely sexual.

That notion is confirmed when Chris rushes back to New York after a call from Jean, leaving only a terse note for Marianne. Jean tells him that his passionate letters have been discovered by her husband, who will use them in a custody fight for their children. They are photographed together; pictures appear in the paper; gossip flies.

After an unsuccessful attempt to explain the situation to his son, Chris rushes back to Marianne, anxious for her reaction to the publicity. He tells her everything about Jean, and is shocked when she makes a "confession" of her own. The affair ends.

Later, Chris hears from Jean's attorney that his letters are being returned, unused. Partly relieved, partly disappointed that his guilt will not be made public and that he will be "unpunished," he visits Fran's grave.

In the two months since her death, Chris has proved his virility, his vitality, his *being*. But he muses that he will never really be free of wondering—about Fran, their marriage, her death, and his "good-bye."

Anderson has created, in Christopher Larsen, a character who bares his soul to anyone who will listen. None of the other characters is so finely drawn; the son, for instance, is faceless. Perhaps this is to emphasize Larsen's infatuation with himself, which prevents his ever truly knowing anyone, no matter how aware his subconscious or how artfully he strings subject and predicate together.

We can admire the sensitivity of the character while quarreling with his premise: use anyone, at any time, to get on with the business of living—survival is the name of the game.

Yet, when the fact of death must be faced, what is left for the living except to "get on with it" as best we can?

Anderson's beautifully told story of one man's efforts to survive is unforgettable.

First Three Volumes in

The Founding Fathers

Series. Each Subtitled, "A Biography in His Own Words."

George Washington

Edited by Ralph K. Andrist
416 pp. Harper & Row. $15.00

Benjamin Franklin

Edited by James Bishop Peabody
416 pp. Harper & Row. $15.00

John Adams

Edited by Thomas Fleming
416 pp. Harper & Row. $15.00

By PAUL ENGLE

The United States of America was the first nation founded and developed with the strong conviction that its citizens should learn to read and write. The fascinating result was that we were the first country to have all of its important events recorded not by a handful of historians, but by the men and women who actually took part in them. They were there, they saw with their own eyes, they wrote down their impressions with their own hands.

In endless letters, in diaries, recollections,

Continued on page 106

INTRODUCING "READ ALOUD"... CHILDREN'S LITERATURE FOR POST READERS

One of my fondest childhood memories was when my father would read aloud to Tricia and me.

Some of the happiest memories of my childhood are the read aloud sessions with my parents and Grandmother Nixon. Until I was ten years old, almost every night my father, and more often my mother, would read to me just before bedtime. Between 1953 and 1961, my parents visited fifty-three nations as part of a series of "goodwill trips" they undertook for President Eisenhower. My father's mother always traveled from California to Washington in order to stay with Tricia and me while our parents were away. During those visits, Nana read aloud all eight of Laura Ingalls Wilder's books about pioneer life. Those books became beloved friends. I read them over and over and, in this way, relived Nana's visits.

Reading aloud to a child gives him rare moments of completely undivided attention. Because such moments with my parents were special, I came to love books and reading. I cannot count the times I sneaked into the bathroom and took my flashlight out of the clothes hamper in order to continue or reread a bedtime story. I even resorted to faking illness in order to stay home from school so that I could hear my English and history lessons come to life through my mother's voice.

Almost all those who read *The Saturday Evening Post* have children, grandchildren or young friends with whom they want to share the *Post*. Instead of the magazine being devoted exclusively to the adult members of a family, we at the *Post* want to bring you each month literature from within the Curtis Publishing Company. Curtis has a vast archive of children's fiction and poetry in its publications *Jack and Jill*, *Child Life*, and *Children's Playmate*. *Child Life* alone has fifty-one years of published material; *Children's Playmate* was first published in 1929; and *Jack and Jill*'s heritage is almost as rich with thirty-five years of literature.

In the future we hope that every member of the family will eagerly anticipate the monthly arrival of the *Post* and that, through "Read Aloud," our subscribers will be able to offer the young people they care about more than just the cartoons. All of us at *The Saturday Evening Post* wish for you the joy of sharing a story with someone you love.

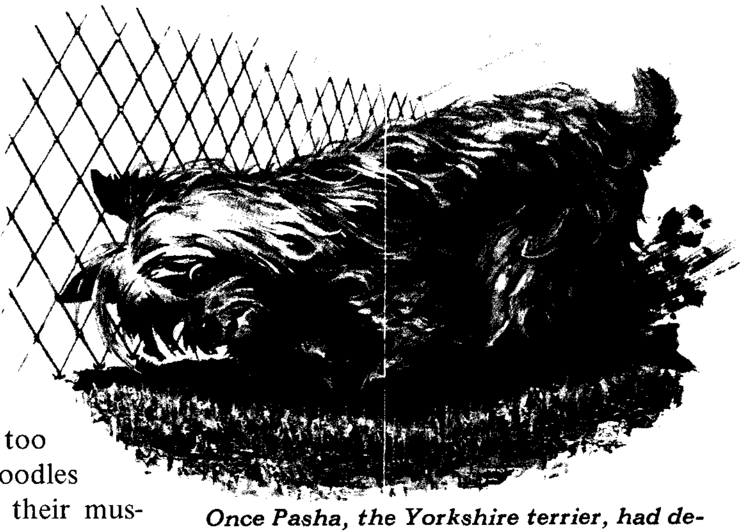
To begin our selection of literature for children, I hope you will enjoy my story of the adventures of a small dog, "Pasha Passes By."

Julie Nixon Eisenhower

PASHA PASSES BY

By JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER

Pasha peeked between his crossed paws and saw that the big white house was still bathed by the flood of bright spotlights. In fifteen minutes the sun would be up but Vicky and the big red setter King slept on. Meanwhile, Pasha planned his escape. He could hear the little yelps King made as he dreamed of catching a squirrel. He heard too Vicky's sleepy chomping. All poodles seemed to have trouble with their mustaches. Every night Pasha listened carefully for the sound of Vicky chewing on her whiskers before he dared to talk privately to King about his secret plan.



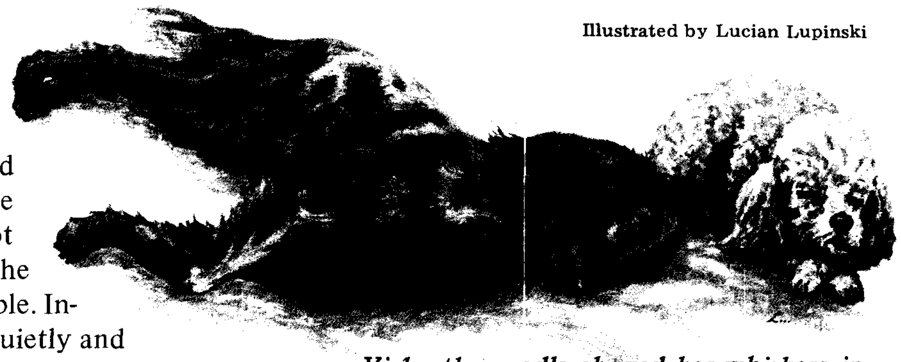
Once Pasha, the Yorkshire terrier, had decided to escape alone, he began to dig furiously in a tiny hole he had discovered under the fence around his doghouse.

Pasha was proud to be a Yorky. Since he had never seen a drowned rat, he didn't mind hearing people say he looked like one. His coat wasn't silky like King's, and it wasn't fluffy or curly like Vicky's. Because he loved to roll in the wet grass and dirt, Pasha's coat was greasy and stringy—and oh, so comfortable. But this morning Pasha didn't have time to roll and stretch before the sun dried the grass. He was busy plotting his escape!

All the day before, he had gloomily watched a small army of men build a wooden platform in front of the big white house. When Pasha saw the men put up stakes and ropes, he knew for sure they were getting ready for some kind of ceremony. There would be crowds of people behind the ropes, men and women with cameras on the platform, and loud booms from the cannon across the street. Worst of all, Pasha knew he would be confined to his pen all day.

He must escape—and fast—before the sun came up. But for a minute, he hesitated. Should he take King along? "King likes adventures and he is very brave," Pasha thought, "but he is still a puppy." Pasha suddenly remembered how many times the big Irish setter forgot his manners when he met important people. Instead of standing quietly and politely wagging his tail, King often jumped up on men in pin-striped suits and on ladies wearing pretty dresses who didn't appreciate muddy paw marks! And then there were the times when King got excited and wagged his tail so fiercely that he knocked Pasha smack off his feet!

Illustrated by Lucian Lupinski



Vicky the poodle chewed her whiskers in her sleep, and big King dreamed of catching a squirrel.

Besides, King was too big to fit under the fence that enclosed both King's roomy dog house and the smaller house Pasha shared with Vicky. It was too bad, but King would just have to stay behind.

Once Pasha had made the hard decision about his friend, he began to dig furiously in the tiny hole he had discovered under his fence a few days before. Large chunks of soil flew out from under his paws. By the time he had enlarged the hole enough to wiggle through, he was thoroughly dirty and happy. With one last glance back at King and Vicky, Pasha popped through the hole under the fence. He was free!

Streaks of yellow and pink lighted the sky as he dashed toward the canopy in the center of the big white house. The wet grass tickled his stomach and several tall blades of grass smacked him in the eye. No matter how hard they tried to keep the gigantic lawn nicely mowed, there were always some tall blades left, but at least there were no prickly weeds to slow Pasha down. In fact, the lawn of the big house was the only one he had ever explored which did not have at least one or two dangerous clumps of weeds and stickers!

Pasha made it to the canopy and, to his relief, found the doors of the big house wide open, waiting for the first visitors of the morning. Pasha boldly passed right by a young policeman standing near the double doors. The policeman, looking serious and important, was busy talking into a black box with a long antenna. Pasha heard him say, "Roger, ten four."

Once safely inside the doors of the big white house, Pasha came to a sudden stop. In the corner of the room, a man was on his hands and knees cleaning the carpet! Fortunately, his back was turned away from the little dog. Pasha passed quickly by.

He hated the smell of the clean rug. For the first time since his escape, Pasha thought of the weedless lawn outside. He decided to walk on the marble floor instead of on the smelly red carpet. Besides, the endless stretch of red made him dizzy. But the minute his feet touched the cold marble, Pasha knew he had made a mistake. His nails clattered loudly on the hard surface! The only person near Pasha, thank goodness, was a man vacuuming the red carpet. He couldn't hear Pasha patter by. Pasha quickly hid behind a marble pillar.

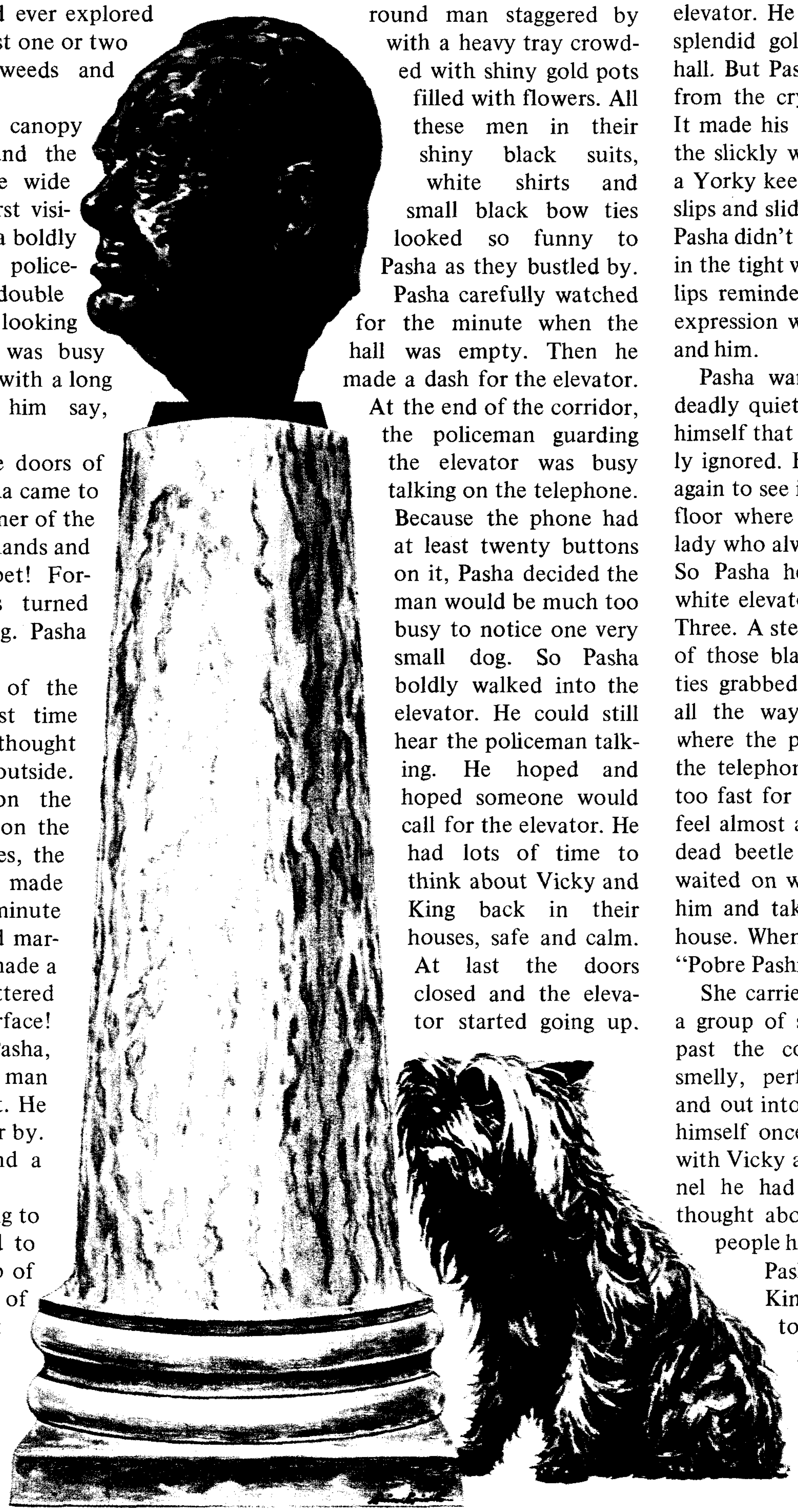
Just as he was beginning to feel safe, he was startled to see a bronze head on top of the pillar! The head was of a man, but to Pasha it looked suspiciously like a bulldog. Secretly Pasha was afraid of bulldogs. He wanted to escape but he was trapped behind the pillar. For ten minutes he watched all the people in the big house pass by. He saw a man pushing a grocery store cart filled high with folders and packages and envelopes. An older man rushed past carrying an envelope with a bright red tag on it. He looked smug and important, as if he had just caught a squirrel. A short, round man staggered by with a heavy tray crowded with shiny gold pots filled with flowers. All these men in their shiny black suits, white shirts and small black bow ties looked so funny to Pasha as they bustled by. Pasha carefully watched for the minute when the hall was empty. Then he made a dash for the elevator. At the end of the corridor, the policeman guarding the elevator was busy talking on the telephone. Because the phone had at least twenty buttons on it, Pasha decided the man would be much too busy to notice one very small dog. So Pasha boldly walked into the elevator. He could still hear the policeman talking. He hoped and hoped someone would call for the elevator. He had lots of time to think about Vicky and King back in their houses, safe and calm. At last the doors closed and the elevator started going up. The minute the doors opened again, he ran.

Pasha raced the length of the hallway—as far as he could go to get away from the elevator. He found himself all alone in the splendid golden room at the end of the hall. But Pasha didn't like the bright light from the crystal chandeliers and mirrors. It made his eyes water. And he didn't like the slickly waxed wooden floor. How can a Yorky keep his sense of dignity when he slips and slides with every step! Most of all, Pasha didn't like the portrait of the tall man in the tight white stockings. The man's thin lips reminded Pasha too much of Vicky's expression when she was angry with King and him.

Pasha wandered through several more deadly quiet rooms before he admitted to himself that he did not like being completely ignored. He decided to try the elevator again to see if he could make it to the third floor where Fina lived. Fina was a happy lady who always spoke to Pasha in Spanish. So Pasha headed back to the gold and white elevator. But Pasha never made it to Three. A stern-looking man dressed in one of those black suits and small black bow ties grabbed the little dog and took him all the way down to the ground floor where the policeman was still talking on the telephone. The ride down was much too fast for Pasha's stomach. It made him feel almost as sick as the time he gulped a dead beetle along with his water. Pasha waited on wobbly legs for Fina to rescue him and take him back to his own little house. When Fina arrived all she said was, "Pobre Pashita."

She carried him down the corridor past a group of surprised visitors. Pasha went past the cold marble floors, past the smelly, perfectly vacuumed red carpet, and out into the bright sunlight. He found himself once more safe behind the fence with Vicky and King. He looked at the tunnel he had dug. It was still there. He thought about his adventures and all the people he had passed by.

Pasha would never admit it to King and Vicky, but he was glad to be home. There were so many things to look forward to in the afternoon. Soon the groups of school children would be arriving at his fence—perhaps even a Prime Minister or a Queen. And Pasha had to work with King on his company manners and help him remember that it is the President's dog who lives in the little house behind the big White House.

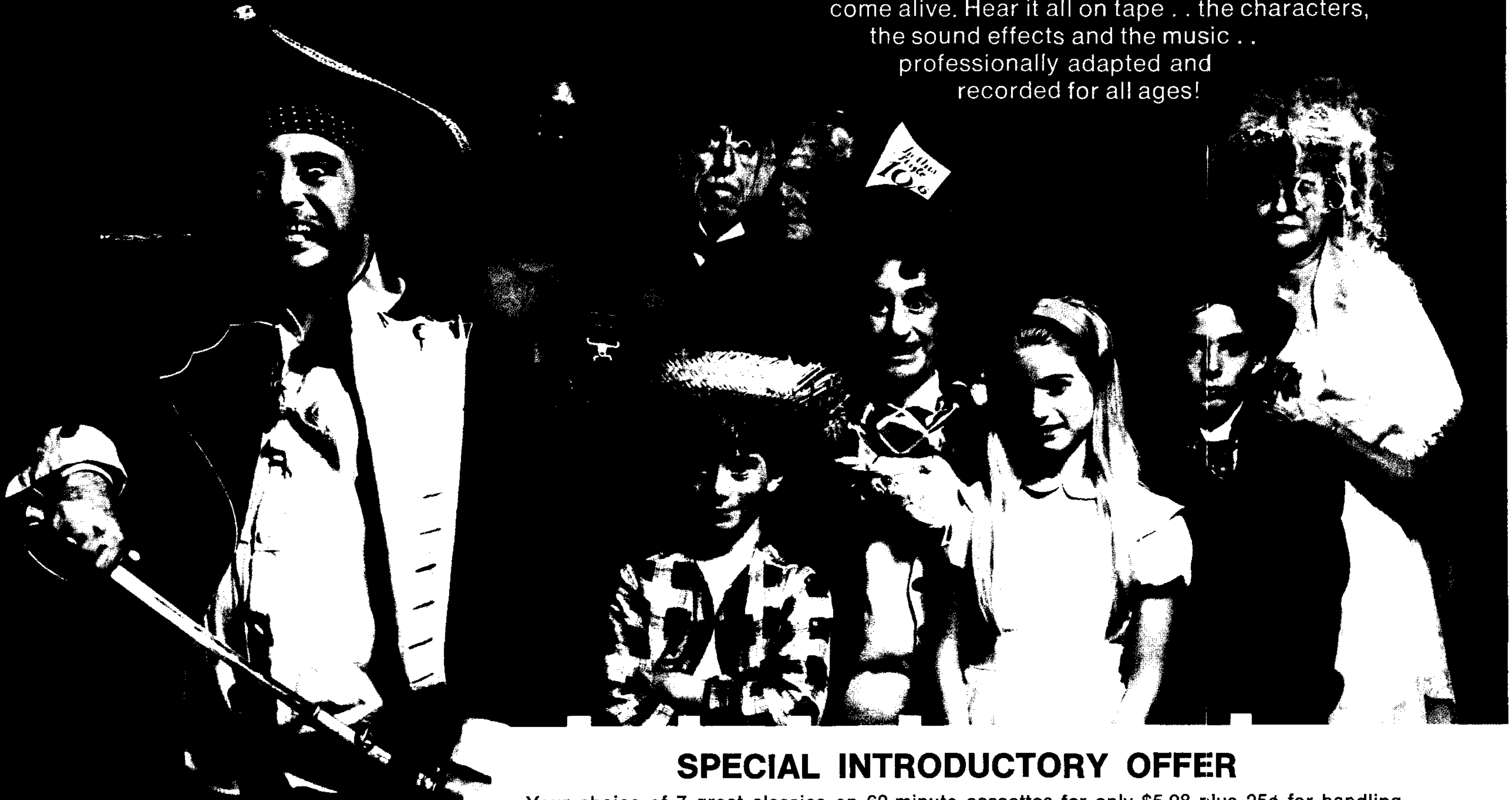


Just as Pasha was beginning to feel safe, he was startled to see a bronze head on top of a pillar! The head was of a man but to Pasha it looked like a bulldog and secretly Pasha was afraid of bulldogs.

Heard any good books lately?

Now . . Hear The Classics On Tape . . Full Dramatization of 7 Great Classics For Only $5.98* Each

Now . . you can hear our greatest books . . told in all the excitement of full dramatization by the characters themselves! Hear Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer whispering their secret plans. Listen to Alice's own exclamations as she makes her odyssey in Wonderland come alive. Thrill to the sound of Long John Silver (and his parrot). Be a part of the Cratchit family as Tiny Tim makes the Christmas Carol come alive. Hear it all on tape . . the characters, the sound effects and the music . . professionally adapted and recorded for all ages!



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Your choice of 7 great classics on 60-minute cassettes for only $5.98 plus 25¢ for handling.

Send order to: **The Trading Post**, P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

1) Select Tape(s)

Title/Author	No. Tapes	Total Price	*Plus Handling
1. A Christmas Carol/Dickens	1	$ 5.98	$ .25
2. Treasure Island/Stevenson	2	11.96	.50
3. Alice In Wonderland/Carroll	1	5.98	.25
4. The Wizard of Oz/Baum	2	11.96	.50
5. Huckleberry Finn/Twain	3	17.94	.75
6. Great Expectations/Dickens	3	17.94	.75
7. Three Stories: The Legend of Sleepy Hollow/Irving; The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County/Twain; The Bride Comes To Yellow Sky/Crane	1	5.98	.25

2) Select the most convenient way to order

☐ By Check or Money Order ☐ Charge It . . Specify: ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

☐ American Express Credit Card Number ____________

4-Digit Interbank Number ____ Expiration Date ____________

Signature: ____________

3) Please Print: Name ____________

Address ____________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

SAVING GRACES IN THE KITCHEN

By ANNEMARIE

Good taste doesn't have to be all that expensive.

The thing uppermost in many of our minds as we start this new year is how and what we are going to feed our families in the months ahead. We have just been through one of the worst years of spiraling prices in our history. What do we do if it continues?

Well, I think there are a number of things we can do. First, we must examine our eating habits, and then see if it is possible to alter them without sacrificing either nutrition or good taste.

More than any other nation we depend upon meat as our main source of protein. It might surprise you to learn that meat is eaten once or twice a week in many European countries and even fewer times in Asia. But Americans like meat, particularly beef, and the quality of our meat is unsurpassed. It is a habit that won't be easily broken.

There is little doubt that we must curtail our consumption of meat to some degree. We must learn to use the other main sources of protein that are most attractive and tasteful. There are a great number of foods that qualify.

Let's look for example at the eating habits of countries like China and Japan. Asiatics consume relatively little meat, primarily because it has never been available. Their main staples are rice, soybean curd (also called tofu), fish and vegetables. When they do eat meat it is usually stretched by adding vegetables that are sautéed briefly and which retain most of their nutrients.

They consume tons of bean sprouts. The bean sprout rivals meat in protein, is very high in vitamin C, and supplies practically all the nutrients your body needs. You can grow all the sprouts you need at home in a glass jar in three to four days. Bean sprouts are crunchy and delicious. I am sure you have had them many times in a Chinese dinner. They are good in soups, salads, omelettes (egg foo yong) and in combination with chicken or beef. Here is how you grow them.

Buy a pound or two of mung beans in your supermarket or health food store. Put one-third cup in a quart jar and cover with water. Soak overnight or about eight hours. Drain and wash several times and drain again. Cover top of jar with double layer of cheesecloth and secure with a rubber band. Put jar in a warm dark place or under your sink. Rinse them at least two or three times a day, shaking vigorously to loosen the shell of the seed. In three to four days you will have a jar full of fresh sprouts ready to eat.

Bean curd is really the Chinese version of yogurt, and is called tofu by the Japanese. It too is a very high source of protein and provides a very inexpensive alternative to meat. Tofu can be found in all Chinese and Japanese stores and some health food stores. It is sold in small three-inch squares costing about fifteen cents or you can make it yourself from tofu powder. Don't let the name "bean curd" frighten you away. This is a food rich in protein, with the texture of a thick custard, and almost neutral taste. It is served with beef or pork or chicken, soy sauce and other spices. Or it can be used in a delicious salad as shown in my recipe. It lends itself to hundreds of uses.

Millet meal is another great source of protein. Although practically unknown in this country it is popular in Europe and Asia. Adding millet to a meal is a guarantee of high-grade protein and plenty of it. Try my recipe for a millet and cheese soufflé. It is delicious, inexpensive and nutritious.

Regardless of the cost, of course, we are not going to give up meat. So it is very important that we learn more about our meats. After all, a side of beef consists of more than a sirloin steak and a roast beef. There are many cuts of beef and lamb and pork that are relatively inexpensive. You must learn how to identify them and the best way to prepare them.

The less expensive cuts of beef like brisket, flank, chuck and rump can always be improved by meat tenderizers. Most of the tenderizers are made from pappin (papaya seeds) and are harmless. Or try marinating in your own sauces, lemon and oil for example. There are countless ways to enhance the taste of these meats. Remember, the French earned their great reputation as chefs by creating sauces for their poor quality meat and we can now take a page from their book.

Last year, when the American consumer moved away from beef to poultry and fish, the demand drove those prices up too. There are still a few that I would put in the bargain category: codfish, whiting and turbot.

Eggs, even after recent price rises, are still a protein bargain. A dozen large eggs, by law, must weigh one and one-half pounds, which means you are paying seventy to seventy-five cents a pound for high quality protein. Try my Eggs Mornay with a fresh green salad. Try brown rice instead of white rice. It is loaded with B vitamins and vitamin E and has six times as much protein as white rice. And you will love its nutty flavor. Learn to use the many varieties of dried beans available to us. They make marvelous casseroles.

All in all there are so many ways that we can solve our food crisis. And perhaps, in so doing, broaden our interests and tastes to all the tasty things the world has to offer.

Huevos Mexicanos

My friend Jane Whalen from the Wheat Flour Institute sent me this quite unusual egg recipe. It makes a super addition to a party brunch.

1½ cups chopped onion
1½ cups chopped green pepper
1 garlic clove, crushed
¾ cup olive oil
1 tbsp. chili powder
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. oregano
9 slices enriched white bread, trimmed and cut into cubes
6 eggs
6 tbsp. tomato juice
½ cup shredded cheddar cheese

Cook onion, green pepper and garlic in olive oil until soft. Stir in seasonings, simmer five

Photography by Bill Messemer

An inexpensive cut of lamb seasoned with salt pork and simmered with white and green beans makes a delicious–but budget-minded–addition to any menu. Eat hearty–and often.

minutes. Mix in bread cubes.

Spoon into six 6-oz. baking dishes, pressing firmly in bottom and up sides. Break an egg into center of each.

Spoon 1 tbsp. tomato juice over each egg, sprinkle with cheese. Bake in preheated 350° F. oven for 20 to 25 minutes, or until eggs set.

Serve hot. Makes six servings.

Eggs Mornay

This is a very popular continental dish. Add a salad and you have a superb lunch. Add boiled potatoes and salad and you have a hearty meal.

8 eggs boiled in their shells for 7 minutes
4 tbsp. margarine
6 tbsp. flour
2½ cups milk
Salt and pepper to taste
1 cup grated Parmesan cheese
½ cup grated Swiss cheese

Melt the margarine in a saucepan, add flour and stir until smooth. Then pour in the milk all at once. Stir with a whisk until smooth and coming to a boil, then simmer for another two minutes.

Season with salt and pepper and add the grated cheese. Stir until all the cheese is dissolved.

In an ovenproof casserole dish arrange the eggs which you have peeled but left whole. Pour the sauce over them, sprinkle the top with a little extra Parmesan cheese and Swiss cheese and put under a hot broiler to brown the top lightly.

Chicken Chinese Style

When you buy chicken breasts, skin and bone them yourself. It is easy to do and will save you quite a bit of money. This dish requires about ten minutes cooking time.

2 whole chicken breasts, skinned, boned and cut in half
2 tbsp. vegetable oil or sesame seed oil
¾ cup celery cut in julienne (very thin) strips
¾ cup green pepper cut in julienne strips
¾ cup carrots cut in julienne strips
½ cup chicken broth (Campbell's)
¼ cup soy sauce (Kikkoman)
1 small clove garlic, put through garlic press
¼ tsp. ground ginger
2 tbsp. cornstarch
2 tbsp. parsley, finely chopped
Juice of ½ lemon
Salt and pepper to taste

Put the chicken breasts into the freezer for about 20 minutes or so to firm them and make them easier to slice. Then cut into thin strips, about 1½ to 2 inches long and ¼ inch wide. Heat the oil in a heavy sauté pan or wok until very hot, add the chicken and sauté over high heat, stirring constantly, for three minutes.

Then add all the vegetables and continue stirring and cooking over high heat for another three minutes. Combine the rest of the ingredients in a small bowl and pour over the chicken and vegetables.

Bring to a boil and cook for two more minutes, stirring constantly. Serve with rice.

Lamb and Bean Casserole

Shoulder of lamb is an inexpensive cut and very suitable for all stews and casseroles. This is a really delicious budget meal.

3 lb. shoulder of lamb, cut into 1-inch pieces
2 slices salt pork, cut in cubes
2 yellow onions, chopped
2 cloves garlic, put through garlic press
2 tbsp. bohnenkraut (summer savory)
1 tbsp. tomato paste
1 can (2 lb.) tomatoes
1 can (10½ oz.) beef broth (Campbell's)
1 can water
½ lb. dried white beans, soaked overnight in water and drained
Salt and pepper
1 lb. fresh green beans, cut into 1-inch lengths

Sauté the salt pork in a heavy saucepan for three minutes. Add the lamb a few pieces at a time and brown.

Transfer into a casserole and continue until all of the lamb has been browned. Then sauté the onions until lightly browned.

Add the garlic, tomato paste, bohnenkraut, tomatoes, beef broth, water, white beans and salt and pepper. Bring to a boil and simmer for 1½ hours, then add the green beans and simmer for another 30 minutes.

Serve with some parsley sprinkled on top.

Chinese Beef With Broccoli

All Chinese dishes are cooked quickly to retain the nutrients and the crunchy texture of the vegetables. Serve it with brown rice and green salad.

1 flank steak
2 tbsp. vegetable oil
1 2-lb. bunch broccoli, washed and cut into small flowerettes
Salt and pepper
¼ cup soy sauce
1 tbsp. cornstarch
1 small clove garlic, put through garlic press
¼ cup beef broth
¼ tsp. cayenne
1 tsp. sugar

With a sharp knife trim off and discard the fat from the flank steak. To cut the steak, put it in the freezer for 30 minutes or so to firm it and make it easier to slice.

Then cut into thin slices 1½ to 2 inches long and ¼ inch wide. Heat the oil in a heavy sauté pan or wok until very hot, add the beef and sauté very quickly, stirring constantly, for about 3 minutes. Remove with a slotted spoon and put aside.

Put the broccoli in the sauté pan and cook for 5 minutes, again stirring constantly. Add the beef and season with salt and pepper. Combine the rest of the ingredients and pour over the beef and broccoli. Combine well.

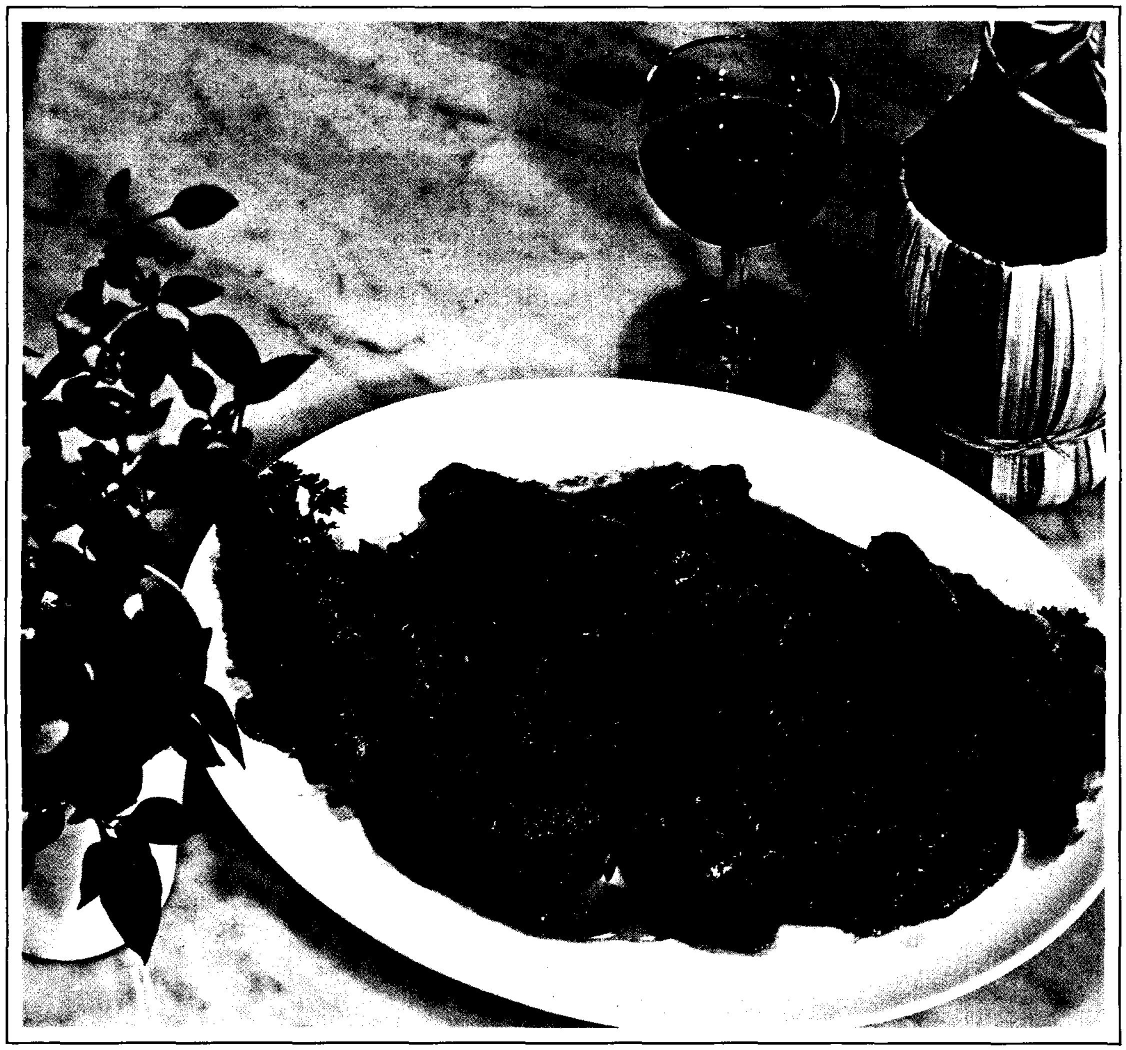
Bring to a boil and simmer for 1 minute, stirring constantly. Serve with rice.

Stuffed Flank Steak

This is a delicious, easy way to serve flank steak and is a very impressive party dish. It can be partially cooked the day before and reheated in the sauce just before serving. If you want to create a spectacular Spanish dinner, serve it with black beans, rice and a green salad.

2 flank steaks
Lemon juice
Salt and pepper

2 tbsp. margarine
2 onions, peeled and chopped
4 Italian green peppers, cleaned and finely chopped
1 bunch scallions, cleaned and finely chopped
2 red peppers, cleaned and finely chopped
¼ tsp. Tabasco
2 cloves garlic, put through garlic press
4 corn muffins, crumbled



Spicy and sweet Italian sausages served up with tangy peppers in a rich tomato sauce—a thrifty delight for the most discriminating taste buds. A crisp, green salad and wine top off the meal.

2 tbsp. salt pork
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
1 can (10½ oz.) beef broth (Campbell's)
1 onion, chopped
2 cloves garlic, put through garlic press

Split the steaks lengthwise in half (this is also called butterflying) and season with the lemon juice. Put aside while you make the stuffing.

Melt the margarine in a heavy sauté pan, add the onions, peppers and scallions. Sauté for about 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add the Tabasco and garlic and season with salt and pepper. Add the corn muffins and mix well until all ingredients are thoroughly combined. Cool the stuffing for a few minutes.

Season the steak with salt and pepper and divide the stuffing between them. Then roll up and tie them close with some kitchen string.

Melt the salt pork in a heavy casserole, add the steaks and brown them on all sides. Remove from the casserole. Add the onion, sauté until they are lightly browned, then add the tomato sauce, beef broth and garlic. Bring to a boil and return the steaks to the casserole; simmer slowly for one hour.

London Broil

Many people who order this dish in a restaurant do not realize they are eating flank steak.

Season the meat well with salt and pepper, brush it with a little vegetable oil and broil it no more than four minutes on each side.

Slice it diagonally with your knife almost flat to get thin, wide slices. Serve with a spicy sauce such as my version of Sauce Diable.

Sauce Diable Annemarie:

½ cup Dijon mustard (Grey Poupon)
½ cup ketchup

Mix well with a fork and serve on the side. You can use a little more or less mustard, depending on your taste.

Eggplant Casserole

One of my favorite vegetable dishes which can be served hot or cold or even on crackers as an hors d'oeuvre.

1 large eggplant (about 1½ to 2 lbs.)
3 tbsp. olive oil (Bertolli)
2 large onions, peeled and chopped
2 cloves garlic, put through garlic press
1 tsp. thyme
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
Salt and pepper to taste

Wash the eggplant well, but do not peel. Cut into small cubes about ½ inch thick.

In a heavy casserole dish heat the oil, add the onions and eggplant and sauté until lightly browned, stirring constantly.

Then add the garlic, thyme, tomato sauce and salt and pepper. Combine well and bring to a boil.

Turn down heat and simmer on a low flame for 30 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Brown Rice

2 tbsp. vegetable oil
1 bunch scallions, washed and finely chopped
1 cup brown rice
1 cup chicken broth (Campbell's)
1 cup water
Salt and pepper to taste
2 tbsp. parsley, finely chopped

Continued on page 87

A trio of taste treats with an Oriental flavor. Quick-cooked vegetables add snap and crunch to (clockwise) Chinese Beef with Broccoli, Chicken Chinese Style, Tofu and Bean Sprout Salad, timesaving dishes that pack a powerful protein wallop.

FATHER GURNEY

continued from page 65

a free canter and their harness bells rang wildly. He swung the sleigh completely around the circle and past the front door, stopping by the back porch with a last crash of bells and a flurry of snow from the sliding runners. Everyone in the house knew he'd arrived.

"Emily!" he called at the top of his voice. "This goat's with kid."

"With what, dear?" she sang out. Then, on a lower key, "I'm *coming*, Dennis."

Uncle Dennis answered in his loudest voice, "She'll milk for a while—but not for long from the looks of her. Then we'll have to dry her up."

Aunt Emily's eyes flashed. "Dennis, I think this is just disgraceful! I ordered one female goat for milking, *not* a female and a male and certainly *not* a goat that's going to have little goats, or goatees, or whatever they're called! We'll send them back." Her mouth was set and firm but Uncle Dennis turned all his Irish on her.

"Now, Emily," he said soothingly, "I'd look at it this way if I were you. You got a lot more for your money than shows on the surface, you know. You pay for one goat and you get two—not to mention the kids to come. Think what a sweet little profit you'll have when you sell 'em. The nanny won't have cost you a cent indeed!"

While he talked, he uncrated the goats who, once freed, jumped off the sleigh and cavorted joyfully about in the snow. They were pretty and playful, nibbling teasingly at our fingers although, since Uncle Dennis had mentioned it, I could see that the nanny was bulgy in the middle. But they were endearing and new and the cry went up, "Oh, mother, let's keep them!" . . . "*Please*, mother!" and finally Aunt Emily gave in with a shrug. "Against my better judgment," she said.

Father Gurney arrived in the evening, unheralded and unmet. Leaving his baggage at the station, he walked to Belmullet and our first sight of the new teacher was that of a tall thin young man dressed in black. A long black cassock hung below his black overcoat, black scuffed boots, standing at the front door, a great dark shadow against the snow.

"I waited over for my clean laundry," he explained seriously. "You see, it comes back on Thursdays."

By that time Aunt Emily had regained her poise. "Well, how *do* you do," she smiled in welcome, "now that you're here."

Our new teacher ruthlessly revised the curriculum in the schoolroom. There never was, from the very beginning, any question of disorder. Robert was subdued and helpful as Arithmetic Clear and Simple, Algebra and Geometry, took the place of Mamzell's hapless fractions. World History, with heavy emphasis on Canada, replaced the French Lit and Hist I'd liked better than anything else. Lit and Hist, set in France and taught in Mamzell's husky European voice, had always seemed so much more romantic than the freezing beginnings of Canada's story. Father Gurney's carefully modulated tone did nothing to quicken our interest in the pioneers, in their survival through bloody encounters with the Iroquois, in their courage and obstinacy in laying the track across the continent.

GET UP AND GO
JOSEPH FARRIS

Although it was obvious he wasn't used to horses or cows, didn't feel easy around them, especially goats, Father Gurney fitted himself into the casual day-to-day life of the farm. I mean, he didn't stand out or look disapproving and yet somehow, in his efforts to do the right thing, he managed to make everyone else feel vaguely uncomfortable. For instance, the water supply, pumped from the river into a tank under the roof, had to be rationed with care because the pump broke down so often and Aunt Emily had made up a bath schedule.

"Of course, this doesn't apply to *you*, Father Gurney," she said to him when she was showing him around.

"But yes, certainly, Mrs. Polkingthorne. I wouldn't think of accepting what the others don't have."

"Whatever you say, Father Gurney."

The goats, named simply Nanny and Billy, settled in too. True to her promise, Mamzell took charge of Nanny and assumed the challenge of fattening Robert.

"Goats are ver' intelligent," she told us. "That is to say, *she*-goats."

The billy was independent, acting in a few days as if Belmullet were his and *we* had come in the wooden crate. His smell got stronger and more unpleasant as his self-confidence increased. Also, he began to butt. Mamzell completely ignored Billy but she gave Nanny, whom she milked twice daily in a corner of the barn, a good deal of attention. When Mamzell was milking, we could hear her gravelly voice, a rusty undertone to the clatter of pails, the purr of the milking machines and the movement of the cattle.

"*Savez-vous planter les choux?*" she sang.

If Mamzell cared what Father Gurney said to Aunt Emily about the gaps in our education, she never showed it. In fact, she made a silly fuss over him. Nanny produced four quarts of milk a day, more than Robert could drink by himself, and Mamzell pressed the extra on Father Gurney, looking very much like a mother hen clucking as she pushed the glass of buttery milk at him. At first, he was cool.

"No. No thank you, Mademoiselle Parrot. Not unless everybody. . . ."

Mamzell swept that aside. "This goat would not be capable of producing for everybody here, Father Gurnee. It is for Robert she is bought, and you, like Robert, are too thin."

He gave in—who could resist her—and that evening, the first of many times, he carried pails of grain to the henhouse for Mamzell and helped her collect the evening's eggs.

Whenever Father Gurney had a free moment, he worked on his book. We soon discovered he was writing a book all by hand, sheets and sheets of it; and the subject was the history of the early church. Looking at parts of the manuscript, we found it heavy going. Father Gurney's book appeared to my cousins and me to be one long sermon, full of facts and figures and dates.

"My specialty," he explained loftily. "The doctrines and abstract theology of the early church. No one else has attempted the subject from this particular viewpoint so you can understand that my work is of immense importance to theological research."

Sometimes in class he set us to work on composition and in the scratchy silence, he too wrote, his thin face absorbed, his eyes, big under spectacles, one thousand years away from us.

The goat's milk for Robert lasted until the middle of March. Nanny went dry and, when she was full term, she gave birth to three kids, two does and a buck. The kids were adorable. As soon as they were born, their eyes were open and already full of mischief. A few hours later, they were running and jumping and they never stopped as long as they remained at Belmullet. We petted them and played with them, naming the does Lolly and Polly and the buck, Archimedes. To our great relief, there was no mention of selling. Aunt Emily said, "Well, just keep them out of the garden. And out of the vegetable garden when Pierre plants. And especially out of Daddy's way."

It may have been the taste of the new grass and delicate leafy twigs of spring that made all five of the goats leap so wildly that fences and gates and doors crumbled whenever they made up their minds to get to the other side. Nanny stood quietly when she was being milked but otherwise the goat family led a free and high-spirited life. It was probably bound to happen but, one morning when the schoolroom windows were wide open, Uncle Dennis's outraged voice suddenly broke through all the usual farm sounds.

"God Almighty!" he shouted. "God Almighty and I should be murdering you, you blathering beast! Look at me leather seats! Hell and damnation . . . you spawn of the divil!"

His voice rose to a higher pitch and Father Gurney got up and stepped quickly over to the windows, closing them, one by one, with a snap that cut Uncle Dennis off abruptly.

"And now, class," Father Gurney said loudly, much louder than his normal way of speaking, "let us get started. . .it will be *Oxford Book of Verse* today . . . on with Wordsworth . . . 'The world is too much with us; late and soon. . . .' "

It turned out that the tentlike covering Uncle Dennis had rigged over the open end of the garage to protect his Packard from rain and snow and goats had fallen easily before the nimble Archimedes. Not only did he get into the garage, he got into the car, relieved himself on the fine leather seats and then fell asleep in the mess he'd made.

Archimedes' adventure would have been the end of the goats at Belmullet except that Nanny was milking again. They stayed, in spite of Uncle Dennis's strong disapproval, and a halfhearted attempt was made to control them.

As the weather grew warm, we had classes out on the veranda, but it was hard to pay attention to Father Gurney's level voice when the garden lay all around us, and every morning I was distracted by ripe new buds or silvery prongs pushing through the weed-choked flower beds. I loved the garden, a colorful wilderness at the bottom of the broad veranda steps, enclosed and separated from the farmyard by a high wire fence. In the very center, flanked by the shaggy pink tea rose my aunt had brought with her from Ireland, stood a sundial engraved with the words, *Horas non numero nisi serenas.*

The nasturtiums my uncle had planted in the flower boxes were in full bloom, their smell tart in contrast to the clusters of blossoms on the lilac bushes below, when my cousins and I came out on the veranda one morning with our arms full of schoolbooks. Father Gurney was already at his table with sheets of manuscript spread around him. He looked up but didn't speak until everyone was there, Kathleen last.

"Good morning, class," he said. We'd seen him at breakfast. "Good morning. Such a beautiful morning it is. I've brought my papers out here to work. The fresh air seems to help me compose. I thought today, for a change, we would take a nature walk and see for ourselves how God in His greatness has filled the woods with His gifts. I feel we would gain more by searching for the wild flowers, learning their names and their habits, than from sitting here and reading about them in a book. Each of you please bring a notebook and a pen-

THE MOST AMAZING AND SUCCESSFUL BODY SHAPER EVER CREATED

Joanne and Gordon Cox write to tell us... Case No. 1327 — Case No. 5721

You Better Believe It!...The Cox Family Lost 10½ inches off their Waistline...7½ inches off their Hipline...40 Pounds of Excess Weight... and Shaped Up...In Just 14 Days!

ONE 5 MINUTE EXERCISE, TWICE DAILY, LYING ON THEIR BACKS, WITHOUT GIVING UP THE FOODS THEY LOVE — *DID IT!*

JOANNE — Weight 167, Waist 33½

Before DEC. 7

Joanne before starting our "5" Minute Body Shaper.

Weight 144, Waist 27

After 21 DAYS DEC. 28

As she looked after 21 days.

PHOTOS GUARANTEED UNRETOUCHED

Weight 134, Waist 26

AFTER 35 DAYS LOST Weight **33 lbs.** Waist .**7½ in.** Hips ....**6 in.**

A proud Joanne, slimmed, shaped up after 35 days.

They saw and felt Amazing Results in just 3 days! Using this ingenious "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan in the privacy of their home while watching TV—*Did It!*

GORDON — Weight 215, Waist 40½

Before MAY 20

Admiring his wife's amazing improvement, Gordon decided to follow the Plan. How he looked the day he started.

PHOTOS GUARANTEED UNRETOUCHED

Weight 200, Waist 36½

After 7 DAYS MAY 27

After 7 Days — A remarkable transformation— pot almost gone — revitalized.

Weight 190, Waist 34¾

AFTER 14 DAYS JUNE 3 **LOST** Weight **25 lbs.** Waist **5¾ in.**

After 14 Incredible Days — Slimmed, reshaped, looking 15 years younger, feeling 25 years younger.

Joe Weider, fitness expert and trainer of champions since 1936 says:

"Give me 5 minutes twice daily for only 7 days and you'll lose up to 3 inches from your waistline, up to 6 pounds of unwanted weight, and 'shape up' — or I will return every penny."

LET'S FACE THE FACTS WHY YOU'RE OUT OF SHAPE

You eat the wrong combination of foods, you do not get enough exercise to thoroughly work your muscular, metabolic and respiratory systems daily. Because of this, fat accumulates around your waistline, heart and other body organs, slowing you down, aging your body and destroying your vitality, virility and youth. There is only one way to firm up and shape up: that is through proper exercise and proper nutrition. Effortless exercisers, reducing pills, sauna shorts, weighted belts, dangerous and painful diets and other gimmicks designed to appeal to your laziness will not work and have been exposed by the medical profession as frauds, ineffective and in some cases dangerous. They can only reduce your pocketbook.

Face up to it...If you want to slim down, firm and shape up, you must work off the inches, and there is no safer, faster and more enjoyable way to do it than with our patented, truly miraculous "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan.

HOW DOES THIS INGENIOUS "5" MINUTE PLAN SLIM, FIRM AND SHAPE YOU UP?

Its miraculous slimming action is based on doing one simple "5" Minute Continuous Rhythm coordinated exercise, lying on your back! **That's all you do!** That's all your body needs to help make up for the lack of activity it doesn't get most of the day. The action is designed to supply your waistline and hipline (where fat accumulates quickest, giving your body a flabby, weak and distorted look) with the activity it needs to slim you and keep you slim. It also burns off excess fat FAST by speeding up your metabolism and respiratory system, using up stored calories, carbohydrates and fats and releasing excess water, thereby shaping and firming up your total body!

It's safer than strenuous gym workouts, beats the time consumption and dangers of gym workouts...or any other vigorous sport.

The unit weighs about 16 ounces and fits any wallet-size case. You can carry it with you and use it—anytime—wherever there's floor space for your body. Even while watching television.

Patent Pending. © Copyright Joe Weider, 1973

WHAT THE EXPERTS SAY:

Medical Doctors, Chiropractors, Osteopaths, Athletic Coaches...agree its the most successful Waistline-Weight Reducer and Shaping Up Plan ever invented!

"Doctors have always known, exercise done while lying on the back virtually eliminates strains while slimming and reshaping the body. Yours is the finest Body Shaper Program on the market." RICHARD TYLER, D.C.

"Beats jogging and working out in gyms — and much safer. I lost 4½ inches off my waist in 14 days." — JIM HANLEY, famous athletic coach.

"Miraculous! Weighs less than a pound, is simple to use and beats working out in a gym with 30 different exercisers!" — TOM MINOCHELLO, famous gym owner.

"Based on sound physiological and medical knowledge, it burns fat and shapes the body without strain to the heart or other organs. I lost 12 lbs. of excess weight using it." DR. ANITA D. SANTANGELO, Chiropractic Orthopedics

WHAT COMES OFF IN 14 DAYS?

Individual results vary, but during an average 14-day period you can expect to lose up to 4 inches from your waistline and up to 10 pounds from your present weight. It strengthens your heart and lungs, increases stamina and endurance, improves your digestive function and general health. It also shapes you up — from head to toes. For a "5" Minute Exerciser — it sure does a lot.

***EXPOSING EFFORTLESS EXERCISERS**

Reader's Digest (Sept., 1971), New York Times and Good Housekeeping, among others, exposed sauna wraps, inflated belts, weighted belts and effortless exercisers as frauds. Scientific researchers, medical and fitness experts all agree...there is only one way to firm, shape and trim up your body...**you must work the inches off!**

Because you may have been fooled in the past by "Effortless Exercisers," we are giving you our no-nonsense Free Trial Offer as shown in the coupon below. We want to prove to you — at our risk — what the Cox family, and thousands of others, have accomplished. You can too!...Safely...comfortably...in the privacy of your own home.

Proven results are already verified by the thousands. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5" Minute Total Body Shaper and start looking and feeling like a million...in just 3 days?

'5' MINUTE BODY SHAPER

We Care About The Shape You're In—*Don't You!*

Free Trial Offer...

No Gimmicks, No Catches! Money Back Guarantee Offer! "Get It Off Fast" — and see measurable & firming results in three days or return the exerciser for a full 100% refund! Proven results are already verified. The guarantee is in writing. Now, can you think of a reason for not ordering your "5-Minute Total Body Shaper?"

COMPLETE KIT ONLY $9.95

Weight Just 16 oz.

Slim Down...
Shape Up in Just 14 Days!

JOSEPH WEIDER DEPT. BI/O
Trainer of Champions with Over 2,750,000 Successful Students
"5" MINUTE BODY SHAPER PLAN
21100 ERWIN STREET, WOODLAND HILLS, CA. 91364

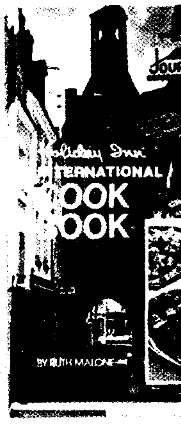
I want to Shape Up Fast! Prove it to me at your own risk that in just 3 days I can see and feel slimming results! Rush me your ingenious "5" Minute Body Shaper and Slimming Course that does it — in plain wrapper.

☐ I enclose $9.95 for the above, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.
☐ SAVE! Order TWO for only $17.95, plus $1.00 for shipping and handling.
(No C.O.D.'s please.) Enclosed is ☐ check or ☐ money order or ☐ cash for $.......... Calif. residents add 6% sales tax.

Name .... Age ....
Address ....
City ....
State .... Zip ....
(Please print clearly)

IN CANADA: "5" Minute Body Shaper Plan, 2875 Bates Road, Montreal, Quebec

Start feeding Beauty to your Body—see our world famous Joe Weider Nutritional Supplements at your local health food store.



✤ EMBARK ✤
ON A GOURMET TRIP
AROUND THE WORLD

Seviche from Mexico • Dutch Bitterballen • Puffed Mushrooms Chicken Hors d'oeuvres from Arkansas • Impala from Swaziland.

THE NEW
Holiday Inn®
INTERNATIONAL COOK BOOK

7th edition, contains over 1,400 recipes with professional shortcuts for the novice in the kitchen. All recipes are simplified, reduced to family-size portions, and translated from foreign languages. A cook book which is also a travel guide.

only
$3.95
plus 50¢ postage & handling.

The Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Ind. 46206

Please send me____cook book(s).
☐ Check or money order enclosed.
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Card No. _______ Expires _______
If Master Charge include 4-digit Interbank no. above name: ____
Signature__________
Name __________
Address__________
City______ State_____ Zip____
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.
4A

cil with you and we shall begin."

We were enthusiastic at any change and, gathering notebooks and pencils, we surrounded Father Gurney and started down the steps to the garden. Bridget hung onto his arm but, by the time we were at the bottom of the steps, Father Gurney had slipped loose from her.

We'd almost reached the garden gate when Robert declared suddenly, "I've got to *go* first. Now, *wait* for me!"

He raced back up the steps, his long skinny legs taking them two at a time.

"Oh, isn't he the limit!" Bridget exclaimed. "Whenever we go into town, Father Gurney, we spend about half the day looking for 'Gents'. . . ."

"Is that so, Bridget," Father Gurney said coolly, distantly. Anything that had to do with the bathroom, breeding, even baby kittens being born, and he changed the subject.

"Now, where shall we start?" he asked firmly. "Where is the best place to find wild flowers—down along the river or in the woods by the bungalow?"

He opened the garden gate and we filed through.

"Wait!" shouted Robert, buttoning as he came.

He gave the gate a kick and followed along.

We spent three hours on the nature study walk. Father Gurney wasn't used to walking in the woods or beside the Belmullet river where fallen trees blocked the path and logs, caught on snags at the edge of the water, served as traps for drifting branches. He tripped and hooked his cassock so many times that finally, with a weak smile, he tied his robe up with his cincture.

Tired and thirsty, clutching our specimens, we got back to the house just in time for lunch. As we rounded the last corner of the barn, we saw Aunt Emily standing at the back door and, since she seemed to be watching for us, we waved our notebooks and our wilted flowers. There was no answering wave. My aunt usually made a great show of welcoming everyone home, so her rather stiff waiting attitude was strange. As soon as we got near, Kathleen began, "Mother, we've had a grand time. We've. . . ."

"Is lunch ready?" Robert interrupted. "I'm starved."

Aunt Emily paid no attention to them. With a very unhappy expression, she faced Father Gurney. "There's been some—damage to your papers," she began slowly. "Some—destruction. I'm afraid the goats—you see Mr. Polkingthorne and I went to the village and the garden gate——"

We stopped short and stared at Aunt Emily. In the silence that followed, my aunt raised her arm and pointed sadly in the general direction of the woods beyond the barn. "The goats," she murmured.

"Did you say my *papers*, Mrs. Polkingthorne? My manuscript?" Father Gurney's long body had stiffened and his face was blank.

"Well," Aunt Emily answered defensively, "it wasn't a very good place to leave things, was it, Father? On the veranda, I mean. The wind and all. Oh, but I *am* sorry. . . ."

Father Gurney broke suddenly into action. Lunging forward against Bridget and Robert who stood nearest to him, he sprang up the back steps, through the kitchen door, and on through the house to the opposite side where the living room opened onto the veranda. We pounded after him, with Aunt Emily talking all the way.

"I've picked up some of it, Father," she called. "Some of it seems to be all right. . . ."

Our teacher's little green table had been overturned and everything on it strewn about. Father Gurney's bottle of ink had smashed as it fell and the sheets of his precious manuscript, lying by the upturned table, were spattered with ink and glass. A pool of ink ran across the white papers, seeping through in angular patches and then spreading like blue roads along the cracks between the floorboards. Other sheets of the manuscript had been chewed or trampled by sharp little hoofs and, in the middle of the disorder, one of the bright green flower boxes lay upended. Earth and roots and broken stalks added to the litter on the floor.

On the outer rim of the disaster, Mamzell stood wringing her hands and her bracelets and her beads. All she seemed able to do was to cry, *"Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, quel dommage!"*

And Father Gurney seemed paralyzed too, standing in the doorway and twisting his fingers. It was Bridget who went down to the cellar and found an old bushel basket which she brought out to the veranda, together with rags for mopping. My cousins and I, thankful to have something to do, knelt and carefully wiped each scrap of paper before dropping it in the basket. Copybooks and scribblers were scattered around, but we didn't bother with them, directing all our efforts towards salvaging the history of the early church.

"Back to cow's milk for you," Bridget whispered to Robert.

Aunt Emily, who'd talked all the way through the house, had nothing to say once she got to the veranda. Then, with a sudden rush of words, she cried,

"This is absolutely the end! I don't care how nutritious goat's milk is! The whole thing's. . . ." She leaned down and grabbed the little green table, righting it with such a thump that everything shook. "The whole thing's sickening!" she ended passionately.

"What'd I tell you?" Bridget murmured.

Father Gurney was down on his knees patting at the ink with his handkerchief. Bleakly he looked up and his face, always so self-contained and controlled, simply crumbled before our eyes. "When I think of all that stinking old goat's milk I drank," he cried shrilly, "that's what makes *me* sick!"

"Why, he's nice! He's nice after all!" I thought, surprised, and I held onto the knowledge even as I heard Mamzell's shocked sob.

Only Father Gurney pulled himself quickly together. His tone leveled, his face grew calm. "I beg your pardon," he said in his polite cool way. "Please excuse my outburst. I have no right to blame the goats who are, after all, God's creatures. It was my own sin of carelessness, leaving my papers out here, not latching the gate myself, and *I* am the one to leave."

Aunt Emily started to protest. "But Father Gurney, the year—you were planning to stay with us a full year. . . ."

"Don't ask me to," he said earnestly. He got to his feet, still holding one sheet of his manuscript which dripped with ink. "Indeed, Mrs. Polkingthorne," he went on, just as if he were going to make a speech or give a sermon, "you perhaps do not understand that this—this accident—has practically destroyed my valuable work. I must go back to St. Phillip's—collect myself—my thoughts—my notes—I—I mean, Mrs. Polkingthorne, that after this—I couldn't in good faith teach your children—what I mean is that for all practical purposes, my mission here has ended."

Before train time the next morning, Mr. Hooper drove up in his cab. Everyone was out in front to say good-bye to Father Gurney, with the exception of Uncle Dennis who was nowhere to be seen. The taxi driver looked around curiously, his sharp eyes alert for news. Then, since nothing revealing was said, Mr. Hooper set the shabby black suitcase and the raveling bushel basket on the back seat while Father Gurney, a tight little smile on his lips, his eyes remote behind the thick glasses, shook hands. When he got to Mamzell, he hesitated. "I didn't mean it," he murmured. "I didn't really mind drinking it."

Mamzell reached out and put her plump fingers gently on his shoulder. Father Gurney backed off at once but she moved with him, hanging on.

"It is all right, Father Gurnee," she said softly. "I understand. Do not worry—everything is all right. Everything is all right again."

Father Gurney and Mr. Hooper got into the taxi, both in front. The goats, like Uncle Dennis, were not in sight as, with a lurch, the cab plunged off down the drive and out the gate. It had dipped from view on the county road when Mamzell spread her arms, trapping Bridget and Robert and Kathleen and me in their warm circle.

Then firmly she herded us ahead of her into the schoolroom.

PUBLIC TELEVISION

continued from page 61

television, broadcast both instructional programs for classroom use and cultural programs for a wider audience. These efforts provide a real service for American education, and occasionally produced some interesting programs for the public. More often, however, the programs were dull, pedantic, and widely ignored.

Gradually, it began to dawn on concerned citizens that these educational stations represented a great potential resource—an alternative to commercial broadcasting—if only they could be given the means.

A group of distinguished Americans—constituted as the Carnegie Commission on Educational Television—addressed themselves to this problem. They called for a "well-financed and well-directed system, substantially larger and far more pervasive and effective than that which now exists in the United States," to serve "the full needs of the American public."

A key phrase was "well-financed." Educational television had been a hand-to-mouth operation hanging on by its fingernails due to lack of funds. The Commission knew well that none of educational television's sources of money provided a firm base for expanding educational television into something of nationwide importance. It therefore recommended a carefully limited but vitally important role for the federal government—which would support, but *not* control, the system. As the Commission envisioned it, public television would also need some national leadership to coordinate its development into a national service. But it did *not* recommend the creation of a giant, top-down bureaucracy to shove culture and learning down the throats of Americans—or to direct the destinies of stations. The Commission proposed a carefully structured system of checks and balances in which the ultimate powers of decision over *all* programs, national and local, would remain with stations in their local communities.

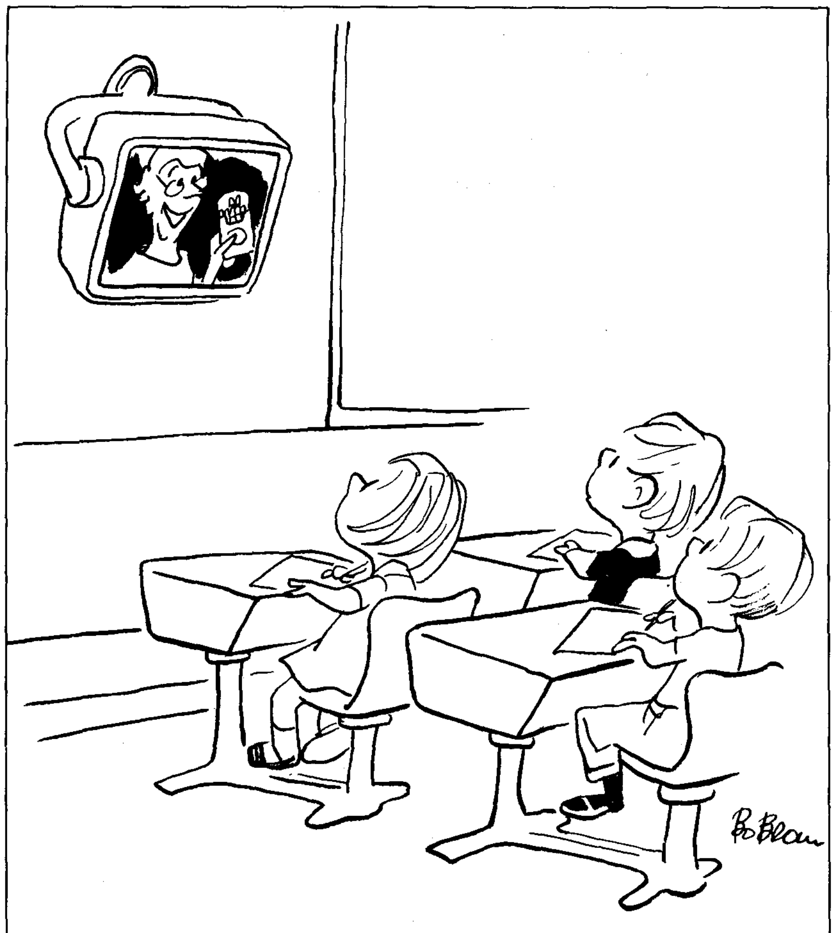
The Carnegie Commission also recognized that the very name "educational television" was a handicap. It sounded too much like—well, like education, in a narrow and pedagogical sense. So it was that the Commission coined the name "public" television, to denote a system that would be supported by the public, responsible to the public and programmed to answer the myriad needs and interests of the American public.

The Carnegie report won the enthusiastic support of President Lyndon Johnson—himself an educator and a broadcaster—and many of its recommendations were enacted into law in the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967. That legislation paved the way for the public television system that exists today. It is a system run *by* and *for* the stations themselves. Whatever happpens in public television—local or national—begins, in a very real sense, with your own community. Here's how:

First of all, public television is 238 stations, serving communities across the country. Whatever happens elsewhere, it is these stations that decide which programs to run. They produce programs for their local communities, and they receive programs from the national service. Some of them also produce programs for national distribution. For example, WGBH–TV in Boston is responsible for such programs as "The Advocates" and "The French Chef"; WQED in Pittsburgh is the home of "Mister Rogers' Neighborhood." And a group of public broadcasters in the South are responsible for getting William F. Buckley, Jr., and his "Firing Line" on public TV.

If these stations are to pool their resources effectively in a national service, they must have a coordinating point—a place where a list of programs gets transformed into a schedule and distributed to stations. These are the jobs of the Public Broadcasting Service. PBS is not an alien structure, imposed from above; it is run by the stations. Their representatives sit on its boards, shape its policies, and approve its schedule—which again is composed primarily of programs from the stations themselves.

But where does the federal money fit into all of this? That is where the Corporation for Public Broadcasting comes in. CPB was established by Congress as a private corporation, for the purpose of putting that money to work in the most effective ways. It is forbidden by law to produce programs or operate a network; instead, CPB functions as the system's planner and developer. It grants money to local stations, conducts research, funds experimental programs, and performs other tasks that are designed to insure the future health of public broadcasting. It was also responsible for setting up PBS and its radio counterpart, National Public Radio.



"Now children, before we begin our test, a word from Noodleman's Crayons . . ."

That's the basic structure of public TV. It's a federation of local organizations, working together to produce programs that are better, different, and not chained to the needs of mass audiences. Its goal is to become truly independent—of commercial pressure, government pressure, or any other kind of pressure—so that it will be free to serve specialized needs and to speak the truth. But to do so, its independence must be guaranteed. It will need to weather continued assaults on its independence, particularly from those who are made uncomfortable by its presence. Anyone who doubts that need only review the following episode in public television's recent, turbulent history.

In the spring of 1972, public television appeared to be on the verge of a breakthrough. The stations and national agencies had a common sense of purpose, the national programs were attracting a growing audience, and Congress had just approved a generous funding bill for CPB. The legislation would have guaranteed two years of funding for the corporation, at higher levels than ever before—$65 million the first year, $90 million the second. Victory was at hand. Right? Wrong.

Then President Nixon vetoed the CPB bill. He recognized the excellence of many public television programs, but expressed a fear that the system was becoming too "centralized" in CPB's hands, instead of being dispersed through the system and being kept in the hands of community stations.

Supporters of public broadcasting were shocked and dismayed by the President's veto. Although his principal spokesmen in communications matters—especially Clay T. Whitehead, director of the White House Office of Telecommunications Policy—had sounded the same themes in speeches for months, all indications had been that the President would sign the bill, however reluctantly. But even if one disagreed with the President's assessment of the facts, he was at least raising a legitimate issue. CPB is the politically sensitive arm of public broadcasting: It is responsible to Congress, and its board is appointed by the White House. Replacement of a healthy, locally based system with a national service imposed by a bureaucratic elite has always been one of the nightmares of those who care deeply about American public television. Public broadcasting's supporters disagreed with the White House over whether CPB really had assumed too much power, but they agreed with him that such a thing should never be permitted to happen.

Then the story took a turn that would have strained the imagination of Franz Kafka. Slowly, over a period of months, CPB began to move in on the national programming process. The corporation's old leaders resigned after the veto, and the new ones—either appointed by the administration or selected with its tacit approval—began to move in the very direction the President had said he *opposed.* At the helm of this effort was Henry Loomis, a former deputy director of the United States Information Agency who was brought in to run CPB. Loomis is a capable, enormously self-assured man, and an independently wealthy one—a man who seemed to feel initially that what public broadcasting needed to set itself straight was a stiff dose of efficiency, administered from the top. Finally, in January of this year, the CPB board announced that it would simply abolish PBS as a programming service, take over its functions, and run the national system. I was almost out of a job before it started.

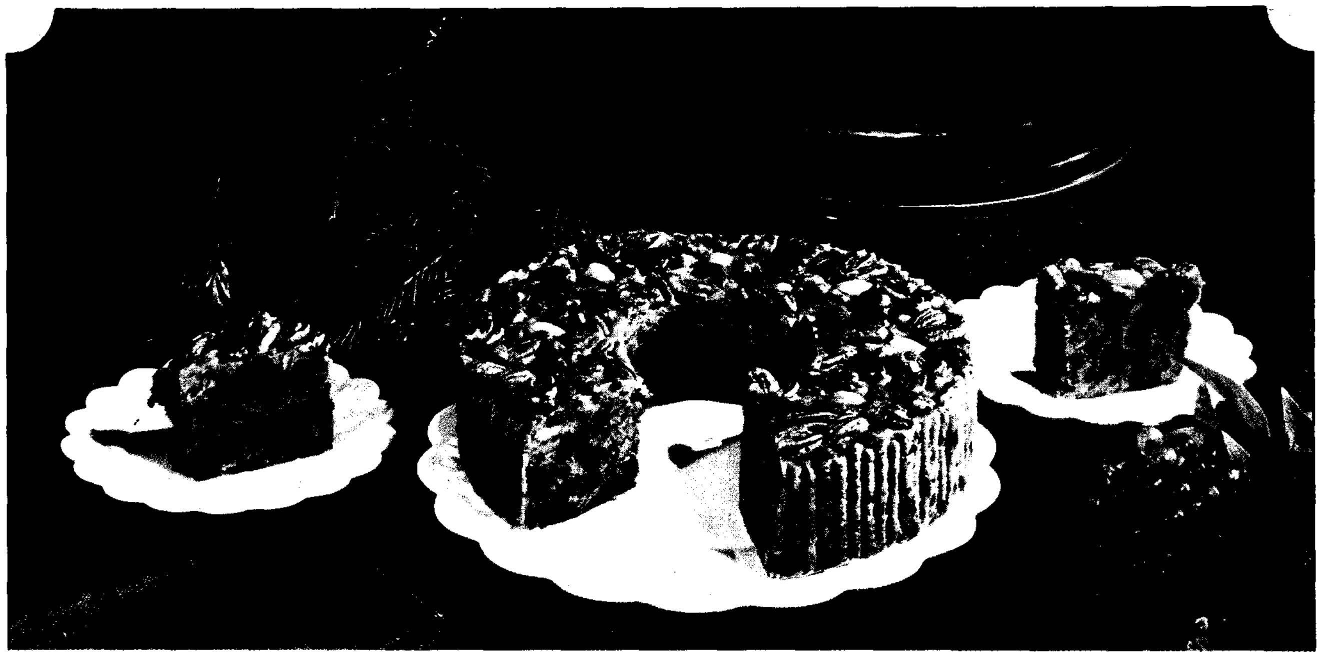
Spokesmen for CPB said that these moves were necessary because the corporation was responsible to Congress for how its money was spent and therefore had to exercise a firm hand over every penny of it. That is like arguing that the government must create an agency to oversee activities in classrooms across the country because the government assists American education. The fact is, of course, that the government was supposed to be funding an *independent system*—and, if the system is truly independent, it will inevitably produce some programs that the government doesn't like. It was not and is not the government's job to schedule the network.

Fortunately, the stations and PBS responded forcefully. Several representatives of local stations' governing boards launched a series of long, difficult negotiating sessions with the CPB board. The leading spokesman for the stations was Ralph B. Rogers, a multimillionaire industrialist from Dallas. Rogers, who had been chairman of this local public television station (KERA-TV) for several years, is a man who is accustomed to getting what he wants. A lesser man would have been bowled over by the pressures and disappointments that followed. What he wanted in this case was an equitable agreement between CPB and PBS to guarantee the legitimate interests of each.

Eventually, he got it—but not before months of up-and-down negotiating, during which the chairman of CPB's board resigned. The resignation came with special force because the individual was Thomas B. Curtis, a former Republican congressman from Missouri, now vice-president and general counsel of Encyclopaedia Britannica, and a man who had at one time been considered sympathetic to the administration's position.

At that point, the board appointed as its new chairman Dr. James Killian, known to many as the "father" of public television. A former president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, he had served as chairman of the Carnegie Commission and had been a member of the CPB board since its inception. One result was that, late in May of 1973, the boards of CPB and PBS agreed to a partnership that left control of PBS in the station's hands, while affirming CPB's authority in certain areas relating directly to the expenditure of federal money. Public television had survived its most serious threat to date. As for me, I still held my unpaid job.

Now the leaders of pub-



The most expensively made fruitcake in the world . . . and it tastes it.

BUTTERFIELD FARMS FRUITCAKE

Butterfield Farms Fruitcakes in these Outstanding Gift Packs

The fruitcake all others are judged by . . . and here's why! It's made with aged-in-the-wood 100% proof bonded Kentucky Bourbon, 80-proof Coronet VSQ Brandy and 86 proof New England Rum. But, even if it wasn't it would still go down smoothly. The liquor just makes it taste better. Improves it with age. Increases its mellow flavor.

And flavor is what this Butterfield Farms fruitcake is all about. Wherever sun, wind, soil and moisture combine to produce the best ingredients, that's where Butterfield Farms goes for them. Price is no object. Quality is the only criterion.

The rich, ripe, red cherries and big meaty Charbert walnuts, that have to be cut in half because they are so big, are imported from France. The extra fancy golden wine raisins are cultivated in mountain vineyards in California. The tender, juicy pineapples are Malaysian. The plump, meaty Marconna almonds are grown in Spain. The midget pecans are selected for their superior flavor. Only the finest flour, eggs and fresh churned premium butter are used to hold the delicious fruits and nuts together.

The gift that makes people remember you because the taste is unforgettable and packaging is beautiful.

It's good enough to drink!

TRADING POST, Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

For your convenience, use the postage paid envelope on page 115A.

Please ship _____ (quantity) Gourmet Fruit Cakes ☐ to me ☐ to the names I have enclosed as a gift in my name. Enclosed is $______ in full payment. (Find price per cake below, plus postage and handling, multiply by number of cakes.)

Name________________

Address________________

City________________

State__________Zip________

Indiana residents only: add 4% sales tax. 4A

2 lb. Fruitcake, No. 130, in red leatherette case, **$5.95 plus $1.25 for postage and handling.**

3 lb. Fruitcake, No. 131, in handsome lithographed tin, **$7.95 plus $1.50 for postage and handling.**

5 lb. Fruitcake, No. 132, in large lithographed tin, **$11.95 plus $1.75 for postage and handling.**

lic television, local and national, are turning their attention to ways of guaranteeing the future health and independence of the system. A method of long-range funding, to secure insulation from government pressure, is—more understandably than ever—near the top of that list.

But that is only one part of the solution. Another is to increase the independence of local stations in their own communities, by winning a broader base of active community support. This means, first of all, that the forty million Americans who already watch public television must become more vocal in their support of its work.

I emphasize again that this support need not imply total acceptance of every program on public TV. No one should be *able* to enjoy or accept every single public television program, because the system's main purpose is to present different kinds of programs for different kinds of people. There is room, and there must be room, for the views of myself and for the views of "Black Journal."

Besides: In public television, you are the broadcaster's constituent. If you want to change things, in the interest of better and more diverse television, it is your right—your obligation—to speak up. What public television (and American television generally) needs is not passive, unaware viewers. It needs people who care enough about what they see, and what they *might* see, to participate in making those changes possible. The great potential gift of public television is that it offers each citizen the opportunity to do just that. ♛

JOHN DENVER

continued from page 59

school near his home. "We sang 'Where Have All the Flowers Gone,' and 'How Do You Say Hello to a Grizzly Bear.' The next day I got a little package all done up in red and green from the second grade. 'Deer Jhon Denver, We'd like to thank you for sharing your treasures with us by sharing our treasures with you.' There was a can opener, a three-month-old ginger man, a # 2 pencil. A marble. It so happens I'm a marble freak. There was always some kid in class who'd stick them in the sockets of his eyes. There was a shooter in the package—had about eight zillion nicks in it—battle scars, and a note, 'Dear John Denver, I've had this for years'—second grade! Far out!

"They had a pool on the 'Tonight' show—Ed McMahon and some of the guys in the band—on how many times I'd say 'Far out.' Nineteen times in an hour and a half. I don't know who won."

After the show, mobs of teenagers. He has time for all of them. Patiently signing autographs. Quietly joking. They ask him what "Rocky Mountain High" means. "I've had so many different interpretations of the song that it's funny. It's about my wife, and its says exactly what I want it to say, but I throw it out to you and there it is. You can make it mean whatever you want it to."

Denver drives back to his motel, falls into bed. It is two a.m. At three he's awakened by a group who have seen the "Welcome John Denver" sign on the motel and want to "rap" with him. At six he is up. Getting his band, the guitars together, the sound equipment. Eating his favorite breakfast. Ice cream, orange juice, a raw egg, some protein supplement whose label says "good for hair, skin, bones, energy, etc. . . " all whipped up in the blender.

He is on his way to Los Angeles to do the Bob Hope show. The day before he has flown a thousand miles, worked sixteen hours, slept three. The week before, he had returned from London where he did a six-week TV show.

He might want to study acting. "If what I've just done on 'Owen Marshall: Counselor at Law' works out. I saw *Two Gentlemen from Verona* in London. Cool. People are always saying they'd like to do Shakespeare. But I'd like to try."

"Annie, my wife, doesn't usually go with me. All my energy is directed in a specific area—that gets very boring for other people who have to sit around when we're on the road.

"L.A. makes my eyes burn. The smog. New York too. But I decide I'm going, that I'll be there for so much time, and I decide all the possibilities that can be, so I know I'll have a great time. Or a bad time. 'Whatever is is best.' "

And at the moment, whatever is John Denver seems to be what the public wants. And television producers. An agent in New York whose business it is to find look-alikes and sound-alikes and seem-alikes of the stars who are shining so somebody else can cash in on somebody else's originality, says, "Ten years ago they said, 'Find me another group like the Beatles.' Now they say 'Find me another John Denver.'"

As John moves off for his plane, it and him loaded with instruments, paraphernalia and impedimenta, it doesn't seem likely anybody's going to turn up another John Denver. Mainly because he gives us back ourselves. Most people are too selfish to do that. They want to scream themselves from the stage, to cry Wolf, if Wolf happens to be their name. But they don't listen. To themselves or to their audiences. Denver does. And he hears what's good in his audiences and gives it back to them. Intensified. Rarefied. Like the air he sings about. He gets you high. And for once you don't mind the trip. ♛

EARN EXTRA INCOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

We are searching for Area Subscription Representatives in many communities in the U.S. If you would like to sell subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Holiday*, *Jack & Jill*, *Child Life*, *Young World*, and *Children's Playmate* in your city or town and earn a good commission on each sale, you may be interested in becoming our Area Subscription Representative. You need no investment. We provide you with all the tools.

$ $ $

Fred Tuttle
Curtis Publishing Company
1100 Waterway Boulevard
Indianapolis, Indiana 46202

Please send me, without obligation, full details of your Area Subscription Representative program for earning extra income in my spare time. I enclose 25¢ to cover postage and handling.

Mr.
Miss
Mrs. ____________________

Street ____________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

Own your own Great Movies AT 1/2 PRICE -from Blackhawk Films!

Super 8 or Standard 8mm.

START YOUR OWN FILM LIBRARY with these all-time-great films, featuring the top stars from the heyday of the silents!

SPECIAL 1/2 PRICE INTRODUCTORY OFFER!

To help you get acquainted with the wonderful films available from Blackhawk Films, we're offering you your choice of three comedy classics . . . all at half price! "The Immigrant" starring Charlie Chaplin with Edna Purviance with a fabulously funny restaurant sequence! Or hilarious Laurel & Hardy in "That's My Wife" with Stan (would you believe?) posing as Ollie's wife to deceive his rich uncle! Or Hal Roach's Little Rascals staging Uncle Tom's Cabin as "Uncle Tom's Uncle" as it's never been done before—or since! Here are three truly unforgettable films—all yours at HALF PRICE! Each film is at least 350 feet in Standard 8mm., 400 feet in Super 8 with a running time of 25 minutes or more.

Limit: One of each title per customer.

ORDER TODAY—SPECIAL HALF-PRICE OFFER ENDS MARCH 31, 1974

BONUS
Get the Blackhawk Bulletin FREE-the world's finest source of historic 8mm; Super 8 and 16mm. silent and sound films and 35mm. 2" x 2" color slide sets.

Blackhawk Films®
196CD Eastin Phelan Bldg.
Davenport, Iowa 52808

Please send the film(s) checked below on your special introductory offer, with satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. (Be sure to check Standard 8mm. or Super 8.)

☐ "The Immigrant"	☐ Std. 8 mm. ~~$13.98~~ $6.99	☐ Super 8 ~~$15.98~~ $7.99
☐ "That's My Wife"	☐ Std. 8 mm. ~~$13.98~~ $6.99	☐ Super 8 ~~$15.98~~ $7.99
☐ "Uncle Tom's Uncle"	☐ Std. 8 mm. ~~$13.98~~ $6.99	☐ Super 8 ~~$15.98~~ $7.99

I enclose ☐ check ☐ money order for $ ____________ Or,
Charge to my: ☐ BankAmericard Acct. No. ____________ Exp. Date ______
☐ Master Charge Acct. No. ____________ Exp. Date ______
☐ If Master Charge Card, include Code No. ____________

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ________ ZIP ________

Orders must be postmarked before midnight March 31, 1974

A New 1974 Guide
HOW TO COPE WITH INFLATION AND DEVALUATION
WHILE TRAVELING IN THE U. S. AND EUROPE
PLUS
World's Largest Selling Menu Translator
BOTH TRAVEL AIDS... ONLY $1.75

TRAVEL AID #1
Instant Menu and Phrase Translator
(millions in use 'round the world)

Save embarrassment, end nuisance of leafing through phrase books. Each fold-out, passport size Translator with *easy to read type, contains over 1,000 vital words* and phrases including breakfast, lunch, dinner and drinks. If you can't pronounce the words, just point to the matching numbers on each Translator (available in 10 languages). Also necessary phrases for the hotel, shopping, directions, tipping, etc. The best traveling companion *you'll ever have! Plastic laminated for years of* travel pleasure (select language below.)

You will also receive:

TRAVEL AID #2
How to Cope with Inflation
101 IDEAS TO S-T-R-E-T-C-H
your travel dollar in the U.S. & Europe

THIS BOOKLET INCLUDES:
1. How to take your trip off your income tax LEGALLY.
2. World's 10 best travel bargains. (4 are in the U.S.)
3. Ten best ways to cross the Atlantic economically, listing all details, names, addresses, etc.
4. Vital addresses and phone numbers (over 100)—useful to American tourists (includes English speaking doctors).
5. Seven ways to beat the high cost of renting a car.
6. Travel bargains for the rich and super rich.
7. New motel chains in U.S. at $10.00 for two.
8. Some favorite hotel and restaurant discoveries in the U.S. and Europe.
9. Where you will always get the WORST exchange rate for your $$$; where to get the best!
10. Warnings on what not to buy in Europe. Tips on old and new rip-offs, rackets and over-charges.
11. Live in a castle with meals for $10.00 a day.
12. Three postcards you must send off for free guide books, travel posters, maps, etc., and much, much more!

Updated World Wide Currency and Tipping Guide • Customs Allowance duty free airports • Average Temperatures • *Traffic Signs • Clothing Sizes • Wine List* —68 moderately priced wines for Europe.

Since 1953, over 6 million books and travel aids sold.
Special offer: Buy one for a friend and save.
Two for only $3.50 post paid.

SEND $1.75 TODAY!
100% Money back guarantee within ten days

The Trading Post, P.O. Box 567B, 4A
Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Enclosed please find $1.75 for each language, plus 25¢ postage and handling. I understand this includes the inflation fighting guide above.

Check Language desired:
☐ English/French ☐ English/Swedish
☐ English/Spanish ☐ English/Hebrew
☐ English/German ☐ English/Greek
☐ English/Yugoslavian ☐ English/Japanese
☐ English/Portuguese
☐ Enclosed is check or money order.
Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ *Master Charge*
Credit Card No.____________
Expiration Date____________
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name____________
Signature____________
Name (print)____________
Address____________
City____________
State____________Zip.____________

If you prefer use perforated order form on page 115A.
Indiana residents only add 4% sales tax.

Allow 2-3 weeks for Christmas delivery.

THIS WAY OF LIFE

continued from page 51

from the trauma of withdrawal were now trying to watch other things, piteously groping for a substitute mechanical fix. People were looking at gas meters, barometers and clocks; in Miami a small mob stormed aboard a Navy ship to watch its radar screen; and a man in East St. Louis pulled up a chair to a thermostat. Although every set in the nation was dark, the desperation was so intense that tenants in certain new buildings were rushing to monitors in their lobbies, convinced that the inside of the elevator would be the first show to come back on.

By ten o'clock, 48 percent of the population had actually managed to get into conversations—12 percent of which dealt with the future of TV and 21 percent of which dealt with child disposal. Although it was after school hours, one New York City mother was already on the phone with the director of a fancy private school.

"He's just turned two," she said, "and I was wondering if perhaps he could audit nursery school. Or do you happen to have an exchange student deal with some toilet training program in France?"

The other 15 percent of the conversations dealt with group sex, inflation and loans. Eight percent of these escalated into bitter fights, five percent sank into tedium and two percent became tedious fights. Couples whose compatibility had been controlled by the FCC were now exploring the potential for interpersonal violence. Nine hundred eighty-six people had thrown remote controls at a loved one. People anxious to fill the lull by spanking their children were having trouble locating them.

In his Oval Office, the President of the United States, waiting impatiently for the conclusion of "The Knute Rockne Story," considered declaring a national emergency, for reports were reaching him that children and talk-show guests were starting to run amok.

At precisely 10:09, while a Philadelphia woman was shouting "Power to the Philcos!" and a cassette company in Boston was planning to issue "Great Moments from Merv," the TV reappeared—at the very moment of action where it had died—as if all the shows had been frozen; and with one great orgasmic sigh, 98 million Americans were suddenly healed by a mainline shot of remoteness.

"I wonder what on earth could have happened," said a Yonkers man, putting away his jigsaw puzzle.

"Don't worry," said his wife. "They'll tell us on the eleven o'clock news."

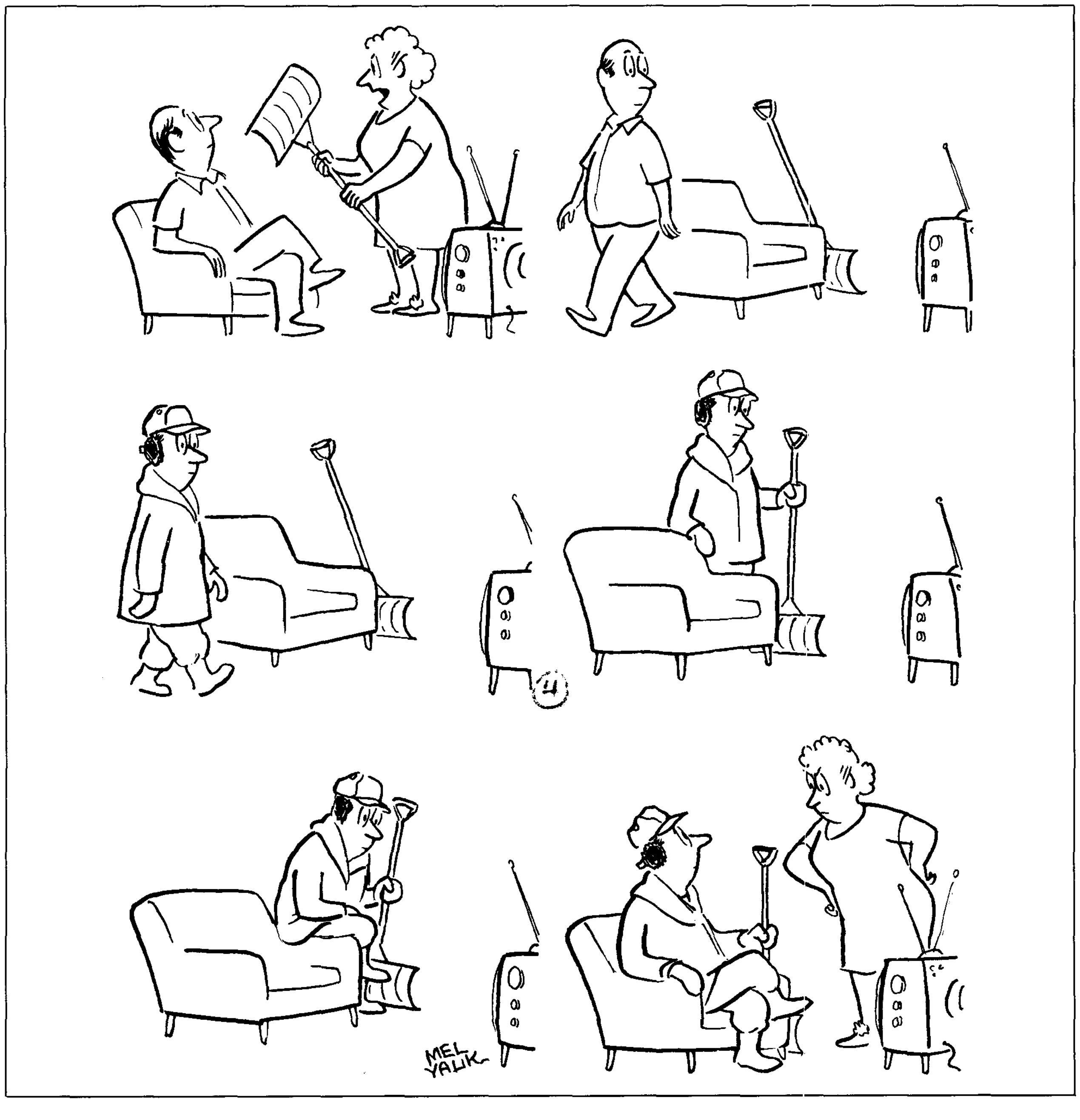
"You mean twelve o'clock; we've lost an hour."

"Yes, it certainly was lost time, like a long Presidential address."

"But I'm proud of you, Eleanor. You came through it all like that pretty girl we used to watch all the time—Donna Reed."

"And you, Arnold—you were my great big Ed McMahon."

The two of them smiled, she like Arlene Francis, he like Monty Hall; they sank back contentedly with a few selected highlights of the latest shootout in east New York.



SAVING GRACES IN THE KITCHEN

continued from page 79

Heat the oil in a saucepan, add the scallions and sauté for 2 minutes, making sure that they don't brown.

Then add the brown rice, chicken broth, water and salt and pepper. Stir to combine well and bring to a boil. Cover and simmer for 25 to 30 minutes until all liquid has been absorbed. Then stir in the chopped parsley and serve.

Italian Sausages and Peppers

Sausages are still a budget bargain so how about an Italian dinner? Add a fresh green salad with oil and vinegar dressing, a loaf of hot Italian bread, a bottle of wine and top with a cup of hot espresso.

Sausages freeze well so you can make a double batch and freeze half for your next Italian evening.

4 hot Italian sausages
4 sweet Italian sausages
2 tbsp. olive oil (Bertolli)
1 medium yellow onion, peeled and sliced
2 green peppers, washed, cleaned and cut into half-inch strips
2 red peppers, washed, cleaned and cut into half-inch strips
1 tbsp. oregano
2 cloves garlic, put through garlic press
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce
Salt and pepper to taste

Put the sausages in a saucepan, cover with water, bring to a boil and simmer for 5 minutes. This will remove some of the fat. Then drain off the water and dry the sausages on paper towels.

Heat the oil in a heavy sauté pan, add the sausages and brown well on all sides. Then remove from the pan and put aside.

Add the onions and peppers and saute until lightly browned; add garlic, oregano, tomato sauce and salt and pepper to taste. Combine well and bring to a boil. Return the sausages to it and simmer for 25 minutes.

Tofu and Bean Sprout Salad

The secret to this dish lies in the sauce, for as I have pointed out, tofu has a neutral taste and the sprouts provide a crunchy texture. It packs a powerful protein wallop.

2 cups bean sprouts, washed
1 tofu or bean curd
¼ cup soy sauce (Kikkoman)
¼ cup vegetable oil or sesame seed oil
4 tbsp. rice wine vinegar (Kikkoman) or 3 tbsp. tarragon wine vinegar
1 tsp. sugar
¼ tsp. ground ginger
Salt and pepper

Put the bean sprouts in a bowl, cut the tofu into small squares and add. Combine the rest of the ingredients well (a blender does the best job) and pour over your bean sprouts and tofu.

Marinate for about five minutes and serve.

Pêches Chula

This molded combination of creamed cottage cheese and peaches makes a stunning dessert or a low calorie party luncheon.

2 containers (12 oz.) creamed cottage cheese
¾ cup milk
¼ cup honey
1 tsp. vanilla extract (Burnett)
1 pkg. unflavored gelatin
1 pkg. frozen peaches (Birds Eye)
1 pkg. (3 oz.) peach Jell-O, made to directions on package

Put the milk in the blender, add the cottage cheese, honey and vanilla extract and blend until smooth. Dissolve gelatin according to package directions and add to the cottage cheese mixture; blend for another 30 seconds.

Cool the Jell-O until it is the consistency of egg whites and add the thawed peaches to it. Put into a lightly oiled 2-quart mold and arrange the peaches in a pretty pattern.

Put in the freezer for about 8 minutes. Then pour the cottage cheese mixture over it, cover with transparent wrap and keep in the refrigerator until set—about 3 hours.

This can be made the night before.

Marinated Chuck Steak

Marinating meat breaks down the fibers in the meat, making it less tough, and the right marinade can greatly enhance its flavor.

1 chuck steak about 1 inch thick
½ cup vegetable oil
Juice of 2 lemons
1 tsp. thyme
¼ tsp. oregano
1 clove garlic, put through a garlic press
1 tbsp. soy sauce

2 tbsp. salt pork
1 onion, chopped
½ cup beef broth (Campbell's)
1 tsp. Bovril

Put the steak in a pie dish or similar deep dish. Combine the vegetable oil, lemon juice, thyme, oregano, garlic and soy sauce. Pour over the steak, cover with transparent wrap and marinate, turning it every so often for two hours at room temperature, or overnight in your refrigerator.

In a heavy sauté pan, melt the salt pork, making sure the pan is very hot. Add the chuck steak and brown very well on both sides, then remove from the pan and set aside.

Turn down the heat a little and add the onions, sautéing them until they are nicely browned. Then add the beef broth, Bovril and marinade and bring to a boil while combining them well.

Return the steak to it, cover and simmer for 40 minutes.

Zucchini Provencale

This zucchini casserole is a new recipe which I have shared with my audiences throughout the country.

2 tbsp. olive oil
1 onion chopped
1 clove garlic, minced
1 tsp. thyme
1 1-lb. can tomatoes
4 zucchini, washed, and cut into ½-inch slices

Sauté onions in olive oil in pan; add garlic and thyme; combine well. Add tomatoes, salt, and pepper to taste; simmer 5 minutes. Add zucchini; simmer 10 minutes. Serve sprinkled with chopped fresh parsley.

Black Beans

Black beans are a staple in many Spanish-speaking countries. I frankly consider them a delicacy. Always soak them overnight regardless of instructions on the label. It cuts your cooking time considerably.

1 lb. black beans
3 green peppers
3 onions
3 tbsp. olive oil
3 cloves garlic, put through garlic press
1 bay leaf
¼ tsp. cumin powder
2 tbsp. wine vinegar
½ cup dry red wine
1 can (8 oz.) tomato sauce

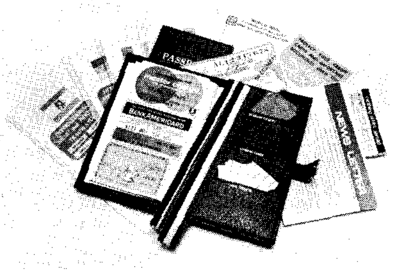
Soak beans in water three inches above beans with one green pepper and one onion overnight.

Drain beans, place in saucepan with fresh water to cover, adding the pepper and onion, and bring to a boil. Cook over medium heat for 1½ hours.

Heat the oil in a skillet. Dice the remaining onions and peppers, sauté in heated oil until onions are limp. Add garlic to onion mixture and cook 1 minute more. Add remaining ingredients and simmer for 10 minutes.

Add the vegetable mixture to the cooked beans and stir through. Simmer for 30 minutes before serving.

The Ultimate Bon Voyage Gift
Leather Passport Case Containing World's Most Unusual Travel Aids



Includes: Tips to get the most from your **devalued dollar** ★ 5-Language Menu and Phrase Translator ★ Tips on tipping ★ World-wide, updated Currency Converter and much, much more!

This same hand grained English Moroccoo leather passport case by itself sells for close to $20 in many stores.

INSTANT MENU AND PHRASE TRANSLATORS. No. 1 best seller (over 6 million in use). Save embarrassment, end nuisance of leafing through phrase books. Each fold-out, passport size Translator with easy to read type, contains 1,000 vital words and phrases including breakfast, lunch, dinner and drinks. If you can't pronounce the words, just point to the matching numbers in English, French, Spanish, German or Italian. Plastic laminated for years of travel pleasure.

WORLD WIDE UPDATED CURRENCY CONVERTER. Good in 27 countries, includes tipping guide.

TRAVEL DIARY. Records places and events.

ADDRESS & TELEPHONE BOOK. A "must" for any traveler. Your personal directory and a Compendium of 100 telephone numbers and addresses of English speaking doctors, tourist offices, toll free hotel numbers, car rental, etc. for all Western European countries.

TIPS ON TIPPING—How much to tip, how to avoid over-tipping.

MAGNIFYING GLASS—Micro-thin but so useful! Reads fine print in dim phone booth, see maps while your travel, reads menus, etc.

6 BAGGAGE LABELS—Permanent stick-on. Helps insure return of lost luggage.

RED, WHITE AND BLUE BAGGAGE IDENTIFICATION RIBBONS—Make luggage spotting a cinch.

TRAVEL NEWSLETTER—A wealth of tips on how to get the most for your dollar.

CUSTOMS ALLOWANCE list for liquor and tobacco. 160 airports with duty free merchandise (14 in U.S.).

AVERAGE TEMPERATURE in capital cities.

INTERNATIONAL TRAFFIC SIGNS—Can save you a ticket!

CONVERSION CHART OF CLOTHING SIZES, Weights and measurements, metric system.

WINE LIST—68 moderately priced quality wines in 17 countries, including U.S.

WORLD WIDE TIME ZONE CHART for 200 cities.

EACH ITEM, SEPARATE, REMOVABLE!

Order Today. Only $19.95* For The Travel Buy of the Year.

The Trading Post, P.O. Box 567B **4A**
Indianapolis, Ind. 46206

I have enclosed $19.95 +* 75¢ postage & handling for my real leather Passport case and 10 vital travel aids. Specify either ☐ black or ☐ red. Gift orders mailed with Bon Voyage card listing your name.

PRINT NAME__________
ADDRESS__________
CITY__________
STATE__________ZIP__________
☐ Enclosed is check or money order.
Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No.__________
Expiration Date__________
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name__________
Signature__________
Name (print)__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________Zip__________

If you prefer use perforated order form on page 115A. Indiana residents only add 4% sales tax.

Allow 2-3 weeks for Christmas delivery.

STAN SMITH

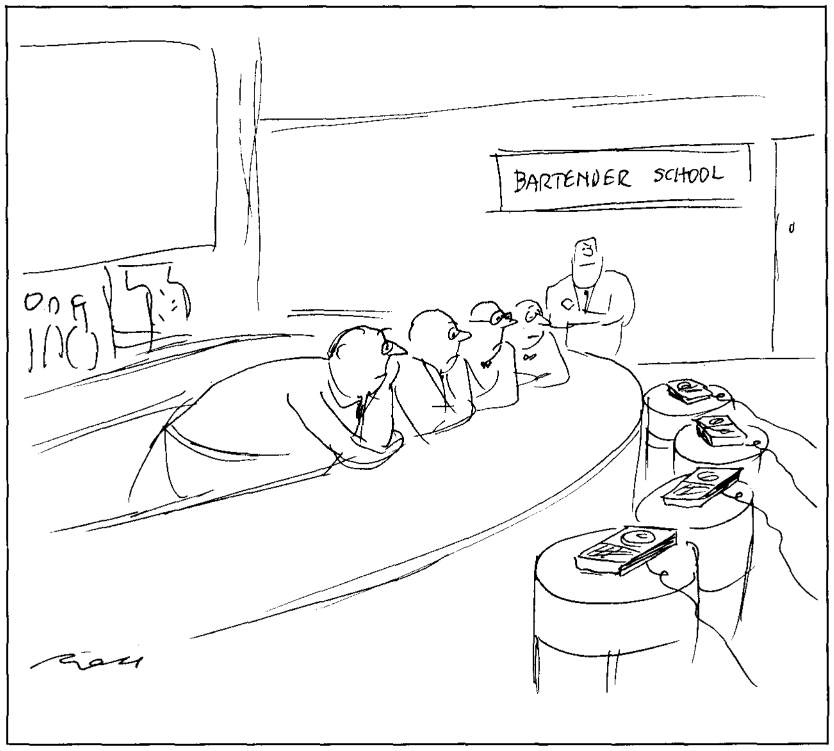
continued from page 69

did do this against Ion Tiriac in the fourth set of the Davis Cup match in Rumania in '69. He got very mad about three or four calls, and really blew his cool, and suddenly he found himself out there, complaining to the captain about bad calls and banging a couple of balls around. But his own conduct so unnerved him that he didn't hit a ball in the court for three games, he was so stunned at this unusual loss of control. He got into the fifth set with Tiriac and we had to win that match to take the Davis Cup, and here we are at two sets all. When Tiriac won the fourth set about 6-3, there was a two-minute delay while everyone screamed and yelled. But while this was going on Smith was collecting himself. He was thinking, the one thing I'm not going to do is get mad, I don't care if he cheats on every ball, I don't care if I lose 6-1, I'm not going to get mad. He goes out and he beats the guy 6 love in the fifth losing only 8 points. He is not going to demean himself regardless of whether he wins or loses. But he has this integrity of a sense of inner balance, an inner strength really helps him win matches."

Carole Dell, Donald's very attractive wife, shares her husband's admiration of Stan Smith, a point they have celebrated by making him godfather to one of their year-old twin daughters, Christina (Arthur Ashe is godfather to daughter Alexandra). She stresses the character angle, too: "I've watched him mature. I knew him when he was very young and starting out, in California. I saw him mature both on the court and off as the years went by and now I think that he has changed greatly not only in his game but in his character. He's strongly religious and he seems to have a deep and abiding faith in God. He reads the Bible while most people are reading the newspapers. A lot of people tease him about it but it doesn't bother him at all. He's a very unselfish fellow, very conscious of other people, of their thoughts and their feelings, he's very perceptive in that way. Stan's experience in Rumania was one time that it brought out the absolute most in him, and I think that it improved him as a man both inside and out. I think people have very few times in their lives where they're really put to a test like that, unbelievable odds. Self-control really had to come through, strength of character, strength of wits and determination. In the end that partisan Rumanian crowd gave Stan a standing ovation after he had beaten their man. They didn't even calm down after he left the court. He went off and showered and then came back to watch the next match. He quietly slipped into the stands, but when they noticed him everybody stood up and gave him a standing ovation all over again. I said then that if I had to find a tennis player to play for my life, ever, that Stan's the one I would call. You'd want someone you know is not going to fail you."

The emotional tension of Davis Cup play lays its voltage on the players, too. Stan talks of his matches against the Rumanians as if he had never played outside of Pasadena before: "It's really been exciting for me to play on the Davis Cup team for the last five years. I had four goals as a kid. One was to win Wimbledon, the second was to be on the Davis Cup team and get the Davis Cup back from Australia, the third one was to become the number one player in the U.S., and the fourth one was to become the best player in the world. You really don't know the feeling of playing for your own country until you're in that situation. The first time I was outside the country playing was in Australia which is a very friendly, warm country. Yet when they play the national anthem you couldn't help feeling that you are representing over 200 million people and it kind of gives you a sense of pride and sends chills up and down your back and so it becomes tremendously exciting to play.

"The pressure is much different than playing an individual match. Particularly last year in Rumania. We had all those different variables that never come up otherwise. We had two Jewish guys on our team and the Rumanians felt that we needed special security for them because it was just after the Olympic affair in Munich. Then we had two of the toughest guys to play against in tennis no matter who you play, but there also had been a lot of talk and stories about teams that had gone to Rumania and had some pretty bad line calls. I felt that we were underdogs. It hasn't been many times that I've gone to a match feeling I was going to lose. But when I started the first match I thought that maybe we really would be lucky to win. That first day we had only about 100 people rooting for us, I'd say maybe 60 were Americans; the rest were Western Europeans who wanted us to win. The rest of the 6,000 or 7,000 people were Rumanians and they just went nuts, chanting all the time and going crazy whenever they could. We had some of those expected problems with line calls. But on the second day the Americans were all seated together in one area, with an American flag hung right behind them. First the Rumanians were announced and the crowd of thousands of their countrymen just naturally went berserk. Then they announced us and it sounded to our ears as though our American rooters were making more noise than those 7,000 Rumanians had. I got chills just to hear that. The Rumanian fans reacted kind of negatively. They'd shush our rooters and they'd boo trying to keep these people quiet, which was rather odd because they outnumbered our people so. Anyway, it made it all the more exciting when we won and walked away with the Davis Cup."



Having discovered that Stan Smith may win more often than others because of his dedication and concentration, there is a peculiar fascination to the rumor that he once lost in the finals at Wimbledon because he was thinking about a girl. Stan is a bachelor, and a very attractive one at that. Three teenagers at Forest Hills couldn't help squeaking about "those legs" every time he made a move during a three-hour match, and his guardsman's straight-backed posture and sweeping new moustache lend a great swashbuckling air to his long, delicately moulded face, with a nose dividing it in a way which has been compared to the long Allegheny Mountain ridge. Obviously girls would go for him (handsome, world famous, well-to-do, bachelor resident of Hilton Head, N.C.!), but so far he hasn't been mentioned as squiring any one girl in particular even by those incurable romantics, the newspaper columnists. Did he really drop the Wimbledon title because of some woolgathering over a girl? Risking a forehand drive to the chops, I asked Stan. I think his explanation has a great, self-deprecating charm to it.

"I was in a Wimbledon final for the first time against John Newcombe in '71. I had lost the first set, but then after a while I started playing great. I think I won something like six games in a row and I was taking control to win the second and third set so I really felt that all I needed to do was just kind of hang in there and I'd break serve and I'd win the match. Now at that point there sneaked into my mind some thoughts that shouldn't have been there. There's a lot of traditions that go along with Wimbledon. Obviously one is that you accept the trophy, usually presented by one of the royal family, Princess Margaret or someone like that, and afterwards you'll be talking to the press. So here I was in the fourth set feeling that I had control of the match, and that it was just a matter of time until I'd win. So I started thinking about what I might say, some little quip I might say to the Prince or the Duke and also what I might say to the press. And also about the dance tradition that had to do with Evonne Goolagong. Evonne had already won her women's title, and it's traditional that the men's champion and the women's champion dance the first dance at the Wimbledon ball. I was thinking what dance, what song I should request. I knew with her they'd probably have 'Waltzing Matilda' because it's her national song and I was thinking of what song would be appropriate for me to have played. Obviously it was very curious that I would be thinking something like that during one of the most crucial matches of my career, but the whole atmosphere of the place just made me lose track of the fact that I had to win the match. Just as obviously, also, I didn't win. People say I lost the match because he pulled some little trick, you know he was kind of playing around and might have thrown off my concentration. But I don't think that really did it. It was just a matter of John's bearing down, he'd been in the final two times before so he pretty much knew the ropes. When you're in your first final, you have a tendency to start thinking about your reactions at the time to 14,000 people and of the match in play. The excitement of being in the finals or being close to a goal you have always wanted to reach. You start thinking of all the emotions that are affecting you and not necessarily the match at hand. The second time, when I was in the final the next year, I knew what to expect, I knew what was going to go through my mind. I think that helped in my winning."

This young man who can take himself so calmly appears to have learned how during a well-balanced family life. His father was a physical culture teacher from Nebraska who ultimately moved the family of five—Stan is the youngest of three boys—to Pasadena, California, a far cry from Mrs. Smith's birthplace of Niagara Falls. Stan loved all sports, and he makes the point that swinging a racket at an early age is not a guarantee to future greatness. Knocking around a couple of million balls doesn't make a champion, he notes. "The Australians were athletes who also played tennis"—and so Stan became an athlete. He didn't even take up anything seriously until he was a junior in high school. By then he had tried everything, and he was especially good at basketball. Today Stan takes a whimsical view of his basketball prowess: "The better I get at tennis, the better basketball player I was according to press reports. I was OK, but I seem to be improving as a basketball player every time I win a tennis title." The choice was hard for the boy when the time came to concentrate on one or the other: his father says that he cried after telling his basketball coach that tennis had won. But it was a smart move. The late Perry Jones, the man who made tennis champions in Southern California by the busload, picked Stan. So did George Toley, the pro at the Los Angeles Tennis Club, who by a touch of fate is also the coach at the University of Southern California. It is a tribute to the amateur spirit at that University that in a land where tennis players bloom like hibiscus (tennis champions used to come from Philadelphia, New York City, South Orange and Boston, but now the center court stardust has moved west) that there is only one tennis scholarship available. Toley gave it to Stan. (More recently, Stan credits Pancho Segura, the wonderful little Ecuadorian wizard of the courts, with improving his game.)

Smith graduated as a business and finance major, and he appears to have remembered what he learned, since, while doing a stint in the U.S. Army he managed to earn some $85,000 from endorsement contracts, plus his regular $4,300 as an Army specialist fourth class, while the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, somewhat Stan's superior in rank, furrowed his brows over international strategies for a mere $36,000. Such business acumen was noticed at Pepsico, where Chairman Don Kendall likes the cut of Stan's jib as well as his way with a serve.

The point is that Stan is serious about life, and considers that tennis

Now, you can...Telephone "without dialing!"

DIAL-MATE by PHONE-MATE

automatic phone dialer for office and home

$59 95
Single-Line Model

It's amazing! Dial-Mate remembers more phone numbers, recalls them quicker and completes a telephone connection faster than most busy executives *or their secretaries!*

SAVE TIME AND TROUBLE

With Dial-Mate there's no reason to load your mind with a mass of numbers. Or waste valuable time searching files and directories. Dial-Mate memorizes up to forty of your most frequently called numbers. Then, with "one touch", Dial-Mate places your calls for you. Never again get a wrong number!

SIMPLE TO OPERATE

Programming your Dial-Mate is as simple as pressing a button and dialing the desired number. In fact, that's how it's done! *There are no special pencils or other awkward procedures.* Changing a programmed number is done simply by redialing it into the Dial-Mate memory bank.

Your "frequently called" names are always listed right alongside your phone for easy reference. Select your party and press a button. "One touch", that's it! Dial-Mate instantly begins placing your call. It's simple, it's fast. It really works!

WHY YOU SHOULD OWN DIAL-MATE

Anyone who uses the telephone as an important part of communicating or doing business needs Dial-Mate convenience. Executives, professional men and women, purchasing agents, bankers, salesmen, secretaries, active homemakers. The list is endless.

Dial-Mate saves valuable time for busy people. You'll instantly appreciate the time saving convenience and your increased efficiency from the moment you automatically "dial" your first number.

Dial-Mate never forgets (even though you may) and never misdials. No more hectic thumbing through cards, directories and files for a forgotten or misplaced number. With Dial-Mate there are no exasperating wrong numbers either.

Dial-Mate gives you error-free speed in emergencies. When every second counts it can be tragic having to stop to look up a number. Or getting a wrong number. "One touch" and your Dial-Mate will get the police, the fire department, your Doctor, an ambulance.

Even your small children can use Dial-Mate for important or emergency calls. Think about it. Dial-Mate is also the perfect companion to leave with your babysitter.

WORKS ON ANY PHONE

Dial-Mate is easily connected (no special tools are needed) and works with any telephone...even multiple-line business phones with hold buttons. For hold button phones you'll need the Dial-Mate business model; it's $69.95 because there's an extra amphenol adapter required. Dial-Mate works for inter-office numbers, too.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

We're so sure you'll be delighted with Dial-Mate convenience that we invite you to try Dial-Mate in your office or home for 15 days...Risk-Free! Dial-Mate is another reliable product by the makers of Phone-Mate, *America's most popular telephone answering equipment.* There are more than 70 service centers throughout the U.S. and Canada.

Shouldn't you own Dial-Mate? It's a spectacular gift idea, too!

Telephone Mart
Torrance, California 90510

One touch instantly dials any of your most frequently-called numbers!

Try Dial-Mate for 15 days...Risk-Free! Money-back Guarantee!

RUSH ORDER FORM or call collect (213) 542-6935, Extension 80

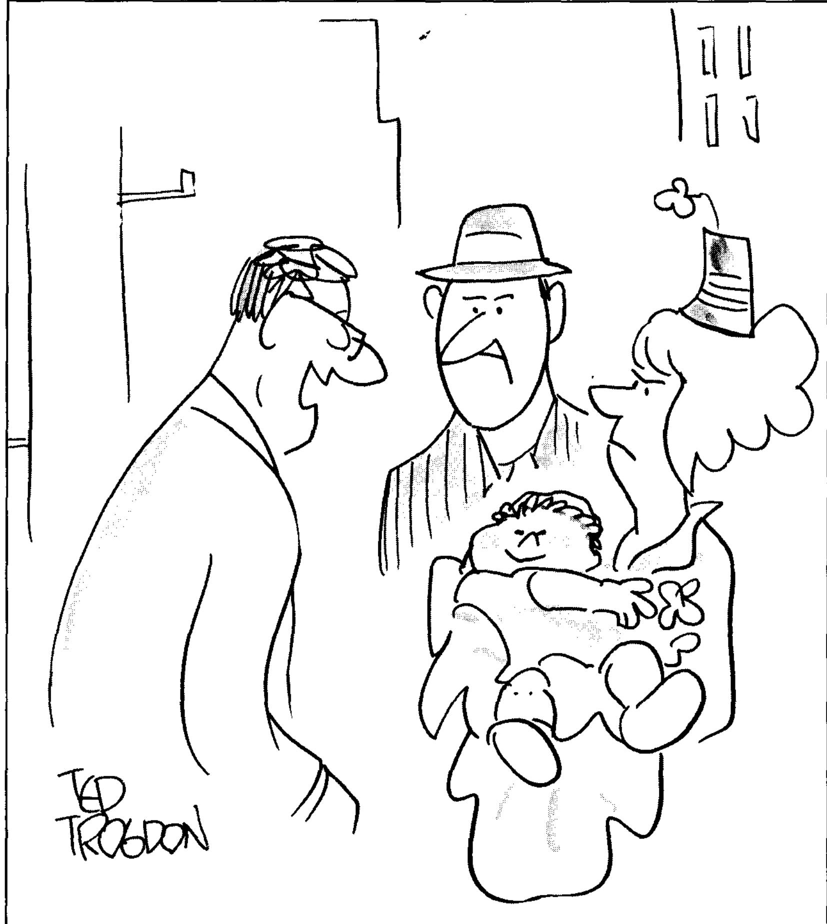
Telephone Mart 3535 Torrance Blvd., Torrance, California 90510

☐ YES, I want _____ Dial-Mates at $59.95 for single-line phones. Please ship immediately with an unconditional 15 day money-back guarantee.
☐ I require _____ business models for multiple-line phones at $69.95.
☐ I enclose amount in full
☐ Charge my Account No. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐ Exp. date ☐☐
☐ Diners Club ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge Interbank No. ☐☐☐☐
☐ American Express ☐ Send more information ☐ Ship C.O.D.

Please add $2.50 shipping and handling for each unit ordered.
California residents only add sales tax.

Name _____
Address _____ Phone _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

DIAL-MATE by PHONE-MATE



"He may have Harry's nose and eyes, but he has your thick ankles."

More and more couples are creating their own wedding ceremonies—indoors and out. They select the clothing, write the vows, and create the mood surrounding the ritual.

the joyful wedding

Nick Hodsdon talks about the whole event—not only the outer trappings but also the spiritual significance. Here are 16 original songs (with music) plus practical and inexpensive ideas for clothing, decorations, and appropriate Scripture. Make a joyful wedding celebration! Paper, $3.50

at your local bookstore

the joyful wedding

abingdon

is merely a part of it. A practicing Presbyterian, he belongs to "Athletes In Action For Christ," and he has been reported as saying that after he retires he'd like nothing better than to run a YMCA.

I asked him about that, seriously. He answered, seriously: "One of the things I'd like to do if I continue to do well, I should be in pretty good shape financially in maybe five or ten years, and am able to call my own shots more or less and get involved in some areas that I just want to do without thinking of the profit motive, is to work with youth in some way. The YMCA has always been in the back of my mind but I think that today the Christian part of the YMCA has been kind of pushed aside and it's become just a kind of physical fitness program. This in itself isn't too bad of an idea because one of my other great concerns over youth today, not only youth but people at just about any age, is the drug problem. In combating the drug problem, sports and activities such as tennis and soccer are a great way to keep kids off the streets, and give them something to work on. But beyond the physical part I think that many kids are looking for direction spiritually or mentally or academically. In this sense my own Christian faith has been very helpful in many directions. My faith in Christ and God has been helpful in keeping me peaceful, accepting defeats and disappointments not only in tennis but in other areas and in appreciating the things I've been given by my God. I'd like to be able to instill some kind of spiritual faith in some young kids to get them looking toward Christ as kind of a star, something you can't really reach but something to work toward. Many kids today are kind of lost and maybe that's one of the reasons why they have turned to drugs and things that are attractively new and kind of experimental. The other side of this which is very much of interest to me is the current breakdown of the family. The victims are usually the children. Many times you see kids with problems which started when their family relationship broke down. When relations between parents are bad, the parents and children lack communication. I hope someday to help in reestablishing that the family is important to kids and really lays down the good framework of life and that free communal living really isn't necessarily the right way for a kid to grow up."

In other words, our champion doesn't really think, as so many athletes in other sports do, that the world begins and ends with their particular field of endeavor. That had been noticeable a little earlier during the day when Stan went out on a practice court to warm up with Tom Gorman for his match with Roscoe Tanner to follow immediately. It was a typical tournament day for Stan. He was to have that tough match with Roscoe, who was really going to test him. Then he was to play doubles, and then mixed doubles, in the same day. The crowd, and Stan himself, expects his best from him every minute. Then if Stan beat Tanner, he was to meet Gorman the day after.

Tom Gorman is one of our young Davis Cuppers, a fine player, and apparently he and Stan get along fine. Their practice session was about as relaxed as two kids tossing stones into a pond. They rallied for a while, bouncing balls at each other by hitting the ground first on their side of the net, a kind of court foolery I have never seen before. They broke up as Stan told during an exchange of strokes about a reporter who asked him how to spell "Smith." There was a nice little moment of tension when Billie Jean King and Rosie Casals, her partner and bosom buddy, came over and attempted to toss the males off the court on the basis of a previous reservation to practice for *their* matches. The general debate was solved by a booming voice over the clubhouse loudspeaker ordering King et al to find a court with some other girls somewhere and double up. This touch of male chauvinism set the crowd abuzz, but Stan merely smiled his way through the whole thing. When Billie Jean left, he called softly after her, "Don't go away mad." I doubt if Billie Jean was mad. Although clearly miffed at being rebuffed, she seemed to think he was innocent of any crimes in the book of women's lob.

This is the inner quality about Stan which takes the form of tremendous fighting heart on the court ("Although tireless retrieving is a quality usually reserved for gritty little players, Smith is a tireless retriever," reports *Sports Illustrated*)—and in his personal life emerges to equate everything on the same level. It is the "integrity" which Donald Dell mentioned with such admiration. Now hear this:

Stan was having his "dinner" at Forest Hills under a tent reserved for the players. It was 7 p.m. and the best he could find to eat, after no lunch that grueling day, champion or no champion, was a Pepsi and a julienne salad with Russian dressing. He was wolfing it while we chatted, but I was disturbed to notice—and I thought that Stan had not—a yellow-jacket perched on the top of the salad enjoying the dressing. I was worried enough to point out the yellow-jacket to him, suggesting that one sting on his playing hand, wielding a fork only an inch away from the little devil, might mean the loss of the championship and many thousands of dollars.

Stan looked reflectively at the insect, and grinned. "I think there's really enough for the two of us," he said.

I can thank that yellow-jacket for helping me find precisely the man, Stan Smith, who can indeed meet those two impostors, Triumph and Disaster, and treat them both the same.

WOMAN: A TECHNOLOGICAL CASTAWAY

continued from page 21

prejudices of those who dominate the society. Sometimes a social emergency, great or small, causes a sudden reassignment of roles. War comes, and Rosie the housemaid becomes Rosie the riveter. Mother falls ill and father takes care of the baby and does the housework. Both riveting and child care are assignable and reassignable roles. The assignment of roles to the sexes is often wholly arbitrary. Once a role is assigned, however, the tendency is to give the assignment the force of natural law, either directly or *a deuxième main.* Riveting is "naturally" man's work. But Rosie is doing this "unnatural" work only because it is "natural" for woman to back up her fighting man. Woman, "by nature," is supportive of masculine efforts.

In American pioneer days, it was "natural" for the pioneer wife to drive mule teams and covered wagons over uncharted deserts and mountains, and when necessary to shoot Indians. A few decades later, President Grover Cleveland announced that "woman is too frail to conduct an automobile." The driving role was not "natural" to women because handling machinery, as every man knows, is not "natural" to women.

Today society accepts woman in the role of family chauffeur since it is "natural" for her to do the family shopping and take the kids to school. But her subservient role as wife requires her to relinquish her driver's role to her husband when he and she are in the car—especially when they are with another couple. What is at stake is his masculine ego, involved in the traditional assumption—belied by all insurance statistics—that any man is "by nature" a better driver than any woman.

In history women have played, at one time or another, every role that man has ever played, from absolute monarch to coal miner, from warrior to garbage collector. (She has, albeit rarely, played the "big brain" role. The only person to receive the Nobel Prize twice for science was Marie Curie. Her daughter, who was trained to be a scientist, also received it.)

There is, however, one consistent historical pattern that runs through the role of role assignment. Men are the role assigners, and they assign roles with a very sharp eye to their own interests and prejudices.

Prestigious and profitable roles are invariably assigned by men to men. Nonprestigious and unprofitable roles are assigned to women. Men are assigned the teaching role of teaching men, and *not* teaching women, to assume prestigious and profitable roles. The assignments come first; the law of nature bit comes after. Superior work is man's work because man is naturally superior; women is naturally inferior, so woman's work (whatever the assignment) is therefore inferior. The method of assigning roles is self-validating.

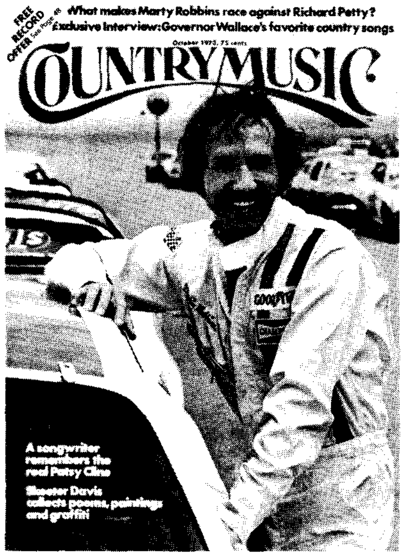
In the United States, our industrialized, capitalistic society has witnessed the most extraordinary reassignment of "feminine roles" to men (and vice versa) that has ever occurred in human history.

For centuries, in Judeo-Christian society, "woman's work" was the entire preparation of food, the production of household utensils, garments, and necessities (soap, medicines, candles, etc.), the care of farm animals, and to a large extent, work in the fields (agriculture). These and a host of other roles (together with mothering a vast brood of children) were "woman's" work. Weaving was, perhaps, woman's most prestigious work (whence, even today, women are sometimes referred to as the distaff side). Woman was the first *industrialist.*

Today all the weaving, almost all the preparation and production of food, and the manufacture of all household equipment and utensils are "man's work." Man is now the weaver, baker, butcher, candlestick maker, pot-and-pan manufacturer of society. There is almost no productive domestic task, once traditional and "natural" to woman, that man has not taken over. Even that most "natural" of all feminine tasks, washing the baby's diapers, has become man's work. The president of Tidy Diddie Diaper Service is a man, not a woman. So are the heads of the companies that make tampons for menstruating women.

It would be nice to think that man took over all this woman's work—and these "feminine roles"—to relieve overburdened housewives. The truth, of course, is that he took it over because he saw ways to make it profitable. (Profiting from work is "natural" to man. Unprofitable work is "natural" to women.)

In the United States two vast national emergencies have forced men to reassign many of their profitable industrial roles to women. During World Wars I and II, women were permitted to fill an amazing variety of roles that men had considered them "naturally" too weak, too sensitive, or too stupid to fill. Women filled many of them so well that, when the boys came home, many


FREE RECORD OFFER See Page 68
What makes Marty Robbins race against Richard Petty?
Exclusive Interview: Governor Wallace's favorite country songs
October 1973, 75 cents
COUNTRY MUSIC
A songwriter remembers the real Patsy Cline
Skeeter Davis collects poems, paintings and graffiti

Over half a million people read COUNTRY MUSIC Magazine each month. They know the answers to the following questions—do you?

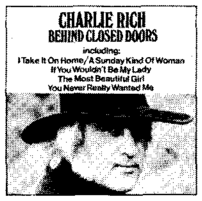
- What stories are told about the "storyteller"—Tom T. Hall?
- Why does Marty Robbins seek the thrills of big-time stock car racing?
- What makes Donna Fargo the "happiest girl in the whole U.S.A.?"
- What moved Merle Haggard to write "Okie From Muskogee?"

SUBSCRIBE NOW TO COUNTRY MUSIC AND GET YOUR CHOICE OF THESE NEW $5.98 COLUMBIA COUNTRY LP's FREE!

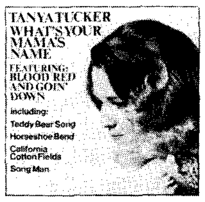
- How did Billy Graham inspire Johnny Cash to produce his great movie—Gospel Road?

In addition to letting you see how the greats of country music live, on stage and off, you'll get reviews of the latest records, films and books on Country Music; useful information about audio and musical equipment, concerts, festivals—both Bluegrass and Country—all wrapped up in one entertainingly well written magazine. Subscribe today and pick your FREE record(s).

R


CHARLIE RICH
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS
including:
I Take It On Home/A Sunday Kind Of Woman
If You Wouldn't Be My Lady
The Most Beautiful Girl
You Never Really Wanted Me

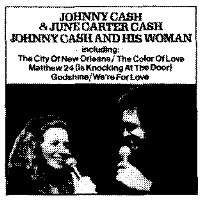
V


TANYA TUCKER
WHAT'S YOUR MAMA'S NAME
FEATURING: BLOOD RED AND GOIN' DOWN
including:
Teddy Bear Song
Horseshoe Bend
California Cotton Fields
Song Man

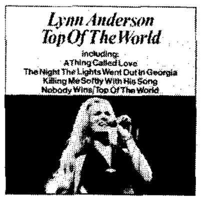
W

Tammy Wynette
Kids Say The Darndest Things
including:
I Don't Wanna Play House
I Wish I Had A Mommy Like You
My Daddy Doll
Kids Say The Darndest Things

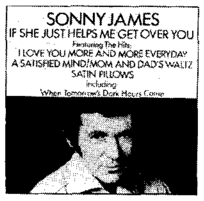
X


JOHNNY CASH & JUNE CARTER CASH
JOHNNY CASH AND HIS WOMAN
including:
The City Of New Orleans/The Color Of Love
Matthew 24 (Is Knocking At The Door)
Godshine/We're For Love

Y


Lynn Anderson
Top Of The World
including:
A Thing Called Love
The Night The Lights Went Out In Georgia
Killing Me Softly With His Song
Nobody Wins/Top Of The World

Z


SONNY JAMES
IF SHE JUST HELPS ME GET OVER YOU
Featuring The Hits:
I LOVE YOU MORE AND MORE EVERYDAY
A SATISFIED MIND/MOM AND DAD'S WALTZ
SATIN PILLOWS
including:
When Tomorrow's Dark Hours Come

SUBSCRIBE TODAY AND PICK YOUR FREE RECORD

☐ YES! Send me my 2 free albums and the next 2 years of COUNTRY MUSIC Magazine for only $12.00. Record Codes______ ______

☐ I prefer a 1 year subscription and 1 free album for $6.50. Record Code______

☐ My payment of $______enclosed. ☐ Bill me.

Name ____________

Address ____________

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

COUNTRY MUSIC
P.O. 2004
Rock Island, Illinois 61207

A025

employers let the women go only because the law required them to do so. (The women were often better, more reliable, and definitely cheaper workers.)

The impact of technology and science on woman's world—the home—has been psychologically devastating to her precisely because it has divested her of so many traditional feminine roles that, however onerous, had given not only her personal life its meaning but traditional marriage its *economic* reason for existence.

Today, woman's traditional housewife's and child-bearing roles are in a rapid state of occupational decline.

Jeanne Binstock, a sociologist at the University of Massachusetts at Boston, points out that "mother care," which was once an eighteen-hour-a-day chore, has now been reduced to a four-hour service. Diaper services, convenience foods, wash-and-wear clothing, new children's medicines have saved Mom hours of child care and concern. An amazing battery of automated household equipment and precooked or convenience foods has reduced the housewife's role to a point where more than half of what she does today is gratuitous make-work. (The time that American women spend in window-shopping is a scandal to many Europeans.) The married woman has long since ceased to be a producer of goods. She has become, par excellence, a *consumer.*

With a life expectancy of seventy-three and one-half years, a twenty-year-old woman with two children can count on about twenty years free from necessary child care and housework.

The question that the Male Establishment must now answer is: What does man now expect woman to *do* with this free time that his technology has given her, and what status is he willing to confer on her for doing whatever it is that he thinks she should be doing?

Man has insisted on making all the crucial decisions for woman. He is now faced with making the most crucial decision he has ever been asked to make about her—and himself. Her future happiness, and his, and the welfare of society depend on his answer. How does he see the "role of woman" in today's world, which is *not* yesterday's world?

To come to the nitty-gritty, what does he think about the importance of her motherhood role in our overpopulated world?

Throughout most of human history the world was underpopulated. Man's broad back and woman's wide pelvis were the prime tools of human progress. Without plenty of muscles and plentiful wombs, civilization could not have been created. Man placed a high value on motherhood. The "mother of many" was given great status in man's society—so great, indeed, that birth control, abortion, infanticide, and child abandonment were, until most recent times, almost universally considered feminine crimes against nature and were severely punished.

For millenniums the image of the Madonna and Child (male) was Christianity's most revered image. Man esteemed woman—and consequently woman esteemed herself—as the necessary and glorious procreative function of society. Her greatest function was childbearing, her greatest *role* was child care.

Most of her privileges and gratifications, private and public, stemmed from fulfilling her biological function and playing her child-caring role. What human dignity and "superiority" she enjoyed, even in the eyes of her husband, stemmed from being the mother of *his* children. The childless wife was disesteemed. The spinster was an object of pity or ridicule.

The persistence of this attitude of woman herself toward the status that motherhood conferred is exemplified in a *Washington Star* interview (August 8, 1972) with Eunice Kennedy Shriver, wife of Sargent Shriver and mother of five of Rose Kennedy's twenty-eight grandchildren.

According to the interviewer, "Mrs. Shriver considers Motherhood the noblest profession" (the best of all feminine careers). She feels that while "Women's Lib has been good on job-discrimination and things like that, it's resulted in the down-grading of the whole concept of Motherhood."

It's not Women's Lib, of course, that is downgrading the motherhood profession; it is the awesome and terrible and ever more visible fact of overpopulation—or, rather, the consequences of overpopulation (crime, pollution, crowding, political disorders, famine, disease, the threat of nuclear war, etc.).

Says Binstock, "A reduction in the occupation of 'Mother' is now mandatory . . . we are face to face with the fact that if we *do not take from women their role of mother and replace it with something else,* we will be throttled with the overproduction of babies."

Men who have begun to use computers on difficult problems rather than their brains (on the whole, a benign development in human affairs) have sometime since come to the conclusion that woman's natural and traditional *pursuit* of the profession or career of motherhood may be even more dangerous for society than his own traditional pursuit of war. Men have concluded that the uncontrolled fecundity of woman is out. And birth control is in.

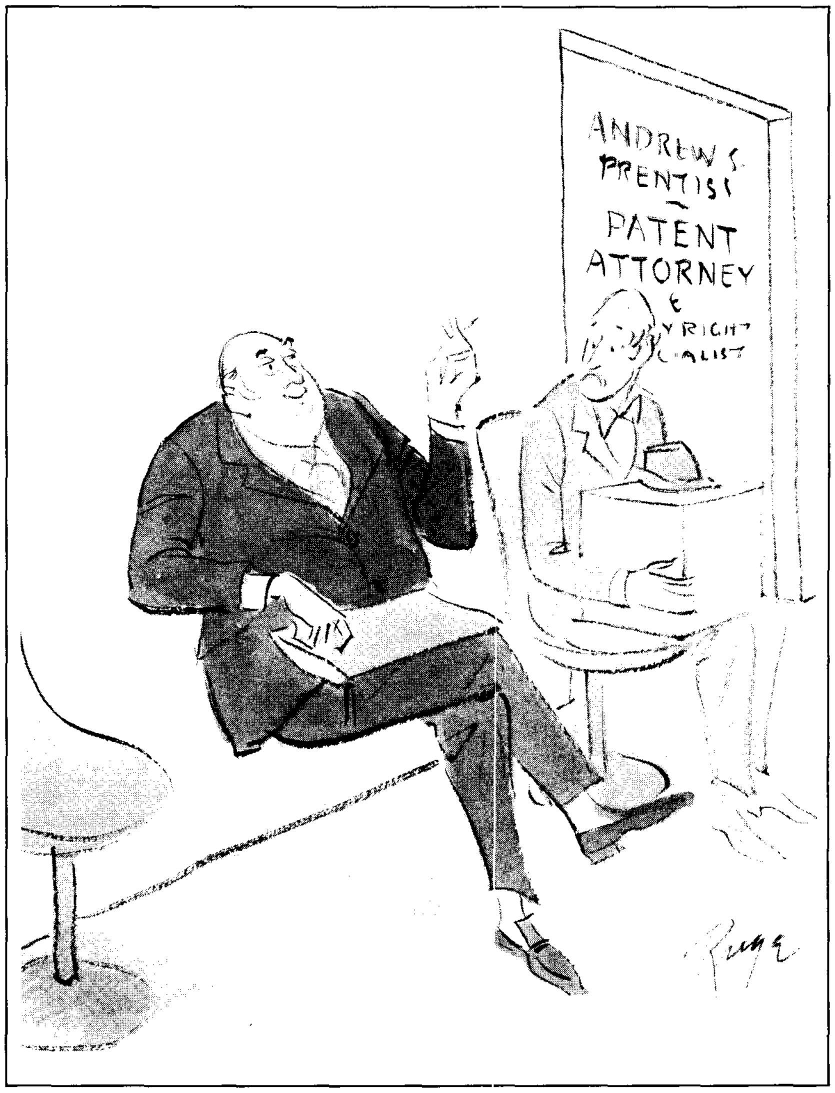
Men have given their social approval to the use of the Pill. They are no longer horrified by the prospect of legal abortion, on demand, in all of the states. Mandatory vasectomies are even being proposed for men. There is already much talk in the

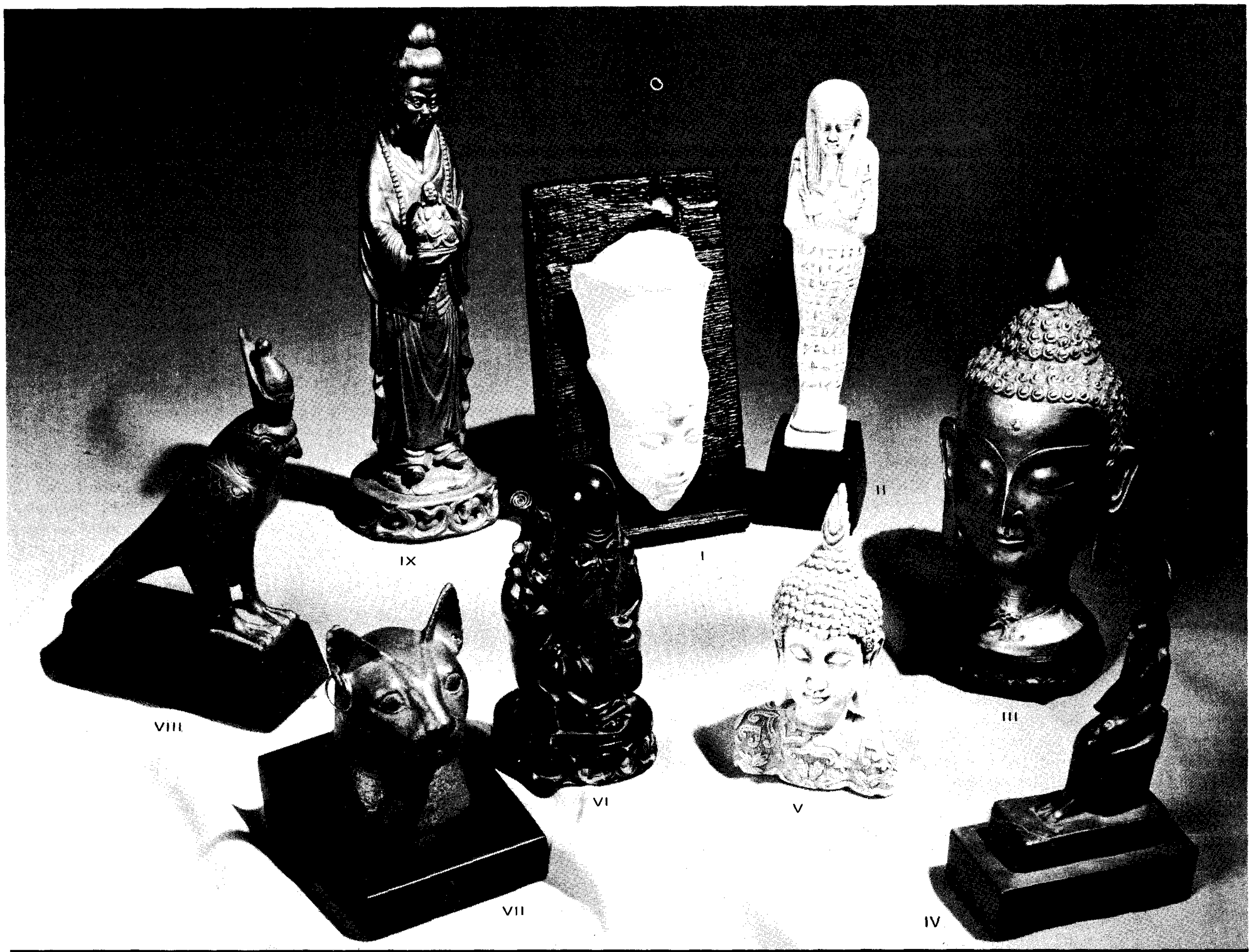
KING NEPTUNE'S ROYAL TREASURES BY THE BASKET!

arthur court designs

...15 unique, beautifully hued shells gathered from the seven seas, and nestled in our exotic basket, handwoven of grasses from the shores of the River Arno. **$15.**

Holiday Shopper, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
YES! I would like ____ "Neptune Baskets" @ $15.00 plus $1.50 postage.
Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.
☐Enclosed is check or money order. Bill to: ☐BankAmericard ☐Master Charge
Credit Card No.________ Expiration Date ________
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: _ _ _ _ 4A
Signature ________
Name (print) ________
Address ________
City ________ State ________ Zip ________





MUSEUM REPLICATIONS FOR YOUR PRIVATE GALLERY

These museum replications were made directly from the originals by the sculptor Margaret Pleiman. Each detail is faithfully recorded to give you an accurate objet d'art, worthy of display anywhere. Each one comes individually boxed with a handsome card bearing the appropriate legend.

I RAMESES II. Egypt, XIX Dynasty, 1313-1292B.C. Rameses II was the most famous Pharaoh of the XIXth Dynasty. This portrait shows his love of full imperial panoply, the linen headdress of state surmounted by the double crown. 8" high, 4 3/4" wide. $22.00.

II USHABTIU. Egypt, XXVI Dynasty, 663-525 B.C. Ushabtiu were attendants of the dead. The replicas were made in the semblance of mummified corpses, carrying agricultural instruments in their hands. The ushabtiu were supposed to answer for their master, acting as substitutes when the master was summoned by the gods to perform usual duties such as work in the fields in the afterlife. 10" high. $16.00.

III SIAMESE BUDDHA. Thailand, 19th century. This head is a splendid example of Oriental serenity and the intricate ornamental headdress of the Buddha. 10½" high on black base. Finish in bronze. $26.00.

IV THE GODDESS SAKHMET. Egypt, XXVI Dynasty, 650-550 B.C. Sakhmet always appears with the head of a maned lion, displaying a sun disk upon her head. To ancient Egypt, Sakhmet was the goddess of medicine and the physicians were known as the priests of Sakhmet. $15.00.

V TIBETAN BUDDHA. This piece displays the extremely fine facial features of the Tibetan people and expresses their great sensitivity and patience. 6½" high. $10.50.

VI THE GOD OF LONGEVITY. It is he who decides the date of every man's death. He has a huge bald skull rising up with very prominent bosses high over the face. He is generally standing, leaning with one hand upon the knotty stick of the Immortals, and in the other hand holding a peach, the fruit that confers immortality. At his feet there are often placed a mushroom and a tortoise, emblems of long life. 8" high. $13.00.

VII GODDESS "BAST." Egypt, XXVI Dynasty, 635-525 B.C. The cat-headed goddess Bast was the patron deity of the city of Bubastis and the protector of women. 6½" high. $19.50.

VIII GOD "HORUS." Egypt, XXVI Dynasty, 663-525 B.C. Horus, the hawk or falcon god, became the symbol of imperial power. Here Horus is depicted as a hawk wearing the double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt. 9" high, 6" long. $21.00.

IX THE SCHOLAR. This Oriental piece depicts the Scholar wearing the attire of a learned one, holding the hotei (the mythical deity of happiness and good fortune). 11½" high. $15.50.

To order, use coupon below or turn to page 115A for convenient tear-out order form.

New Augusta Furniture, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
Please send me the museum replications indicated by Roman numeral. I have enclosed $1.50 for postage and handling.

☐ I ☐ II ☐ III ☐ IV ☐ V ☐ VI ☐ VII ☐ VIII ☐ IX

☐ Enclosed is check or money order. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. ______ Expiration Date ______
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number
appearing above your name: ___ ___ ___ ___

Signature ______

Name (print) ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______
Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 4A

(male-dominated) press about the possible future need to sterilize women after the birth of a second child. And there goes the only status career men have allowed women. How often in a lifetime she will be *permitted* to give birth, he will determine in the future. At present he expects (society expects) she will limit herself to two children.

Man is doing his bit, together with the Women's Liberationists, to downgrade motherhood. Consequently, he is also downgrading wifehood as a full-time female role. He is increasingly plunking for easy divorce—no-fault divorce—or divorce on demand, his and hers. His traditional resistance to "letting his wife work" is collapsing fast. Today 62.5 percent of all women who are working are married women. He is not only permitting his wife to play the dual role of unpaid housekeeper and underpaid wage earner, he is encouraging her to do so.

What man is not doing is to help woman to find, outside the home, roles that will confer on her some of the status that wifehood and motherhood have given her in the past.

Man is leaving woman emotionally, physically, and economically underemployed. The result of this cruel and appallingly stupid failure in man's relations with woman is that women are having what psychologists call identity crises all over the lot. They don't know who they are or what they are. *They don't know what they are good for anymore. They don't know where they are really needed, or what society expects of them now.* They don't know how to behave.

And they are in the process of making a painful discovery: the only world that ever was really "woman's world" (the world where she was dominant) was the nursery. The nursery was the only place where she was ever really needed—where she was (when the cradle was full) irreplaceable. The only place where *she* was superior and was looked up to, not looked down on. Where someone was inferior to her. Where she had authority. Where others were deeply dependent on her. Where her love was freely given and freely returned. Where she could be herself. At the core of that ugly phenomenon of 20th-century life called Momism lies woman's fear of her loss of status as mother and her return to the inferior status as wife. Momism is the empty-cradle syndrome which so many women are having today.

If woman must now leave the nursery and the career of keeping the cradle full, what will she do, what *can* she do, but, especially, what will man *permit* her to do that will let her esteem herself and cause man to esteem her?

For countless ages women have been *conditioned* to believe that the meaning—the only meaning—of a woman's life is maternity. What is her traditional role as wife worth to her—or to him—if she is not to be the mother of many children? To both of them, perhaps, very little. "If it weren't for the children, I'd get a divorce" is a phrase that passes both masculine and feminine lips with increasing frequency.

Women are not stupid—as men have sometimes observed despite woman's best effort to seem so. They see quite clearly the only career that seems to await them in the Male Establishment—to become, at best, the "office wife"; at worst, a dead-end sex-typed employee. And all the way down the line—no status. Marriage and two children—or even one—is better.

The stupidest and most inferior human being cannot long endure a life in which he, or she, does not experience some measure of social approval and acceptance, or in which status cannot be achieved no matter how hard he or she tries.

The awareness, conscious or unconscious, of women today that their traditionally full-time roles of wife and mother are in a state of decline, and that no other roles are open to them that promise them the same gratifications, is at the root of most of the restlessness, discontent, and psychological hang-ups they are experiencing. They are literally being driven crazy, not because they don't know what to do with their "free time" but because they think that men don't really give a hoot *what* they do with it, providing what they do doesn't cost men too much money or otherwise inconvenience or distract them.

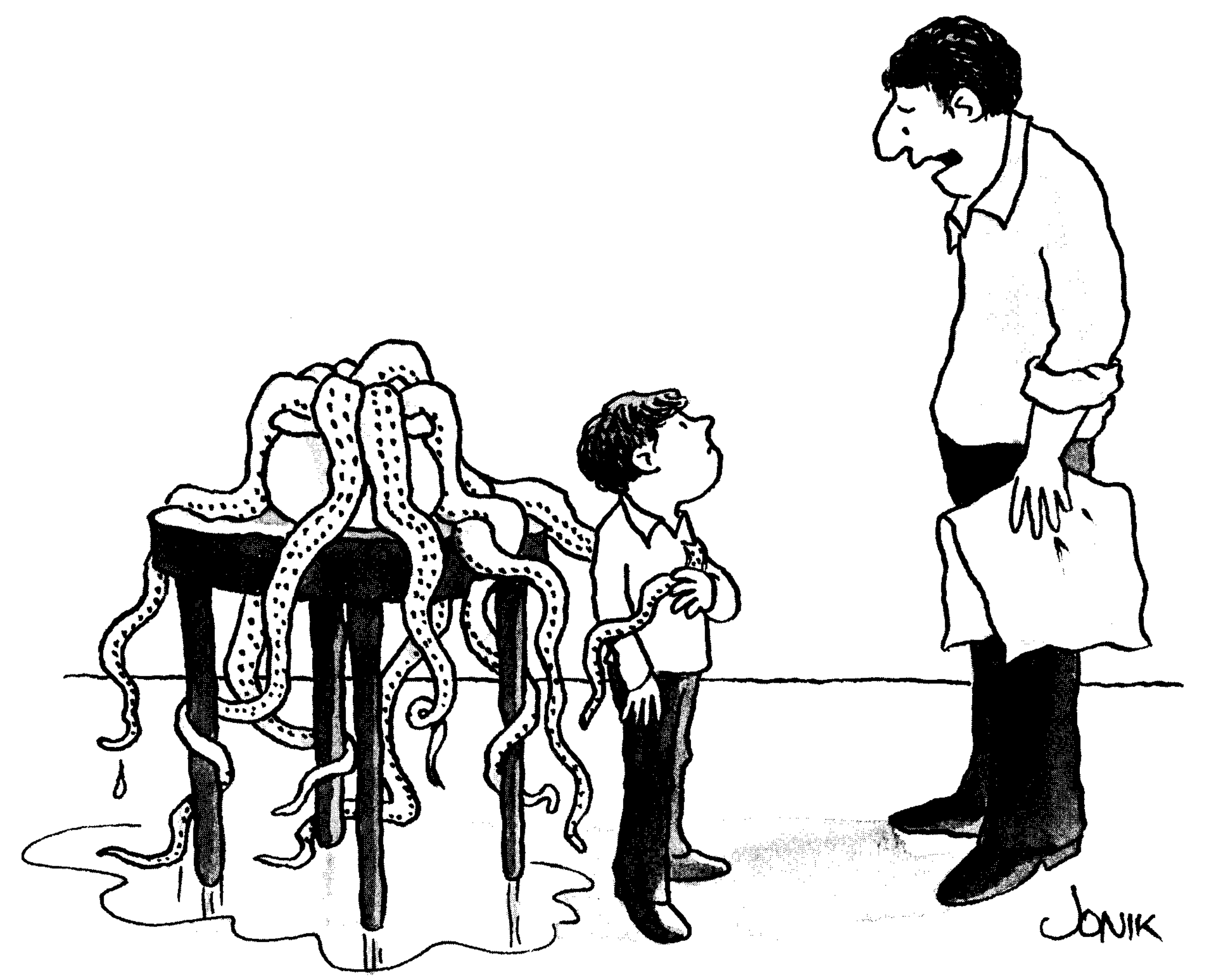
The time has come when men must care—if not for woman's sake, for man's.

The bright boys—that is to say, men who are smart enough to forget their prejudices against women long enough to feed the Woman Problem into the computers—have already gotten some pretty clear answers on why they had better begin caring. They already have the answer to the overpopulation problem caused by women: birth control (and, fortunately, there is money to be made out of feeding women pills). They are now beginning to get answers on the problem caused by men: the underemployment of women and the discrimination that exists against them in every one of man's institutions. (She has always been his problem. He has always been hers.) Underemployment and discrimination are costing him plenty of money. The wages he refuses to pay her for working he must now fork over in taxes to keep her out of the gutter and on the relief rolls. The billions he spends on giving her an equal education are wasted when she is not permitted to use her education. She is showing a tendency to become an alcoholic (very expensive habit, for the nation). Her bills for psychiatric treatment and residence in mental institutions are mounting; he has the money; he has to pay them. Worst of all, his traditional attitude that he is superior and she inferior seems to be giving her those very identity crises, hang-ups, and neuroses that in his intimate relations with her as wife or lover are now driving *him* crazy. Altogether, his refusal to grant her equality is souring his business life, his home life—and his sex life.

His computers are also telling him that his automated, push-button, technological world, viewed as a vast machine, is quite ready to receive women operators at every level of manipulation. His political system, with its sacred credo of human equality, has always been ready, even though he has never—up to now—been willing. Today nothing stands between the creation of a Male-Female Establishment but man's own prejudice—which, granted, is a tremendous barrier.

It is not, however, impregnable. The sheer pressure of women, in ever increasing numbers, coming (or being driven) into man's world is forcing them to rise in it. Heretofore, status has never been won by women; it has always been granted to them by men.

When women, especially working women, begin to recover from the shock of realizing that the Women's Liberationists are right after all, and that men do view them as primarily sex objects, they will make the old suffragettes look like Girl Scouts on a picnic. His computers are telling him that, for the first time in history, there is a real rallying of the Sister-



"Your mother and I have decided to let you have that dog you wanted . . . but on one condition . . ."

You've never seen a horoscope like this before

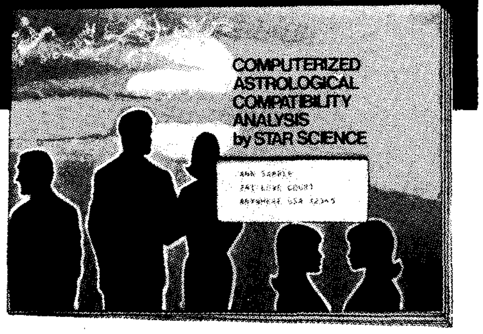
A One Year Horoscope-With a 365 Day Money Back Guarantee

MY SUN SIGN IS
GEMINI
MY RISING SIGN IS
CANCER
MR. JOHN JONES
1234 FORTY-FIFTH RD
ANYWHERE USA 06989
TIME PATTERN REPORT

Worlds first and largest horoscope service—now introduces the NEW EXPANDED UPDATED Time Pattern Report

- YOUR job, career, happiness and success
- YOUR report individually prepared by world famous astrologer Katina Theodossiou
- YOUR strength, weaknesses, talents and potential
- YOUR character and personality analysis—
- YOUR report based on 25 million bits of information.
- YOUR projections for the next 12 months—trends for the year—highlights for month—important days pinpointed
- ALL based on your own Month, Date, Year, Time and Place of Birth
- ~~15,000~~ 20,000 Words—All about you.

Plus a FREE $10 Compatibility Report when you order your personalized horoscope.



You haven't seen a horoscope like this before, unless you have actually seen one of our in-depth personalized horoscopes. We invented computerized astrology 5 years ago when we learned that millions of people were interested in personal authentic astrology, not the short forecasts found in newspapers.

Many people could not afford the time and money required to have a personalized horoscope cast by a qualified astrologer. Such reports could cost up to $300.

Newspaper and magazine astrology is based on the twelve Sun Signs, so everyone in the world born during the same period gets the same horoscope—12 possibilities in all. Authentic astrology is based on the month, day, year, time and place of birth, with the positions of all the planets taken into account—so the possibilities of variation are infinite. For instance, two people born on the same day in the same city, but at different times, get different horoscopes. Two people born on the same day at the same time, but in different places, get different horoscopes.

The Time Pattern horoscope is an individual, *20,000 word* report all about you and you only. It describes your character as well as your potential in life, love and business. It also projects the trend of events you can expect during the next 12 months, giving highlights for each month and pinpointing individual days that are astrologically significant.

Time Pattern Research Institute was selected by the country's leading department stores as the most reliable astrological service available.

1. You receive your report within 10 days from receipt of your order.
2. *You get the most comprehensive astrological report ever made available—now 20,000 words—completely updated with more detail than ever before.*
3. If you are not pleased with the report for any reason whatsoever, you may return it any time within a whole year from the receipt of your report for a full refund.
4. We predict that you will be astounded by the accuracy of your report.

You are one in a million, not one in twelve. Get the horoscope that fits you and no one else. Get a Time Pattern Report® **Get the Horoscope You Can Believe In.**

YOUR FREE COMPATIBILITY REPORT

Is there a special gal or guy in your life? Would you like to know if you're really right for each other?

Until now, frankly, astrology's answers for couples were uncertain, at best. Most people were forced to depend on generalities: "Libras are attracted to Aquarians, but should avoid Cancerians"—that sort of thing. As you've doubtless observed, this method is highly uncertain—because your sun sign is only one of the many astrological factors in your personality. To get an accurate picture, you must know the influence of all your 10 planets. To evaluate any relationship, you also need the same information about the other person.

Now the computer, for the first time, can take all these factors into account!

TPRI's fascinating Compatability Report compares astrological charts in intimate, probing, deeply personal detail. Do you share common interests? Pleasures? How can you stimulate even warmer love? What does the future hold in store for the two of you? Will you be happy? These are just a few of the things you can learn in your COMPATABILITY REPORT. Send for yours without delay.

© Time Pattern Research Institute, Inc. 1973
A Division of Cadence Industries Corp.

Time Pattern Research Institute
641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

Please prepare for me a confidential expanded personal Time Pattern Report which will include my projections for the next 12 months. I enclose $20 plus 75¢ for shipping and handling, plus tax, **OR** charge to my account. 365 Day money-back guarantee.

Charge my: (check one) ☐ Diners Club ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Master Charge ☐ Bank Americard ☐ American Express

Acct. No. ____________________

Exp. Date ____________ (Please print)

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip Code ______

Date of Birth **Place of Birth**

Month ____________ City ____________

Date ____________ State ____________

Year ____________ Country ____________

Time of Birth ____________ A.M. ____________ P.M.

If exact time isn't known we'll use 12:00 noon.

AS A FREE GIFT because I am ordering a Time Pattern Report please send me a Compatibility Report based on my birthday . . . and that of:

POST

Male ☐ Female ☐

Date of Birth: Month ________ Date ________ Year ________ hood that is being led by working women and their organizations.

They will demand—and they will get—political, legal, and economic equality. They will then have won status.

The equality of the sexes, despite this author's somewhat gloomy reflections, is slowly coming about. It is bound to revolutionize all our institutions—including its most ancient one of marriage. When woman becomes the equal of man, she will get married, and he will get married, and they will stay married for one reason only—love. (There will be a lot more love in the world, because love is possible in the adult world only between equals.)

Meanwhile, the feminist organizations and the Women's Liberationists are bravely and brilliantly trying to prepare their sisters for the heaviest burden that they have so far in history been called on to carry—the burden of their own freedom.

The Equality Revolution is *not* inevitable. The environment includes nuclear weapons and also man's capacity to use them. The massive reduction of the population by nuclear war would once again require wide pelvises to repopulate the earth and broad backs to cart away the ruins of our civilization. Even the deepest-dyed "male chauvinist pig" must prefer the equality of the sexes to this way of reducing women to submissiveness, passivity, and dependence. ⌘

JIMMY THE GREEK

continued from page 28

on football games, you know, $5, $10 and $20. I realized that if you were going to play cards and dice, they didn't marry with sports. I divorced myself. I started reading a lot about football. I went to the black porters on the trains and gave them a few bucks for all the newspapers from other cities, and I studied football.

"I guess that's how my system started. I read and asked questions, and got to know all about the players and home fields. All of a sudden, I'd look, and say that game is six, or that game is ten, meaning the point spread. Then I would ask myself why, and I told myself to always give reasons.

"The Big Ten [college conference] was the biggest then, but the Southeastern conference was coming on. Somehow I got stuck on the Southeastern conference, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and Georgia Tech. I was making lots of bets and winning. I was calling a guy in Pittsburgh and then two guys in Pittsburgh, and they introduced me to guys in Chicago and the Chicago people introduced me to guys in Minneapolis where the numbers were coming from. Up there, they were run by Bill Hecht, a real beautiful, wonderful businessman. Billy immediately saw that I knew the Southeastern conference. He was a good man. But he quit in 1952 when that Kefauver thing got going."

In the late Forties, Jimmy became self-conscious about his gambling. He put his money in strip mining and drive-in theaters, and prospered. He had married in 1942, but was soon divorced, and left with custody of an eighteen-month-old baby girl.

"I started hiding the fact I was gambling, and then I gave my house to my parents, and moved out of Steubenville altogether, in 1949, to Miami where I built a home. I got interested in exploring for oil, drilled twenty-two dry wells and went busted.

"I'll never look back. You just look back, baby, you're done. I've been rich and poor a lot of times. I remember when I was a punk, my first hero was Bernard Baruch, that old guy who was consultant to many presidents. I'll never forget the one and only time that I got to have dinner with him was in the Plaza in New York with a friend of mine from Steubenville who knew him. Old Baruch says, 'Young man, you're going to be broke and rich seven times in your life. Be sure you watch the seventh.' I've never forgotten that."

The Fifties were Jimmy's heyday for betting. He won and lost millions in that decade and until 1962 when the law changed. Interstate betting was prohibited; a 10 percent federal tax was levied on intrastate betting. In 1951, he had perhaps his biggest single bet loss when he took Kentucky over Santa Clara in the Orange Bowl for $275,000. This was man-to-man betting, the kind Jimmy likes, and which could then be placed in betting parlors in many states. Today, only Las Vegas has parlors.

Betting, says Jimmy, is when you match your wits and knowledge against another man's, and thus it is a challenge. *Gambling* can be mindless such as when a person plays slot machines, craps or blackjack. When Jimmy was betting, he picked winners in football, baseball, basketball, hockey, golf tournaments, and elections. He bet Nixon in 1960 and lost, though he won on individual bets on Nixon carrying California and Ohio. He never lost on Eisenhower and he picked—though he says he didn't bet—the winners in the 1964, 1968 and 1972 presidential elections. Jimmy used to even lay odds on executions, and had it 4-1 that Caryl Chessman "was a favorite to go" (to the gas chamber) in 1960, which he did. Jimmy has also set the odds on when the cherry blossoms would bloom in Washington, D.C., what New York City's chances were for another power failure, and who might win an Oscar in the Academy Awards.

Jimmy had been in Las Vegas

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION
(Act of August 12, 1970: Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code)

1. Title of publication: THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
2. Date of filing: October 1, 1973.
3. Frequency of issue: bimonthly.
4. Location of known office of publication: 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, County Marion, Indiana 46202.
5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices of the publishers: 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.
6. Names and addresses of publisher, editor and managing editor:
   Publisher: Beurt SerVaas, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.
   Editor: Beurt SerVaas, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.
   Manager Editor: Frederic A. Birmingham, Scranton, Pennsylvania.
7. Owner *(If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual must be given.)*
   The Saturday Evening Post Company. 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.
   The Curtis Publishing Company, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: The Curtis Publishing Company, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202.
9. For optional completion by publishers mailing at the regular rates (Section 132.121., Postal Service Manual): 39 U.S.C. 3626 provides in pertinent part. "No person who would have been entitled to mail matter under former section 4359 of this title shall mail such matter at the rates provided under this subsection unless he files annually with the Postal Service a written request for permission to mail matter at such rates."
   In accordance with the provisions of this statute, I hereby request permission to mail the publication named in Item 1 at the reduced postage rates presently authorized by 39 U.S.C. 3626.
   (Signature and title of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner)
   S/Donald R. McPherson, Business Manager
10. Not applicable.

11. Extent and Nature of Circulation	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 Months	Actual Number of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
A. Total No. Copies Printed (Net Press Run)	831,500	900,000
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through Dealers and Carriers, Street Vendors and Counter Sales	469,405	499,500
2. *Mail Subscriptions*	*171,843*	*211,000*
C. Total Paid Circulation	641,248	710,500
D. Free Distribution by Mail, Carrier or other means*		
1. Samples, Complimentary, and Other Free Copies	2,946	4.000
2. Copies Distributed to New Agents, but not sold	182,310	175,500
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	826,504	890,000
F. Office use, left-over, unaccounted, spoiled after printed	4,996	10,000
G. Total (Sum of E & F—should equal net press run shown in A)	831,500	900,000

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.
(Signature of editor, publisher, business manager, or owner)
S/Donald R. McPherson, Business Manager

*Approx. 150,000 News Agents' unsold copies redistributed to hospitals.

STOP! Don't Throw Away Christmas Cards

Make Gifts, Decorations, even Valentines!

January PACK-O-FUN Shows You How.

Imagine the thrill *of transforming* beautiful Christmas cards you hate to throw away into decorations and gadgets galore. Pack-O-Fun brings you all that and much more.

10 Big issues a year help you convert ordinary household throwaways like egg cartons, plastic bottles and spools into exciting jewelry, gifts, centerpieces, favors and such. And the directions are so clear, you'll be an instant success – even if you feel all thumbs.

SAVE over **$1.00**
10 Big Issues **$3.95**
(Reg. $5.00)

At less than 8¢ a week, Pack-O-Fun is great for mothers, leaders, teachers, and craft enthusiasts. And kids love Pack-O-Fun – especially the games and toys.

FUN WITH EGG CARTONS

FREE Bonus Book
"Fun with Egg Cartons"
with a subscription to Pack-O-Fun

Try Pack-O-Fun – if you don't find instant fun and profit, we'll refund your money. And you may keep the Free bonus book.

Hurry! Don't miss the January issue!

Pack-O-Fun, Dept. 11014, Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

Please enter my subscription to Pack-O-Fun and send my FREE "Fun with Egg Cartons" under separate cover.

☐ **3-Yrs. only $8.95** ($15.00 Value)
☐ **1-Yr. only $3.95** (Reg. $5.00)
☐ Payment enclosed. Also send FREE book — "99+ Plastic Projects"
☐ Bill me later.

Name

Address

City, State ZIP 39,02

ALASKA®

"One of the few magazines today that can be enjoyed by all . . ."
"Great color! A beautiful magazine!"
"The first magazine I have read cover-to-cover . . . you''ll have a subscriber for a long, long time. . ."
"Wholesome, clean and interesting. . ."

It really doesn't matter who you are or where you live (the comments came from readers in Utah, Wisconsin, Georgia, New York and Washington)—we're betting you'll love *ALASKA*®, the magazine of life on the last frontier.

ALASKA®, now in its 39th year, is enjoyed monthly by more than 800,000 readers. Each issue is filled with dozens of fascinating color photographs, news features and exciting first-person stories on Alaska and the north country.

Join the *ALASKA*® reader-family today with an inexpensive one-year subscription ($8.00). Or give it as a gift. . . or simply send $1.00 for a sample copy. Fill out the coupon and we'll rush you a little bit of Alaska—*ALASKA*®, one of the world's beautiful magazines. (Remittance must accompany order.)

Send me ALASKA®
☐ *New* ☐ *Renew* ☐ *Sample Copy*

Name

Street

City

State *Zip*

Send as a gift to:
☐ *New* ☐ *Renew* ☐ *Sample Copy*

Name

Street

City

State *Zip*

Sign Gift Card

ALASKA® magazine
Dept. SP, Box 4-EEE
Anchorage, Alaska 99509

many times before he moved his family there to live in November, 1956. He opened a betting parlor called "Hollywood Sports Service," which, like all such parlors, became shabby and grimy, with cigarette and cigar butts and crumpled papers in characteristic profusion. Jimmy's soon did more business than any other parlor in Las Vegas. Betting was one way Jimmy made money in his shop. But the steady profit came from the vigorish, the oddsmaker's operating margin. Each bettor had to wager $11 for every $10 he expected to win. Thus Jimmy would adjust the point spread so that in a football game, say, both teams drew bets of $1,100, for a total of $2,200; Jimmy would only have to pay $2,100, no matter how the score came out. The $100 difference was Jimmy's vigorish. But if all or nearly all the money moved toward one team, the oddsmaker was in trouble, and from this point on, it would take a certified public accountant, or Jimmy himself, to calculate how the oddsmaker could escape without, as Jimmy says, "being carried out feet first, baby."

Jimmy was known in the trade as an independent, and not hooked up with any mob. He claims he never felt danger. "Certain people asked me to join and things like that," he explains, "but I didn't enter into any propositions with them, and they respected me because they wanted me to give my figures, and to bet with me.

"I got heisted one time, in my hotel room in Miami, and some guy, let us call him an acquaintance, found out about it, and he called me and said, 'You come on back down.' When they robbed me I had $3,300 in cash and this ring and watch. So I went back, and this acquaintance gave me $2,700 and my ring and watch. He told me the guys who robbed me were busted, so he let them keep $300 apiece. So I said, 'Here's $700 more for them.' I didn't ask my acquaintance how he found these guys, and I still don't want to know."

Happily for Jimmy, when the new anti-gambling laws took force and he was forced out of betting, about 1963, newsmen and writers discovered him. Jimmy did research projects for publications and in turn was interviewed about his magnificent skills in odds-making. "Jimmy the Greek" became known as Oddsmaker for the Nation. With his legions of contacts, he seemed a natural for public relations.

"I guess I always did public relations and didn't know it. People said, 'Hey Jimmy, you know so and so, why don't you ask him to do this?' Finally, in 1964, when I did a guy a favor and he got all the money, I said, 'Let's see what we can do here for Jimmy.' So my first big account was Caesar's Palace [hotel] "right here in Vegas."

In 1966, Jimmy formed his P.R. firm, "Sports Unlimited," and picked up a client named Howard Hughes, who paid him $100,000 a year for openers. On Hughes's orders, Jimmy lobbied successfully against the resumption of high-megaton nuclear testing in Nevada and also kept dog-racing out of the state. He also tended P.R. for Hughes's Las Vegas hotels. But after four years Jimmy lost the account when the eccentric Hughes fired his chief executive and Jimmy as well. "I never saw Hughes even once," Jimmy says. "I just serviced his operations, you know, his hotels. I didn't do his holdings. I was sort of the firefighter, the out-front guy."

So here was Jimmy, in his late forties, seemingly retired from the gambling business, but a sought-after national figure because of his personality and superiority in oddsmaking. The tribute came to his door—speaking engagements at $1,500 to $2,500 a speech (he averages forty a year); lucrative fees for doing TV commercials; another $100,000 a year from his syndicated column and his Mutual Radio Network commentaries; and most profitable of all, the public relations accounts.

So there's Jimmy talking it up, and spinning ideas for the Tropicana Hotel; Lum's and Ollieburger fast food chains; Aurora Products (toys); Pacific Holding Corp.; Bigelow Mobile Homes; Time, Inc.; Edge Shaving Cream (Johnson Wax Co.); Systems Management, Inc.; and the University of Nevada.

"Hey," says Jimmy, "you should meet the president of this Lum's outfit, John Y. Brown. He's a helluva guy. Maybe you could write about him?" Jimmy thus presses the flesh on hundreds of influential people every year on behalf of his clients. "This Deil Gustafson," says Jimmy of the former economics professor who is building an empire in Las Vegas, "is really something. And so young. He's just brilliant." The saga of Deil Gustafson winds up in *Fortune* and in a score of newspaper columns.

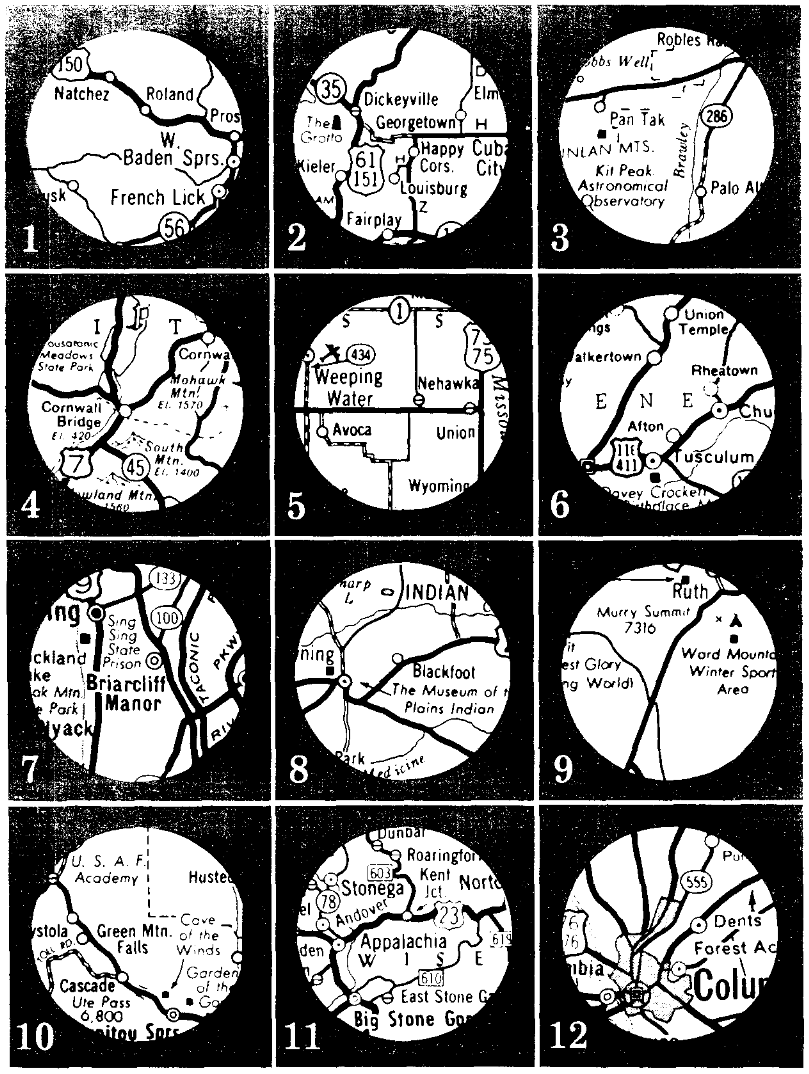
"The money is good in P.R.," says Jimmy. "I gross a fabulous amount. What right has Jimmy the Greek got grossing a million a year in P.R.? The other stuff, the column and the radio, it costs me $100,000 a year just to keep it going, in staff and in helpers around the country. But I need it to keep my own name out there."

"Jimmy can size up a line of products for their marketability very quickly," says Charles Diker, president of Aurora Products. "He came to our super toy fair this year, looked the line over, and said that will sell and that won't. He's our advisor and marketing consultant. His recognition factor in the U.S. is very high and that's a plus for us. And he knows there's odds behind everything, the business world included, and he gives us some very useful odds."

Another business-whiz high on Jimmy is John Y. Brown, who made Colonel Sanders and Kentucky Fried Chicken household words. "Jimmy is the finest P.R. man in the country," testifies Brown, who is pretty good at the craft himself. "He can get more done than an entire New York P.R. firm. He has imagination, contacts, and knows how to sell." P.S.: Jimmy is promoting Brown's two businesses—Lum's Restaurants, and the new "Ollie's Trolleys" chain.

In Kansas City, the Chevrolet dealers went wild about Jimmy a few years back, and paid him handsomely for ads proclaiming: "America's #1 Oddsmaker Just Took the Gamble Out of Buying Your Next Car—a Chevrolet." Jimmy comes at you on the TV screen pronouncing that it's Edge shaving cream, 5-2. Edge wanted it 3-1, but Jimmy says it was only 5-2.

Jimmy is so dead-serious about oddsmaking that he goes through torture on Saturday and Sunday afternoons if the games come out one or two points off from his forecasts. For Jimmy, that game is the culmination of years of experience, and weeks of tedious information gathering. Behind Jimmy's decision for the right "number" on a sports event are four men expert in sports oddsmaking ("they got 110 years' combined experience"); two-score sportswriters across the country whom Jimmy phones personally, as well as the owners of some of the pro football teams; and occasionally even the players themselves, though Jimmy won't own up to that. Plus those forty newspapers and magazines Jimmy subscribes to, reading their sports information the way a good physician should read the medical journals. Plus those well kept filing cabinets brimful with information about teams, players, their mental and physical conditions, their past performances, idiosyncrasies about certain stadiums, the incidence of victories on home fields, the records of


1
150
Natchez
Roland
Pros
W. Baden Sprs.
French Lick
56
2
35
Dickeyville
Georgetown
The Grotto
Kieler
61
151
Happy Cub
Cors.
City
Louisburg
Fairplay
3
Robles
Pan Tak
286
Kit Peak Astronomical Observatory
Palo Al
4
Housatonic Meadows State Park
Cornwall
Mohawk Mtn.
Cornwall Bridge
7
45
South Mtn.
5
1
434
Weeping Water
Nehawka
75
Avoca
Union
Wyoming
6
Union Temple
Walkertown
Rheatown
Afton
Tusculum
Davey Crockett Birthplace
7
133
100
Sing Sing State Prison
Briarcliff Manor
Nyack
Taconic
8
INDIAN
Blackfoot
The Museum of the Plains Indian
9
Ruth
Murry Summit 7316
Ward Mountain Winter Sports Area
10
U. S. A. F. Academy
Green Mtn. Falls
Cave of the Winds
Garden of the Gods
Cascade
Ute Pass 6,800
11
Dunbar
Roaring
603
Kent Jct.
Stonega
78
Andover
23
Appalachia
East Stone Gap
610
Big Stone Gap
12
555
Dents
Forest Acres
Colu

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west, or central in the designated state.

Harley P. Cook

(Answers on Page 108)

the coaches—every factor that can go into a performance. His overall record on picks is 85 percent right.

What Jimmy didn't consciously realize is that his eclectic system, phone calls and all, approximates the scientific method. But a man like Jack Higginson, executive vice-president of Systems Management, Inc., a computer service firm, knows Jimmy's skills and that's why he signed him on as consultant and P.R. man one year ago.

One of S.M.I.'s accomplishments is the "Bio-Curve," based on biomedical theory, wherein, say, an athlete's peak productivity can be charted along with his lows. "People's performance in life is cyclical," explains Higginson, "and if you chart a person for three years, day by day, testing his physical, emotional and mental factors, you can develop a fairly predictable pattern.

"Jimmy has been doing this for years, and making projections out of a man's past performance. He studies and listens harder than anyone I've ever been with. He takes everything out of my mind, and when he's finished, I'm beat."

Thus Jimmy, in tandem with Higginson's firm, with unusual accuracy, charted the bio-curves of Chicago Cub players, the Los Angeles Dodgers and the football players of the Oakland Raiders. Even more exciting was Jimmy's study of the home run production of Hank Aaron, the Atlanta Braves star, who neared Babe Ruth's record last season. On August 25, Jimmy calculated that Aaron would hit 7.6 more homers in the rest of the season, and thus come within 1.4 homers of tying Ruth's record. Aaron hit eight more homers, and who can say Jimmy was off?

Higginson plans to sell such bio-curve studies to professional athletic teams, and applying the same approach, engage in market research by projecting economic cycles.

"I have conquered sports," says Jimmy wearily. "Now I want to do politics and market research. We're going to form a market research company, maybe even do a stock letter, not stock tips, but a market trend situation. I'm proud that we picked the day that the Dow-Jones average would break 1,000.

"There's not a damn bit of difference between researching for a bet and researching a business situation. The only difference is that you put your money up immediately on a bet."

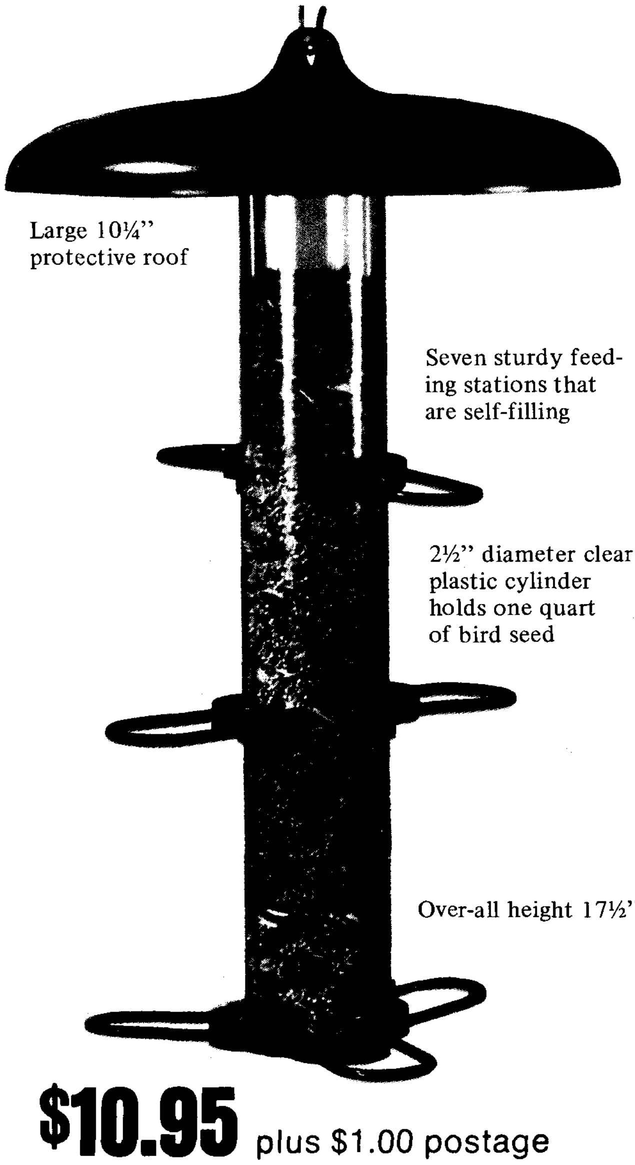
Jimmy will have to build this new effort around his present public relations staff of nine full-time employees and ten consultants. For his political effort, he already has a string of political reporters across the country whom he can phone—and pay—for information. He claims he has refined his political research considerably from 1948 when he picked Truman against Dewey, against the professional pollsters. It had to do with a mustache.

"I came home one day and told my sister I was going to raise a mustache so I would look older. She told

Continued on page 118

2 Great Ways You Can Help Our Environment

1. Feed the Birds



Large 10¼" protective roof

Seven sturdy feeding stations that are self-filling

2½" diameter clear plastic cylinder holds one quart of bird seed

Over-all height 17½"

$10.95 plus $1.00 postage
Order 2 or more. We pay postage.

2. Plant a Tree
in a National Forest

Environmental Appreciation Award

With the Bird Diner You'll Do Both

You'll also receive this Environmental Appreciation Award

With each Bird Diner purchased, the manufacturer will pay the U.S. Forest Service to plant a tree in your name and will send you this award.

TRADING POST • P.O. BOX 567B • INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA 46206

Please send me______Bird Diners.
☐ Enclosed is check or money order.
Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No.______ Expiration Date______
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: __ __ __ __
Signature ______
If you prefer, use perforated order form on page 115A.
Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

______ (Please print name to appear on Award.)
______ (Addl. name if more than one ordered.)

Name ______
Address ______
City ______
State______ Zip______
4A

THE POST TRAVEL CENTER

FLIES YOU HIGH, WIDE AND HANDSOME

To Southern California where the gold rush is just starting, the gold of sun, succulent oranges and smiling starlets. To India and Jamaica and Tahiti and Tucson where the sun silkens your skin and souvenirs are to be had for a song. Sky-slimmed planes take you. Or, try cottages on wheels that cart you and your world up to the Rockies, to Yellowstone, the Smokies, the fabled natural wonders of America. Post Travel Center is the hub of your universe. Circle the number on the mail card corresponding to information you want, put down your name and address, and include charge, if any.

AIR INDIA: The "India Book." Tours from $665 to $2116. Beautiful four-color book with detailed descriptions of Indian history, cities and tours. Many special interest programs including photography, astrology, wildlife, trekking, art and architecture. 1

ALITALIA AIRLINES: Send for the following brochures:

(A) *Your Eye on Europe & Africa.* A 44-page full-color booklet listing tour programs to Italy, Switzerland, Sicily, Spain, Portugal, Austria and Africa. 2

(B) East Africa and Ethiopia. Two- and three-week photo safaris. 3

(C) One-week all-inclusive Ski Tours to the Alps. 4

AOSTA VALLEY: Plan your holiday at one of Italy's finest resort areas. Summer or winter. Write for free brochure. 5

AUSTRALIA: Deluxe tours of historical Australia offer new concept in motor coach travel. Request free color brochure. 6

AUSTRIA: The European country always in season, always beautiful. Write for colorful brochures. 7

BARTH MOTOR HOMES: Color literature, specifications, and 16-page booklet of comprehensive data and floor plans. 8

BEST WESTERN MOTELS: 1974 Best Western Travel Guide & Atlas—52 pages of up-to-date road maps of U.S., Canada & Mexico; mileage computer; travel information. Also lists 1,200 Best Western Motels, their rates and facilities in over 900 cities coast to coast. Free. 9

CHAMPION: Three ways to lighten your travel expense. You can get a head start by sending for a free full-color brochure on either our Champion Concord or Titan Motor Homes manufactured by Champion Home Building Company. Each brochure features complete specifications, floor plans, construction information, and full-color interior and exterior pictures. 10

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS: Please tell me more about:

(A) Camping and fishing. 11

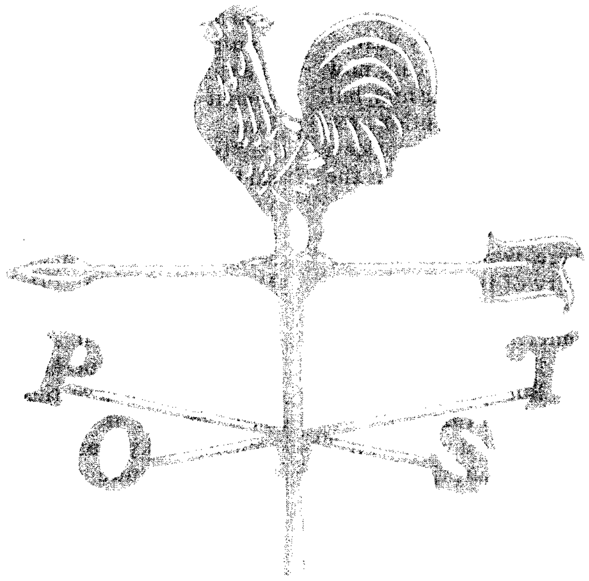
(B) Golf and tennis. 12

(C) Hotel/motel accommodations. 13

CURAÇAO, NETHERLANDS ANTILLES: Visit "The Unexpected Caribbean." Dutch-like Curaçao is truly unique. Enjoy big savings on duty-free shopping, sightseeing, world's finest skin diving, perfect hurricane and allergy-free weather. Send for our free, colorful *Bon-Bini* welcome kit containing full information. 14

FIJI: Send for colorful descriptive brochures including map and street guide. 15

FINNAIR: 1973/74 Russian/Finnish Festivals. 8- and 16-day escorted tours from $331, including air fare. 16



GUATEMALA: Free color brochures that vividly etch the three faces of Guatemala: Maya, Spanish Colonial, and Modern. 17

ICELANDIC AIRLINES: FREE folders:

(A) *European Car Tours*, $250 per person, double from New York; car, unlimited mileage seven days. Or unlimited rail, at $260 for singles. 18

(B) *Austrian Ski Tours*, $269 per person, double, from New York, chalet, two meals daily; one week. 19

GOVERNMENT OF INDIA TOURIST OFFICE: *India: It's not just another country. It's another world.* Please send descriptive literature on traveling to and within India. 20

INTREPID, INC.: Send for our free full-color brochure containing specifications, floor plans and interiors of our Travel Trailers and 5th wheels. 21

JAMAICA-UPPER DECK HOTEL: For only $20 a day through December 15th, $35 a day thereafter, a couple can rejuvenate themselves high above gorgeous Montego Bay. The price includes your private balcony, transportation to Doctor's Cave beach, a full kitchen. Children are welcome. Enjoy gourmet dining in The Admiral's Inn and relax at our poolside bar. Send for free brochure and rates. 22

JAPAN AIRLINES: Send for free colorful brochure describing Winter Orient Tours. 23

KLM ROYAL DUTCH AIRLINES: Free money-saving Europe Kit. 24

LAN CHILE AIRLINES: South America tour book of values. Eleven deluxe tour packages to Ecuador, Peru, Chile, Argentina, Easter Island and Galapagos. Write for your free copy. 25

LA ROMANANA: Exquisite golf at La Romana in Dominican Republic. Casual elegance, outdoor sports. 26

MERCEDES-BENZ: How to save by ordering Europe's finest car through the European Delivery Service. Free brochure. 27

NACIONAL HOTELERA: Your hosts in the fun-sun centers of Mexico. El Presidente and Del Prado in Mexico City. Posado de la Mision, Taxco. Merida Hotel in Merida. San Alberto, Hermosillo. El Presidente, Chihuahua and El Presidente on the island of Cozumel. 28

NEW ZEALAND: Kiwi travel pack. Full of colorful brochures, maps, and visitors guide to New Zealand. 29

NORTHWEST ORIENT AIRLINES: Classical deluxe Orient tours; 21 days start at:

(A) $2238. 30

(B) Orient venture from 15 days, $1089. 31

(C) Shogun all Japan tours from $781, 14 days. 32

All West Coast departures. Rates subject to change.

ORBIS POLISH TRAVEL OFFICE: Please send colorful brochure "Poland Invites You" describing Poland's many attractions and information on its people and heritage. 33

PALM SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA: Free, full-color brochure describes all-year sunshine and vacation activities: Golf, swimming, tennis, riding, mineral pools, night-life, sightseeing, and relaxing. More than 200 hotels. Rates for every budget. Special package plans. 34

PRINCESS CRUISES: Luxurious 3 - 17 day cruises. Send for our colorful new brochure on Mexico, Hawaii, Caribbean, South America, Alaska, Canada. 35

SABENA AIR LINES:

(A) Low seasonal rates to Brussels and other European destinations including special discount books, etc. 36

(B) Africa. 37

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA VISITORS COUNCIL: No other single area on earth can offer the environmental diversity and the man-made wonders that Southern California offers. A vacation in Southern California is a world tour. For a fraction of the price. Write for your complete vacation planning brochure. 38

SPORTSMOBILE VAN CONVERSIONS: Color literature, specifications and data regarding Dodge, Ford, Volkswagen town and country family wagons. 39

TAHITI TOURIST BOARD: Free brochure and map let you plan any vacation in Tahiti and nine other islands. 40

TUCSON: *Tucson! What The West Is All About.* Free color picture guide, sunshine map, clothing tips. 41

UTA FRENCH AIRLINES: Low-cost Tahiti vacations plus color brochures on many enchanting South Pacific and African holidays. 42

YELLOWSTONE: Free color brochure on motor homes. 43

DOC MELLHORN

continued from page 55

other way, but he didn't get a chance to notice it much, because Lizzie bucked a little, as she usually did when you kept her waiting. Still, the sight of traffic relieved him, though he hadn't passed anybody on his own road yet.

Pretty soon he noticed the look of the country had changed. It was a parkway now and very nicely landscaped. There was dogwood in bloom on the little hills, white and pink against the green; though, as Doc Mellhorn remembered it, it had been August when he left his house. And every now and then there'd be a nice little white-painted sign that said TO THE GATES.

"H'm," said Doc Mellhorn. "New State Parkway, I guess. Well, they've fixed it up pretty. But I wonder where they got the dogwood. Haven't seen it bloom like that since I was East."

Then he drove along in a sort of dream for a while, for the dogwood reminded him of the days when he was a young man in an Eastern college. He remembered the look of that college and the girls who'd come to dances, the girls who wore white gloves and had rolls of hair. They were pretty girls, too, and he wondered what had become of them. "Had babies, I guess," thought Doc Mellhorn. "Or some of them, anyway." But he liked to think of them as the way they had been when they were just pretty, and excited at being at a dance.

He remembered other things too—the hacked desks in the lecture rooms, and the trees on the campus, and the first pipe he'd ever broken in, and a fellow called Paisley Grew that he hadn't thought of in years—a rawboned fellow with a gift for tall stories and playing the Jew's harp.

"Ought to have looked up Paisley," he said. "Yes, I ought. Didn't amount to a hill of beans, I guess, but I always liked him. I wonder if he *still* plays the Jew's harp. Pshaw, I know he's been dead twenty years."

He was passing other cars now and other cars were passing him, but he didn't pay much attention, except when he happened to notice a license you didn't often see in the state, like Rhode Island or Mississippi. He was too full of his own thoughts. There were foot passengers, too, plenty of them—and once he passed a man driving a load of hay. He wondered what the man would do with the hay when he got to the Gates. But probably there were arrangements for that.

"Not that I believe a word of it," he said, "but it'll surprise Father Kelly. Or maybe it won't. I used to have some handsome arguments with that man, but I always knew I could count on him, in spite of me being a heretic."

Then he saw the Wall and the Gates, right across the valley. He saw them, and they reached to the top of the sky. He rubbed his eyes for a while, but they kept on being there.

"Quite a sight," said Doc Mellhorn.

No one told *him* just where to go or how to act, but it seemed to him that he knew. If he'd thought about it, he'd have said that you waited in line, but there wasn't any waiting in line. He just went where he was expected to go and the reception clerk knew his name right away.

"Yes, Doctor Mellhorn," he said. "And now, what would you like to do first?"

"I think I'd like to sit down," said Doc Mellhorn. So he sat, and it was a comfortable chair. He even bounced the springs of it once or twice, till he caught the reception clerk's eye on him.

"Is there anything I can get you?" said the reception clerk. He was young and brisk and neat as a pin, and you could see he aimed to give service and studied about it. Doc Mellhorn thought, "He's the kind that wipes off your windshield no matter how clean it is."

"No," said Doc Mellhorn. "You see, I don't believe this. I don't believe any of it. I'm sorry if that sounds cranky, but I don't."

"That's quite all right, sir," said the reception clerk. "It often takes a while." And he smiled as if Doc Mellhorn had done him a favor.

"Young man, I'm a physician," said Doc Mellhorn, "and do you mean to tell me——"

Then he stopped, for he suddenly saw there was no use arguing. He was either there or he wasn't. And it felt as if he were there.

"Well," said Doc Mellhorn, with a sigh, "how do I begin?"

"That's entirely at your own volition, sir," said the reception clerk briskly. "Any meetings with relatives, of course. Or if you would prefer to get yourself settled first. Or take a tour, alone or conducted. Perhaps these will offer suggestions," and he started to hand over a handful of leaflets. But Doc Mellhorn put them aside.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I want to think. Well, naturally, there's mother and dad. But I couldn't see them just yet. I wouldn't believe it. And grandma—well, now, if I saw grandma—and me older than she is—was—used to be—well, I don't know what it would do to me. You've got to let me get my breath. Well, of course, there's Uncle Frank—he'd be easier." He paused. "Is he here?" he said.

The reception clerk looked in a file. "I am happy to say that Mr. Francis V. Mellhorn arrived July 12th, 1907," he said. He smiled winningly.

"Well!" said Doc Mellhorn. "Uncle Frank! Well, I'll be—well! But it must have been a great consolation to mother. We heard—well, never mind what we heard—I guess it wasn't so. . . . No, don't reach for that phone just yet, or whatever it is. I'm still thinking."

"We sometimes find," said the reception clerk eagerly, "that a person not a relative may be the best introduction. Even a stranger sometimes—a distinguished stranger connected with one's own profession——"

"Well, now, that's an idea," said Doc Mellhorn heartily, trying to keep his mind off how much he disliked the reception clerk. He couldn't just say why he disliked *him*, but he knew he did.

It reminded him of the time he'd had to have his gall bladder out in the city hospital and the young, brisk interns had come to see him and called him "Doctor" every other word.

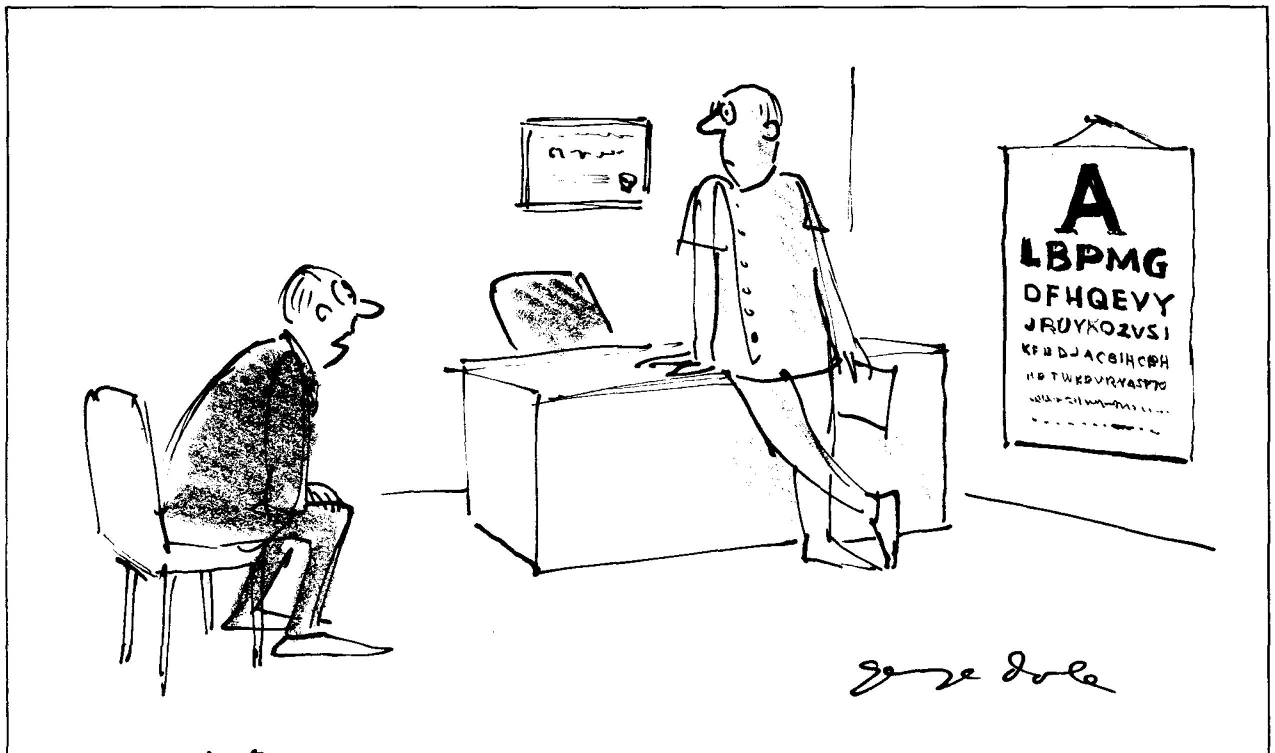
"Yes, that's an idea," he said. He reflected. "Well, of course, I'd like to see Koch," he said. "And Semmelweiss. Not to speak of Walter Reed. But, shucks, they'd be busy men. But there is one fellow—only he lived pretty far back——"

"Hippocrates, please," said the reception clerk into the telephone or whatever it was, "*H* for horse——"

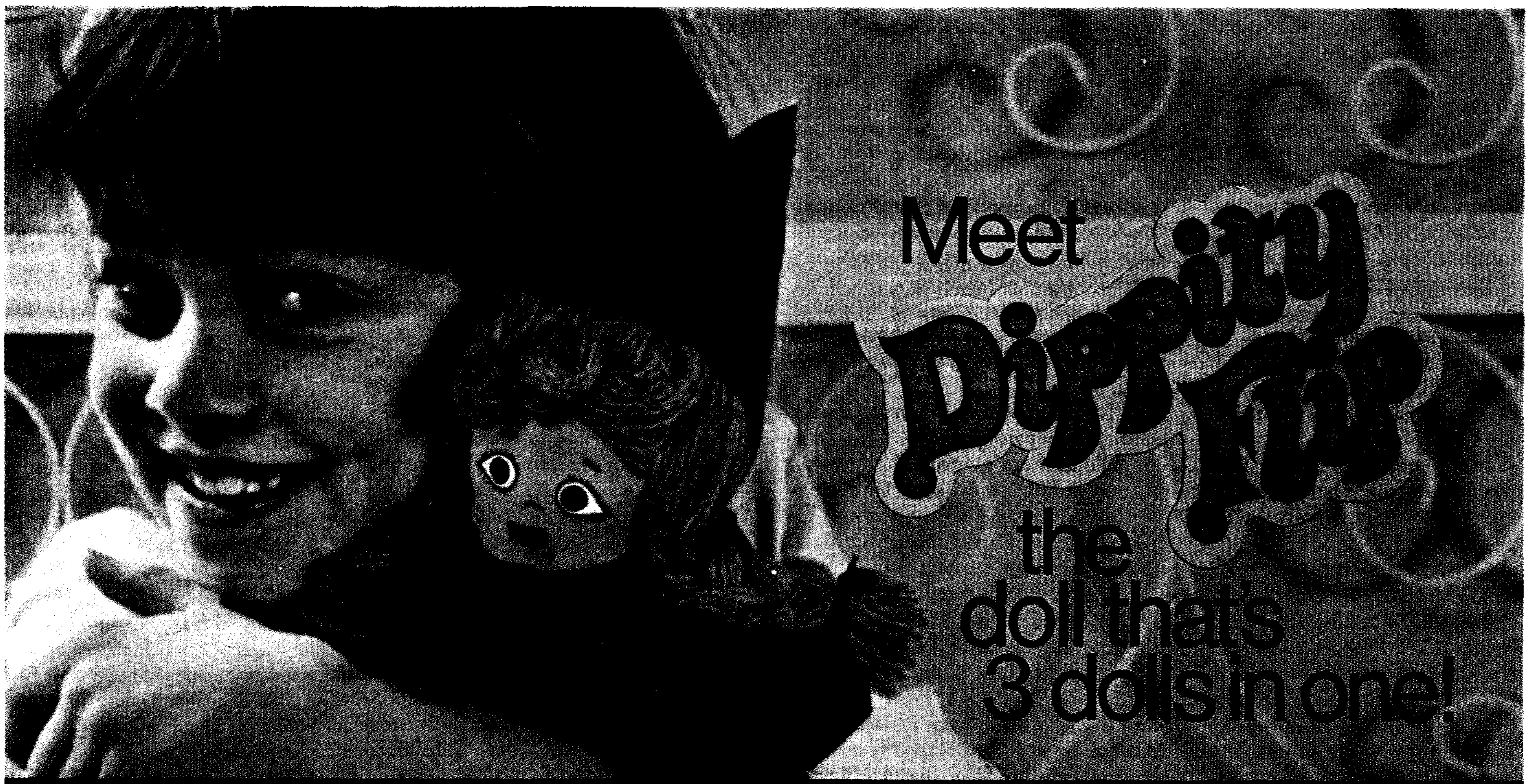
"No!" said Doc Mellhorn quite violently. "Excuse me, but you just wait a minute. I mean if you can wait. I mean, if Hippocrates wants to come, I've no objection. But I never took much of a fancy to him, in spite of his oath. It's Aesculapius I'm thinking about. George W. Oh, glory!" he said. "But he won't talk English. I forgot."

"I shall be happy to act as interpreter," said the reception clerk, smiling brilliantly.

"I haven't a doubt," said Doc Mellhorn. "But just wait a shake." In a minute, by the way the clerk was acting, he was going to be talking to Aesculapius. "And what in time am I going to say to the man?" he thought. "It's too much." He gazed



"ALBPMGDFHQEVYJROYKOZVSI . . . ."



Here she's Little Red Riding Hood on her way to Grandmother's house . . .

Now. Dippity Flip and she's Grandmother.

But is it *really* Grandmother? It could be the big bad wolf.

Flip up her cap, and sure enough!

It's the big bad wolf in Grandmother's dress.

Dippity Flip. Three dolls in one.

Safe. Non-allergenic.

Little girls love acting out the story of Little Red Riding Hood with Dippity Flip, because she's all three characters in one doll.

Dippity Flip is made with all new cotton stuffing. Her hair is fireproof. Her dress is color-fast, permanent press material. She's 20" high, and comes in a sturdy carton with the story of Little Red Riding Hood printed on the back.

Order Dippity Flip with this coupon, and have a wonderful surprise on hand for your little girl's next big occasion.

Another fine product from . . .

WILSON INTERNATIONAL
Columbus, Ohio 43229

Dippity Flip

The Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me ____ Dippity Flip dolls at $9.95 each plus $1.25 postage and handling.

☐ Check enclosed. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. ______________ Expiration Date ______________

If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: __ __ __ __

Signature ______________________________

Name (print) ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ______________ State ________ Zip ________

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 4A wildly around the neat reception room—distempered, as he noticed, in a warm shade of golden tan. Then his eyes fell on the worn black bag at his feet and a sudden warm wave of relief flooded over him.

"Wait a minute," he said, and his voice gathered force and authority. "Where's my patient?"

"Patient?" said the reception clerk, looking puzzled for the first time.

"Patient," said Doc Mellhorn. "*P* for phlebitis." He tapped his bag.

"I'm afraid you don't quite understand, sir," said the reception clerk.

"I understand this," said Doc Mellhorn. "I was called here. And if I wasn't called professionally, why have I got my bag?"

"But, my dear Doctor Mellhorn—" said the reception clerk.

"I'm not your dear doctor," said Doc Mellhorn. "I was called here, I tell you. I'm sorry not to give you the patient's name, but the call must have come in my absence and the girl doesn't spell very well. But in any well-regulated hospital——"

"But I tell you," said the reception clerk, and his hair wasn't slick any more, "nobody's ill here. Nobody can be ill. If they could, it wouldn't be he——"

"Humph," said Doc Mellhorn. He thought it over, and felt worse. "Then what does a fellow like Koch do?" he said. "Or Pasteur?" He raised a hand. "Oh, don't tell me," he said. "I can see they'd be busy. Yes, I guess it'd be all right for a research man. But I never was—— Oh, well, shucks, I've published a few papers. And there's that clamp of mine—always meant to do something about it. But they've got better ones now. Mean to say there isn't so much as a case of mumps in the whole place?"

"I assure you," said the reception clerk, in a weary voice. "And now, once you see Doctor Aesculapius——"

"Funny," said Doc Mellhorn. "Lord knows there's plenty of times you'd be glad to be quit of the whole thing. And don't talk to me about the healer's art or grateful patients. Well, I've known a few—a few. But I've known others. All the same, it's different, being told there isn't any need for what you can do."

"*A* for Ararat," said the reception clerk into his instrument. "*E* for Eden."

"Should think you'd have a dial," said Doc Mellhorn desperately. "We've got 'em down below." He thought hard and frantically. "Wait a shake. It's coming back to me," he said. "Got anybody named Grew here? Paisley Grew?"

"*S* for serpent," said the reception clerk. . . . "What was that?"

"Fellow that called me," said Doc Mellhorn. "G-r-e-w. First name, Paisley."

"I will consult the index," said the reception clerk.

He did so, and Doc Mellhorn waited, hoping against hope.

"We have 94,183 Grews, including 83 Prescotts and one Penobscot," the reception clerk said at last. "But I fail to find Paisley Grew. Are you quite sure of the name?"

"Of course," said Doc Mellhorn briskly. "Paisley Grew. Chronic indigestion. Might be appendix—can't say—have to see. But anyhow, he's called." He picked up his bag. "Well, thanks for the information," he said, liking the reception clerk better than he had yet. "Not your fault, anyway."

"But—but where are you going?" said the reception clerk.

"Well, there's another establishment, isn't there?" said Doc Mellhorn. "Always heard there was. Call probably came from there. Crossed wires, I expect."

"But you can't go there!" said the reception clerk. "I mean——"

"Can't go?" said Doc Mellhorn. "I'm a physician. A patient's called me."

"But if you'll only wait and see Aesculapius!" said the reception clerk, running his hands wildly through his hair. "He'll be here almost any moment."

"Please give him my apologies," said Doc Mellhorn. "He's a doctor. He'll understand. And if any messages come for me, just stick them on the spike. Do I need a road map? Noticed the road I came was all one-way."

"There is, I believe, a back road in rather bad repair," said the reception clerk icily. "I can call Information if you wish."

"Oh, don't bother," said Doc Mellhorn. "I'll find it. And I never saw a road beat Lizzie yet." He took a silver half-dollar from the doorknob of the door. "See that?" he said. "Slick as a whistle. Well, goodbye, young man."

But it wasn't till he'd cranked up Lizzie and was on his way that Doc Mellhorn really felt safe. He found the back road and it was all the reception clerk had said it was and more. But he didn't mind—in fact, after one particularly bad rut, he grinned.

"I suppose I ought to have seen the folks," he said. "Yes, I know I ought. But—not so much as a case of mumps in the whole abiding dominion! Well, it's lucky I took a chance on Paisley Grew."

After another mile or so, he grinned again.

"And I'd like to see old Aesculapius' face. Probably rang him in the middle of dinner—they always do. But shucks, it's happened to all of us."

Well, the road got worse and worse and the sky above it darker and darker, and, what with one thing and another, Doc Mellhorn was glad enough when he got to the other gates. They were pretty impressive gates, too, though of course in a different way, and reminded Doc Mellhorn a little of the furnaces outside Steeltown, where he'd practiced for a year when he was young.

This time Doc Mellhorn wasn't going to take any advice from reception clerks, and he had his story all ready. All the same, he wasn't either registered or expected, so there was a little fuss. Finally they tried to scare him by saying he came at his own risk and that there were some pretty tough characters about. But Doc Mellhorn remarked that he'd practiced in Steeltown. So, after he'd told them what seemed to him a million times that he was a physician on a case, they finally let him in and directed him to Paisley Grew. Paisley was on Level 346 in Pit 68,953 and Doc Mellhorn recognized him the minute he saw him. He even had the Jew's harp, stuck in the back of his overalls.

"Well, Doc," said Paisley finally, when the first greetings were over, "you certainly are a sight for sore eyes! Though, of course, I'm sorry to see you here," and he grinned.

"Well, I can't see that it's so different from a lot of places," said Doc Mellhorn, wiping his forehead. "Warmish, though."

"It's the humidity, really," said Paisley Grew. "That's what it really is."

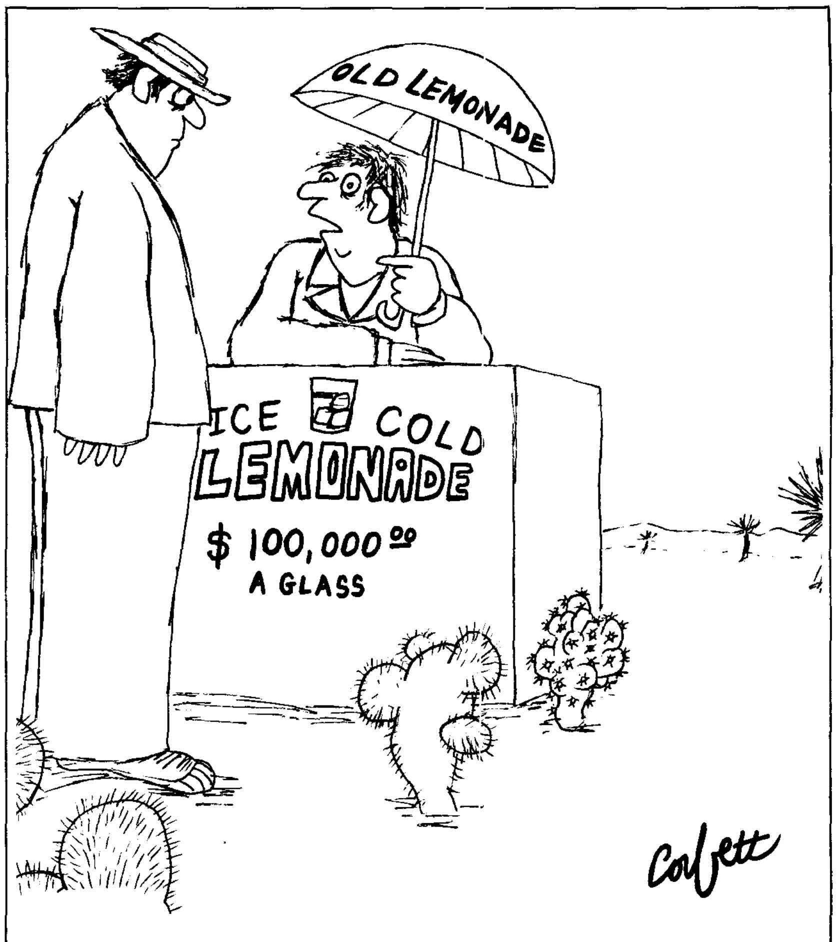
"Yes, I know," said Doc Mellhorn. "And now tell me, Paisley; how's that indigestion of yours?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Doc," said Paisley. "When I first came here, I thought the climate was doing it good. I did for a fact. But now I'm not so sure. I've tried all sorts of things for it—I've even tried being transferred to the boiling asphalt lakes. But it just seems to hang on, and every now and then, when I least expect it, it catches me. Take last night. I didn't have a thing to eat that I don't generally eat—well, maybe I did have one little snort of hot sulphur, but it wasn't the sulphur that did it. All the same, I woke up at four, and it was just like a knife. Now——"

He went on from there and it took him some time. And Doc Mellhorn listened, happy as a clam. He never thought he'd be glad to listen to a hypochondriac, but he was. And when Paisley was all through, he examined him and prescribed for him. It was just a little soda bicarb and pepsin, but Paisley said it took hold something wonderful. And they had a fine time that evening, talking over the old days.

Finally, of course, the talk got around to how Paisley liked it where he was. And Paisley was honest enough about that.

"Well, Doc," he said, "of course this isn't the place for you, and I can see you're just visiting. But I haven't many real complaints. It's hot, to be sure, and they work you, and some of the boys here are rough. But they've had some pretty interesting experiences, too, when you get them talking—yes, sir. And anyhow, it isn't Peabodyville, New Jersey," he said with vehemence. "I spent five years in Peabodyville, trying to work up in the leather business. After that I busted out, and I guess that's what landed me here. But it's an improvement on Peabodyville." He looked at Doc Mellhorn sidewise. "Say, Doc,"



"All I need is one good customer."

he said, "I know this is a vacation for you, but all the same there's a couple of the boys—nothing really wrong with them of course—but—well, if you could just look them over——"

"I was thinking the office hours would be nine to one," said Doc Mellhorn.

So Paisley took him around and they found a nice little place for an office in one of the abandoned mine galleries, and Doc Mellhorn hung out his shingle. And right away patients started coming around. They didn't get many doctors there, in the first place, and the ones they did get weren't exactly the cream of the profession, so Doc Mellhorn had it all to himself. It was mostly sprains, fractures, bruises and dislocations, of course, with occasional burns and scalds—and, on the whole, it reminded Doc Mellhorn a good deal of his practice in Steeltown, especially when it came to foreign bodies in the eye. Now and then Doc Mellhorn ran into a more unusual case—for instance, there was one of the guards that got part of himself pretty badly damaged in a rock slide. Well, Doc Mellhorn had never set a tail before, but he managed it all right, and got a beautiful primary union, too, in spite of the fact that he had no X-ray facilities. He thought of writing up the case for the State Medical Journal, but then he couldn't figure out any way to send it to them, so he had to let it slide. And then there was an advanced carcinoma of the liver—a Greek named Papadoupolous or Prometheus or something. Doc Mellhorn couldn't do much for him, considering the circumstances, but he did what he could, and he and the Greek used to have long conversations. The rest was just everyday practice—run of the mine—but he enjoyed it.

Now and then it would cross his mind that he ought to get out Lizzie and run back to the other place for a visit with the folks. But that was just like going back East had been on earth—he'd think he had everything pretty well cleared up, and then a new flock of patients would come in. And it wasn't that he didn't miss his wife and children and grandchildren—he did. But there wasn't any way to get back to them, and he knew it. And there was the work in front of him and the office crowded every day. So he just went along, hardly noticing the time.

Now and then, to be sure, he'd get a suspicion that he wasn't too popular with the authorities of the place. But he was used to not being popular with authorities and he didn't pay much attention. But finally they sent an inspector around. The minute Doc Mellhorn saw him, he knew there was going to be trouble.

Not that the inspector was uncivil. In fact, he was a pretty high-up official—you could tell by his antlers. And Doc Mellhorn was just as polite, showing him around. He showed him the free dispensary and the clinic and the nurse—Scotch girl named Smith, she was—and the dental chair he'd rigged up with the help of a fellow named Ferguson, who used to be an engineer before he was sentenced. And the inspector looked them all over, and finally he came back to Doc Mellhorn's office. The girl named Smith had put up curtains in the office, and with that and a couple of potted plants it looked more homelike than it had. The inspector looked around it and sighed.

"I'm sorry, Doctor Mellhorn," he said at last, "but you can see for yourself, it won't do."

"What won't do?" said Doc Mellhorn, stoutly. But, all the same, he felt afraid.

"Any of it," said the inspector. "We could overlook the alleviation of minor suffering—I'd be inclined to do so myself—though these people are all supposed to be here to suffer, and there's no changing that. But you've been playing merry Hades with the whole system."

"I'm a physician in practice," said Doc Mellhorn.

"Yes," said the inspector. "That's just the trouble. Now, take these reports you've been sending," and he took out a sheaf of papers. "What have you to say about that?"

"Well, seeing as there's no county health officer, or at least I couldn't find one——" said Doc Mellhorn.

"Precisely," said the inspector. "And what have you done? You've condemned fourteen levels of this Pit as unsanitary nuisances. You've recommended 2,136 lost souls for special diet, remedial exercise, hospitalization——. Well—I won't go through the list."

"I'll stand back of every one of those recommendations," said Doc Mellhorn. "And now we've got the chair working, we can handle most of the dental work on the spot. Only Ferguson needs more amalgam."

"I know," said the inspector patiently, "but the money has to come from somewhere—you must realize that. We're not a rich community, in spite of what people think. And these unauthorized requests—oh, we fill them, of course, but——"

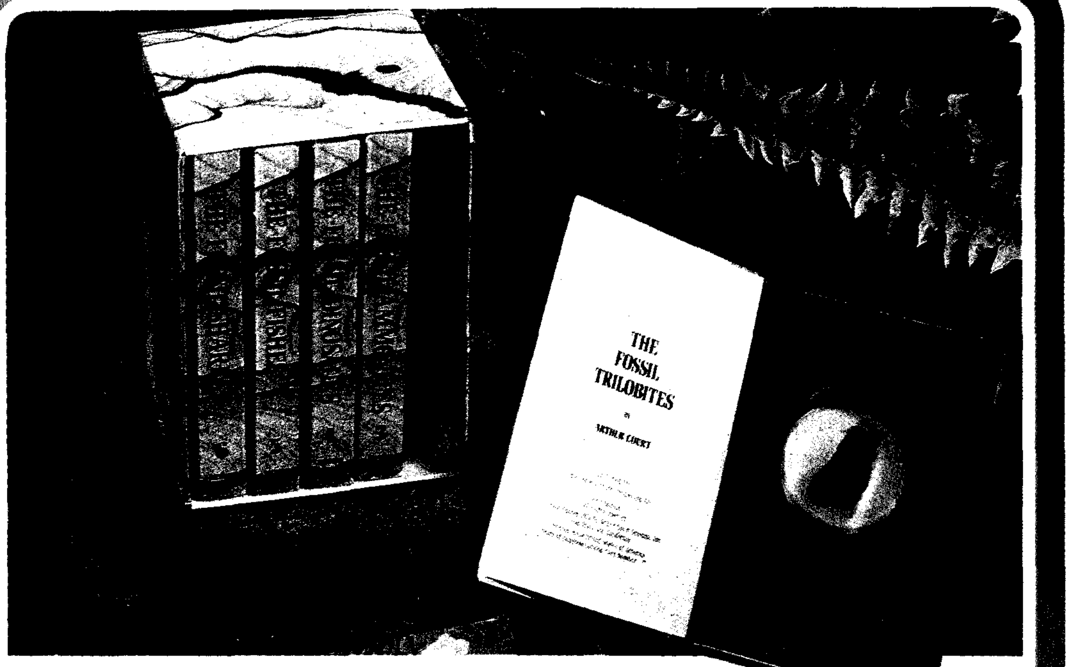
"Ferguson sure needs more amalgam," said Doc Mellhorn. "And that last batch wasn't standard. I wouldn't use it on a dog."

"He's always needing more amalgam!" said the inspector bitterly, making a note. "Is he going to fill every tooth in Hades? By the way, my wife tells me I need a little work done myself—but we won't go into that. We'll take just one thing—your entirely unauthorized employment of Miss Smith. Miss Smith has no business working for you. She's supposed to be gnawed by a never-dying worm every Monday, Wednesday and Friday."

"Sounds silly to me," said Doc Mellhorn.

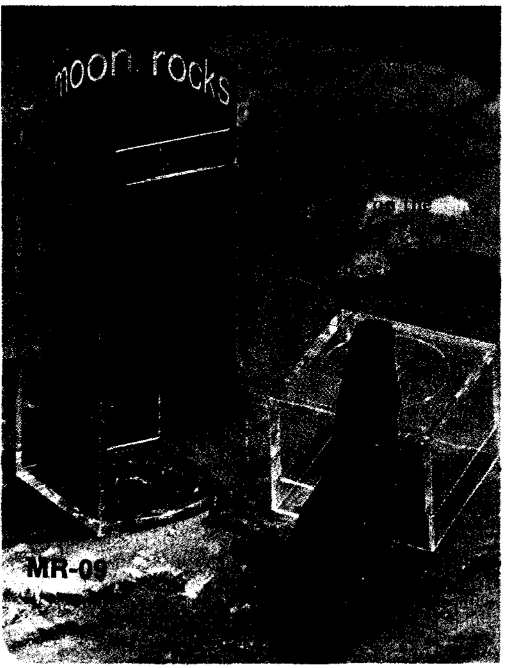
"I don't care how silly it sounds," said the inspector. "It's the regulations. And, besides, she isn't even a registered nurse."

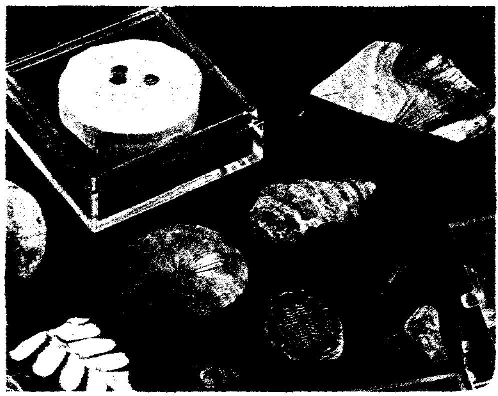
"She's a practical one," said Doc Mellhorn. "Of course, back on earth a lot of her patients died. But that was because when she didn't like a patient, she poisoned him. Well, she can't poison anybody here and I've kind of got



Talk about first editions...

These extraordinary FOSSIL BOOKS, researched and written by Arthur Court, record the oldest life known to man. Each book in the six-volume study set contains an authentic fossil. Mounted on a removable card which includes a table of geological time, dating backwards to 600,000,000 years ago and chronicling the events forming our planet Earth. Single volumes, $4.95 each; study set of six volumes with handsome organizer, $29.95. See page 115A for ordering information. 4A





her out of the notion of it anyway. She's been doing A-1 work for me and I'd like to recommend her for——"

"Please!" said the inspector. "Please! And as if that wasn't enough, you've even been meddling with the staff. I've a note here on young Asmodeus–Asmodeus XIV——"

"Oh, you mean Mickey!" said Doc Mellhorn, with a chuckle. "Short for Mickey Mouse. We call him that in the clinic. And he's a young imp if I ever saw one."

"The original Asmodeus is one of our most prominent citizens," said the inspector severely. "How do you suppose he felt when we got your report that his fourteenth great-grandson had rickets?"

"Well," said Doc Mellhorn, "I know rickets. And he had 'em. And you're going to have rickets in these youngsters as long as you keep feeding 'em low-grade coke. I put Mickey on the best Pennsylvania anthracite, and look at him now!"

"I admit the success of your treatment," said the inspector, "but, naturally–well, since then we've been deluged with demands for anthracite from as far south as Sheol. We'll have to float a new bond issue. And what will the taxpayers say?"

"He was just cutting his first horns when he came to us," said Doc Mellhorn reminiscently, "and they were coming in crooked. Now, I ask you, did you ever see a straighter pair? Of course, if I'd had cod-liver oil—— My gracious, you ought to have somebody here that can fill a prescription; I can't do it all."

The inspector shut his papers together with a snap. "I'm sorry, Doctor Mellhorn," he said, "but this is final. You have no right here, in the first place; no local license to practice in the second——"

"Yes, that's a little irregular," said Doc Mellhorn, "but I'm a registered member of four different medical associations–you might take that into account. And I'll take any examination that's required."

"No," said the inspector violently. "No, no, no! You can't stay here! You've got to go away! It isn't possible!"

Doc Mellhorn drew a long breath. "Well," he said, "there wasn't any work for me at the other place. And here you won't let me practice. So what's a man to do?"

The inspector was silent.

"Tell me," said Doc Mellhorn presently. "Suppose you do throw me out? What happens to Miss Smith and Paisley and the rest of them?"

"Oh, what's done is done," said the inspector impatiently, "here as well as anywhere else. We'll have to keep on with the anthracite and the rest of it. And Hades only knows what'll happen in the future. If it's any satisfaction to you, you've started something."

"Well, I guess Smith and Ferguson between them can handle the practice," said Doc Mellhorn. "But that's got to be a promise."

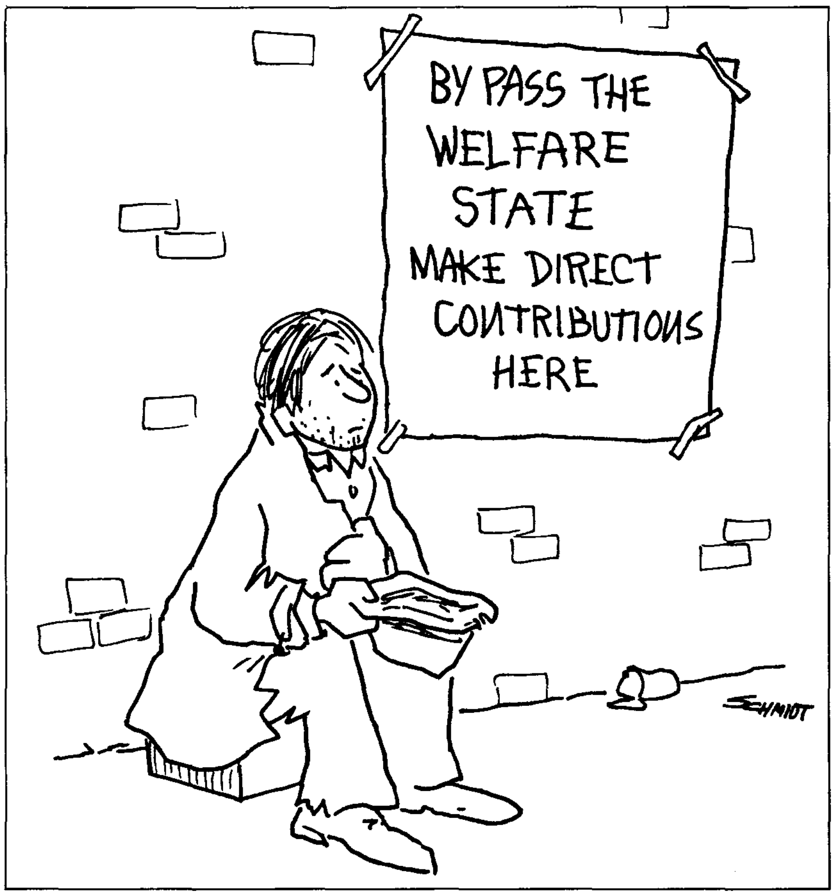
"It's a promise," said the inspector.

"Then there's Mickey–I mean Asmodeus," said Doc Mellhorn. "He's a smart youngster–smart as a whip–if he is a hellion. Well, you know how a youngster gets. Well, it seems he wants to be a doctor. But I don't know what sort of training he'd get——"

"He'll get it," said the inspector feverishly. "We'll found the finest medical college you ever saw, right here in West Baal. We'll build a hospital that'll knock your eye out. You'll be satisfied. But now, if you don't mind——"

"All right," said Doc Mellhorn, and rose.

The inspector looked surprised. "But don't you want to—" he said.



"I mean my instructions are we're to give you a banquet, if necessary–after all, the community appreciates——"

"Thanks," said Doc Mellhorn, with a shudder, "but if I've got to go, I'd rather get out of town. You hang around and announce your retirement, and pretty soon folks start thinking they ought to give you a testimonial. And I never did like testimonials."

All the same, before he left he took a silver half-dollar out of Mickey Asmodeus's chin.

When he was back on the road again and the lights of the gates had faded into a low ruddy glow behind him, Doc Mellhorn felt alone for the first time. He'd been lonely at times during his life, but he'd never felt alone like this before. Because, as far as he was able to see, there was only him and Lizzie left now.

"Now, maybe if I'd talked to Aesculapius——" he said. "But pshaw, I always was pigheaded."

He didn't pay much attention to the way he was driving and it seemed to him that the road wasn't quite the same. But he felt tired for a wonder–bone-tired and beaten–and he didn't much care about the road. He hadn't felt tired since he left earth, but now the loneliness tired him.

"Active–always been active," he said to himself. "I can't just lay down on the job. But what's a man to do?

"What's a man to do?" he said. "I'm a doctor. I can't work miracles."

Then the black fit came over him and he remembered all the times he'd been wrong and all the people he couldn't do anything for. "Never was much of a doctor, I guess," he said. "Maybe, if I'd gone to Vienna. Well, the right kind of man would have gone. And about that Bigelow kid," he said. "How was I to know he'd hemorrhage? But I should have known.

"I've diagnosed walking typhoid as appendicitis. Just the once, but that's enough. And I still don't know what held me back when I was all ready to operate. I used to wake up in a sweat, six months afterwards, thinking I had.

"I could have saved those premature twins, if I'd known as much then as I do now. But I didn't. And that finished the Gorhams' having children. That's a dandy doctor, isn't it? Makes you feel fine.

"I could have pulled Old Man Halsey through. And Edna Biggs. And the little Lauriat girl. No, I couldn't have done it with her. That was before insulin. I couldn't have cured Ted Allen. No, I'm clear on that. But I've never been satisfied about the Collins woman. Bates is all right–good as they come. But I knew her, inside and out–ought to, too–she was the biggest nuisance that ever came into the office. And if I hadn't been down with the flu——

"Then there's the flu epidemic. I didn't take my clothes off, four days and nights. But what's the good of that, when you lose them? Oh, sure, the statistics looked good. You can have the statistics.

"Should have started raising hell about the water supply two years before I did.

"Oh, yes, it makes you feel fine, pulling babies into the world. Makes you feel you're doing something. And just fine when you see a few of them, twenty, thirty years later, not worth two toots on a cow's horn. Can't say I ever delivered a Dillinger. But there's one or two in state's prison. And more that ought to be. Don't mind even that so much as a few of the fools. Makes you wonder.

"And then, there's incurable cancer. That's a daisy. What can you do about it, doctor? Well, doctor, we can alleviate the pain in the last stages. Some. Ever been in a cancer ward, doctor? Yes, doctor, I have.

"What do you do for the common cold, doctor? Two dozen clean linen handkerchiefs. Yes, it's a good joke–I'll laugh. And what do you do for a boy when you know he's dying, doctor? Take a silver half-dollar out of his ear. But it kept the Lane kid quiet and his fever went down that night. I took the credit, but I don't know why it went down.

"I've only got one brain. And one pair of hands.

"I could have saved. I could have done. I could have.

"Guess it's just as well you can't live forever. You make fewer mistakes. And sometimes I'd see Bates looking at me as if he wondered why I ever thought I could practice.

"Pigheaded, opinionated, ineffective old imbecile! And yet, Lord, Lord, I'd do it all over again."

He lifted his eyes from the pattern of the road in front of him. There were white markers on it now and Lizzie seemed to be bouncing down a residential street. There were trees on the street and it reminded him of town. He rubbed his eyes for a second and Lizzie rolled on by herself–she often did. It didn't seem strange to him to stop at the right house.

"Well, mother," he said rather gruffly to the group on the lawn. . . . "Well, dad. . . . Well, Uncle Frank." He beheld a small, stern figure advancing, hands outstretched. "Well, grandma," he said meekly.

Later on he was walking up and down in the grape arbor with Uncle Frank. Now and then he picked a grape and ate it. They'd always been good grapes, those Catawbas, as he remembered them.

"What beats me," he said, not for the first time, "is why I didn't notice the Gates. The second time, I mean."

"Oh, that Gate," said Uncle Frank, with the easy, unctuous roll in his voice that Doc Mellhorn so well remembered. He smoothed his handlebar mustache. "That Gate, my dear Edward—well, of course it has to be there in the first place. Literature, you know. And then, it's a choice," he said richly.

"I'll draw cards," said Doc Mellhorn. He ate another grape.

"Fact is," said Uncle Frank, "that Gate's for one kind of person. You pass it and then you can rest for all eternity. Just fold your hands. It suits some."

"I can see that it would," said Doc Mellhorn.

"Yes," said Uncle Frank, "but it wouldn't suit a Mellhorn. I'm happy to say that very few of our family remain permanently on that side. I spent some time there myself." He said, rather self-consciously, "Well, my last years had been somewhat stormy. So few people cared for refined impersonations of our feathered songsters, including lightning sketches. I felt that I'd earned a rest. But after a while—well, I got tired of being at liberty."

"And what happens when you get tired?" said Doc Mellhorn.

"You find out what you want to do," said Uncle Frank.

"My kind of work?" said Doc Mellhorn.

"Your kind of work," said his uncle. "Been busy, haven't you?"

"Well," said Doc Mellhorn. "But here. If there isn't so much as a case of mumps in——"

"Would it have to be mumps?" said his uncle. "Of course, if you're aching for mumps, I guess it could be arranged. But how many new souls do you suppose we get here a day?"

"Sizable lot, I expect."

"And how many of them get here in first-class condition?" said Uncle Frank triumphantly. "Why, I've seen Doctor Rush—Benjamin Rush—come back so tired from a day's round he could hardly flap one pinion against the other. Oh, if it's work you want—— And then, of course, there's the earth."

"Hold on," said Doc Mellhorn. "I'm not going to appear to any young intern in wings and a harp. Not at my time of life. And anyway, he'd laugh himself sick."

"Tain't that," said Uncle Frank. You've left children and grandchildren behind you, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Doc Mellhorn.

"Same with what you did," said Uncle Frank. "I mean the inside part of it—that stays. I don't mean any funny business—voices in your ear and all that. But haven't you ever got clean tuckered out, and been able to draw on something you didn't know was there?"

"Pshaw, any man's done that," said Doc Mellhorn. "But you take the adrenal——"

"Take anything you like," said

Only National Car Rental can give you a GM car, S&H Green Stamps, and a 26-hour day.

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL
1973

Everyone can use a longer day, even Father Time.

At National you'll find three things that the other two major car rental companies don't feature.

First, we have the world's largest fleet of current model GM cars.

Second, only National gives S&H Green Stamps on every U.S. rental. A fistful of stamps is great to come home with.

Third, only National features a 26-hour check-in day.*® It's two extra hours on the day you return the car—to get more work done, or just relax a little. (And if you're thinking about taking some time off, ask about our special "more time for your money" weekend and vacation packages, available at most locations.)

We got to be one of the world's largest car rental companies (with over 2400 locations in 59 countries) by doing more things—not by doing more talking.

We know we're good. Check us out on your next trip.

For reservations call your travel agent or call National toll free

800-328-4567†

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL ®

*Available at participating U.S. locations. †In Minnesota call 612-830-2345 collect.

©National Car Rental System, Inc., 1973. (In Canada it's Tilden Rent-A-Car.)

Uncle Frank placidly. "I'm not going to argue with you. But you'll find it isn't all adrenalin. Like it here?" he said abruptly.

"Why, yes," said Doc Mellhorn.

"No, they wouldn't all arrive in first-class shape," he said to himself. "So there'd be a place." He turned to Uncle Frank. "By the way," he said diffidently, "There wouldn't be a chance of my visiting the other establishment now and then? Where I just came from? Smith and Ferguson are all right, but I'd like to keep in touch."

"Well," said Uncle Frank, "you can take that up with the delegation. Sister's been in a stew about it all day. She says there won't be enough chairs, but she always says that."

"Delegation?" said Doc Mellhorn. "But——"

"You don't realize," said Uncle Frank. "You're a famous man. You've broken pretty near every regulation except the fire laws, and refused the Gate first crack. They've got to do something about it."

"But——" said Doc Mellhorn.

"Sh-h!" hissed Uncle Frank. "Hold up your head. It won't take long—just a welcome. "My," he said with frank admiration, "you've certainly brought them out. There's Rush, second from the left, third row, in a wig. And there's——"

Then he stopped, and stepped aside. A tall grave figure was advancing down the grape arbor—a bearded man with a wise, majestic face who wore robes as if they belonged to him, not as Doc Mellhorn had seen them worn in college commencements. In his left hand, Doc Mellhorn noticed without astonishment, was a winged staff entwined with two fangless serpents.

The bearded figure stopped in front of Doc Mellhorn. "Welcome, brother," said Aesculapius.

"It's an honor to meet you, doctor," said Doc Mellhorn. He shook the outstretched hand. Then he took a silver half-dollar from the mouth of the left-hand snake. ♖

Independent News Company, Inc., is pleased to announce a Retail Display Plan available to all retailers who would like to earn a display allowance on *The Saturday Evening Post* magazine and who purchase the magazines from suppliers other than Independent News Co., Inc. or the publisher. To obtain details and a copy of the formal contract, please write to Director, Retail Sales Division, Independent News Co., Inc., 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10019. Under the display plan, in consideration of your acceptance and fulfillment of the terms of the formal contract to be sent to you upon your request, you will receive a display allowance of 10 percent of the cover price per copy sold by you. This plan will become effective with all issues of *The Saturday Evening Post* delivered to you subsequent to the date your written acceptance of the formal Independent News Co., Inc. Retail Agreement is received and accepted by our company.

The Saturday Evening Post Book Shelf

continued from page 73

autobiographical notes, memoirs and speeches, they founded not only this nation, but also a personal history of it. John Adams wrote back to Abigail from Philadelphia while helping write the Constitution, commenting on the landlady several times widowed, about to take a new husband, and well deserving him. Abigail replied, imploring John to "remember the ladies" in the laws the men were making. In the middle of the Atlantic, with a great storm seeming about to sink the ship, John got down on the floor on his hands and knees, the ship rolling too wildly for him to sit at a table, and wrote that bright and loyal lady. Abigail had written John in 1775 after watching the burning of Charlestown from Penn's Hill in Braintree, with their eight-year-old son John Quincy. Her eyes still burned with the sight. Of Bunker Hill she wrote, "the constant roar of the cannon is so (distre)ssing that we can not Eat, Drink or Sleep."

This is a marvelous enrichment of our past, for we know not only the incidents of history, but what those involved thought about them (and thought about the others, too, and put down their opinions candidly, quickly, and often bitterly). Thus, American history is personal, alive, human. We can hear it resounding in the voices, in the exact words, of participants.

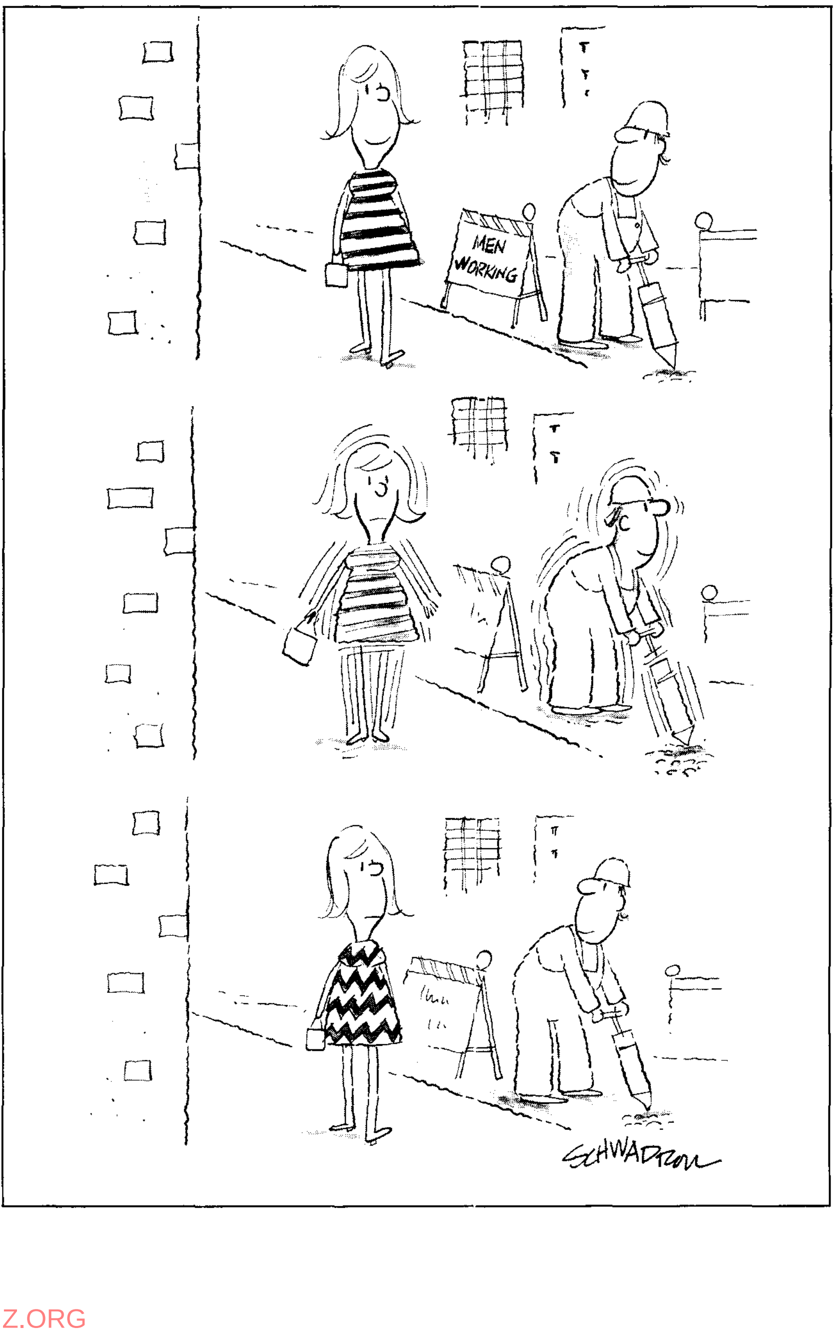
These volumes combine a continuous narrative with quotations from the writings of each man commenting on the event described, with many passages which are concerned not with great actions, but with family matters. John Adams wrote to Abigail in 1774, "I am so idle, that I have not an easy Moment, without my Pen in my Hand. My time might have been improved to some Purpose, in mowing Grass, raking Hay, or hoeing Corn, weeding Carrotts, picking or shelling Peas." This must have been the one idle time of his life. Half of their married years, John and Abigail were separated because he was away on business for his country. Their loss of the companionship each cherished (no public figures in the USA ever had such a love affair—Abigail wrote John that the welcome she would give him would warm the cold wintry blast) is our gain. We have their marvelous letters, and many are in this book. Getting ready to go to Philadelphia, John wrote, "I think it will be necessary to make me up, a Couple of Pieces of new Linnen. I am told, they wash miserably, at N. York, the Jerseys and Philadelphia too in Comparison of Boston, and am advised to carry a great deal of Linnen." Has washing improved in N. York, the Jerseys and Philadelphia since 1774?

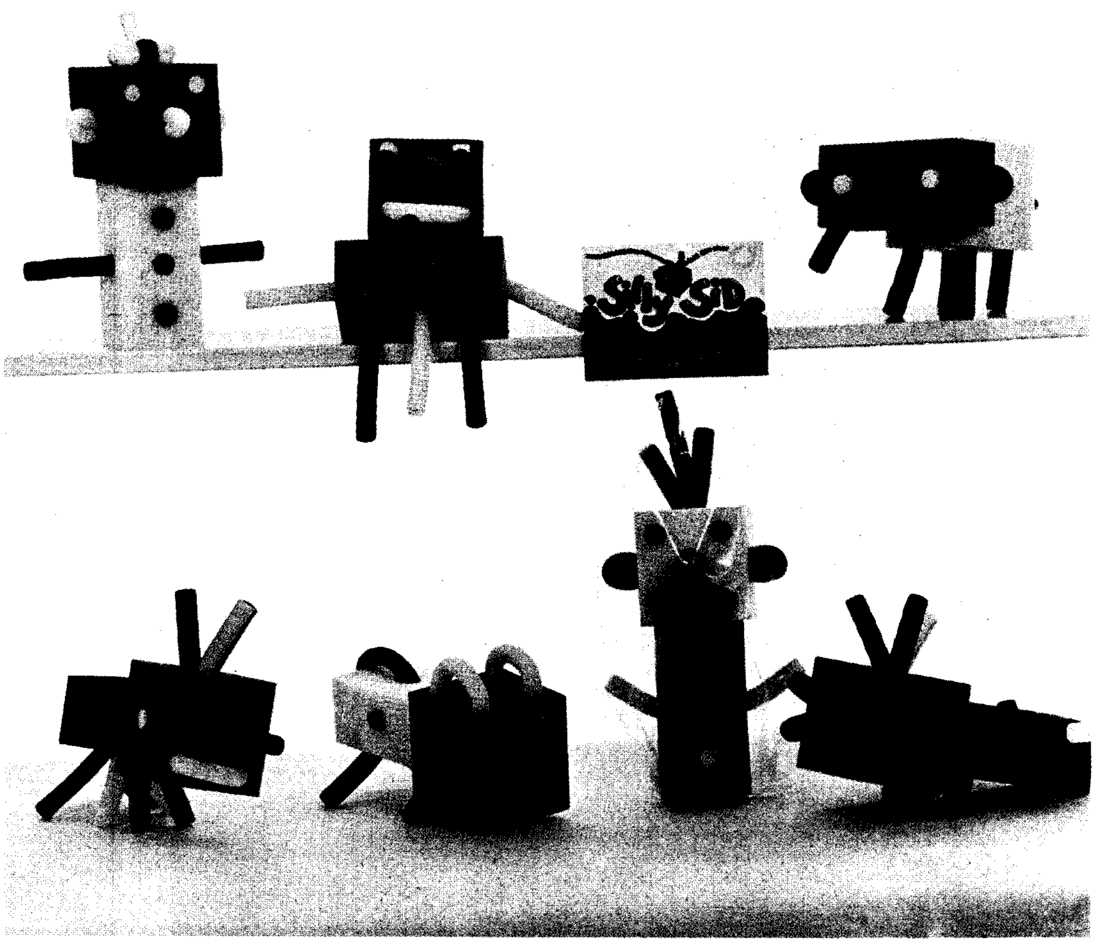
In 1750, Benjamin Franklin almost killed himself making an experiment with electricity. He had intended "to kill a Turkey by the Shock from two large Glass Jarrs containing as much electrical fire as forty common Phials." The charge of electric current passed through his own body instead of the poor Turkey's! He commented to his brother in a letter: "You may Communicate this to Mr. Bowdoin As A Caution to him, but do not make it more Publick, for I am Ashamed to have been Guilty of so Notorious a Blunder; A Match for that of the Irishman, Sister told me of, who to Divert his Wife pour'd the Bottle of Gun Powder on the live Coal; or of that Other, who being About to Steal Powder, made a Hole in the Cask with a Hott Iron."

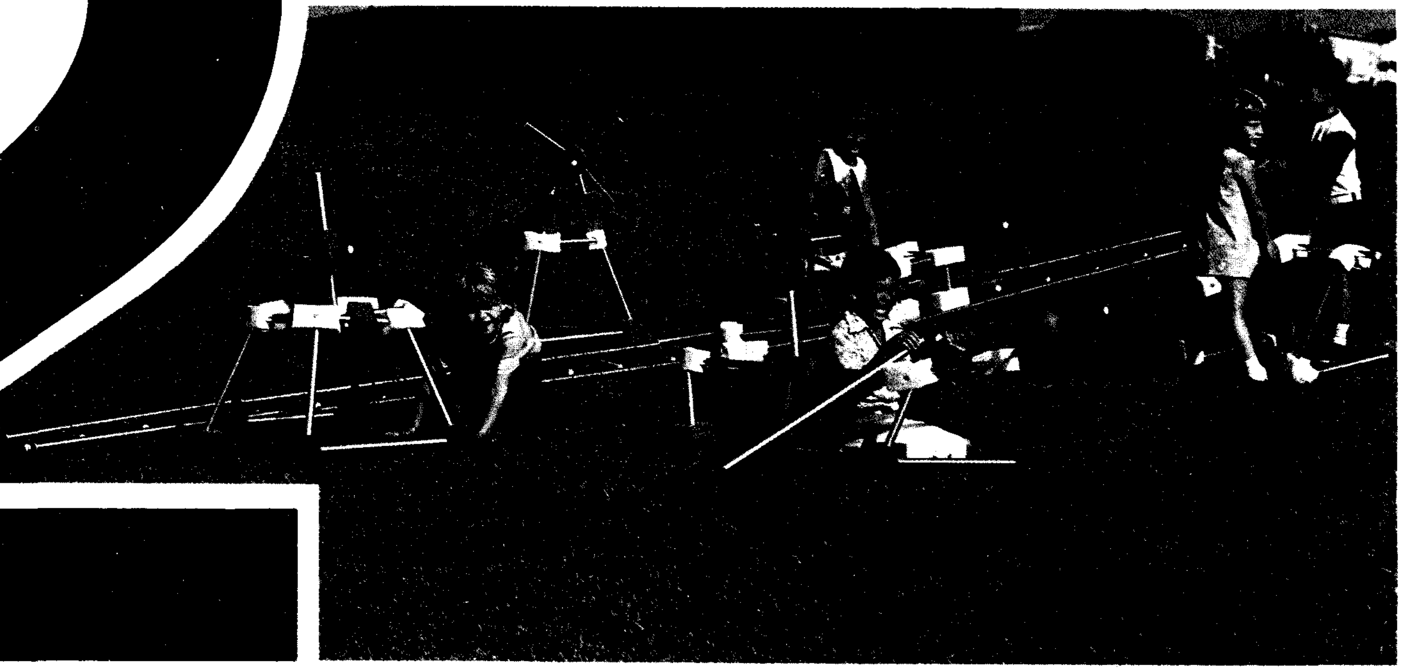
Perhaps the most amusing comment by Franklin describes how, when he left Boston after revolting against his brother's harsh treatment (he concedes, however, that he himself might have been "too saucy and provoking"). His brother spoke to every printer in Boston to deny Benjamin employment. He felt that both his brother and his father would prevent his leaving openly. "My Friend Collins therefore undertook to manage a little for me. He agreed with the Captain of a New York Sloop for my Passage, under the Notion of my being a young Acquaintance of his that had got a naughty Girl with Child, whose Friends would compel me to marry her, and therefore I could not appear or come away publickly." And thus the great man sneaked out of Boston, to begin his distinguished career under the pretense of having wronged "a naughty Girl." This is our history.

During the War of the Revolution, Washington took no leave in its seven years. The first time he saw his beloved Mount Vernon and four grandchildren was on his way to Yorktown. After the war's end, he put above his house a dove of peace for a weather vane. Then he left again in the service of his country to become President, "with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensation than I have words to express."

These three books are beautifully illustrated, each with some three hundred prints, cartoons, paintings. The editing has been done with authority and taste. I cannot imagine a better way to prepare for 1976 than by reading these books. ♖







Two new toy ideas by X-Potential

1 SILLY SID is entirely composed of safe, durable, soft polyester foam. This charming toy idea allows your child to pull, twist, squeeze, and bend in constructing almost any figure he can dream up, from cabooses to octopuses. Your child can rebuild Silly Sid as well as a Silly Family of fanciful figures. (Several ideas are pictured above.) The result is a lovable, throwable, floatable toy created by your child. SILLY SID is $2.00 each. See page 115a for ordering information.

2 SUPER STIX is an innovative toy idea composed of giant, light, noncorrosive aluminum tubes and giant soft polyester connectors. The components are giant size for building and thinking big and are designed for child handling ease and appeal. SUPER STIX has unlimited construction possibilities, allowing your child to be creative and active indoors and out. SUPER STIX is available in three quantities: (a) Starter Kit, 33 pieces — $6.60; (b) Jumbo Kit, 51 pieces — $13.00; (c) DeLuxe Kit, 75 pieces — $24.00. See page 115a for ordering information.

TRADING POST

P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

Please send me the SUPER STIX kit indicated below:
- ☐ Starter Kit
  $6.60 each plus $1.60 postage and handling.
- ☐ Jumbo Kit
  $13.00 each plus $1.85 postage and handling.
- ☐ DeLuxe Kit
  $24.00 each plus $2.30 postage and handling.

Please send me ___ SILLY SID(S)
$2.00 each plus 50c postage and handling.
☐ Enclosed is check or money order.
Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

(Credit Card No.) (Exp. Date)
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name:

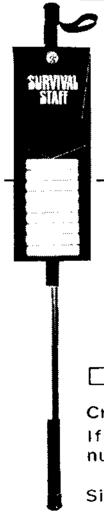
Signature

Name (print)

Address

City State Zip

Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.
If you prefer, use perforated order form on page 115A. 4A



WAUK-O-LONG SURVIVAL STAFF

Does double duty for campers, hikers, backpackers, fishermen.

It's a strong, lightweight walking aid.
It's a waterproof traveling storehouse.

Individual plastic canisters fit inside the hollow anodized aluminum staff. They may be used to hold first aid items, snakebite kit, map, matches, instant coffee, sugar, dehydrated food sticks, fishing line and hooks — anything your needs or imagination dictate. Day-Glo® grip pads are highly visible, especially when picked up by car headlights at night. Bright colors minimize chances of losing staff in fields or woods.

The Trading Post, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Ind. 46206
Please send me the WAUK-O-LONG Survival Staff(s) indicated below:

42" Staff	48" Staff	54" Staff
$7.49 ea. Ppd.	$7.98 ea. Ppd.	$8.49 ea. Ppd.
☐ Red	☐ Red	☐ Red
☐ Green	☐ Green	☐ Green
☐ Orange	☐ Orange	☐ Orange
Total ____	Total ____	Total ____

☐ Check enclosed. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. ______________ Expiration Date ______________

If Master Charge, enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: __ __ __ __

Signature ______________

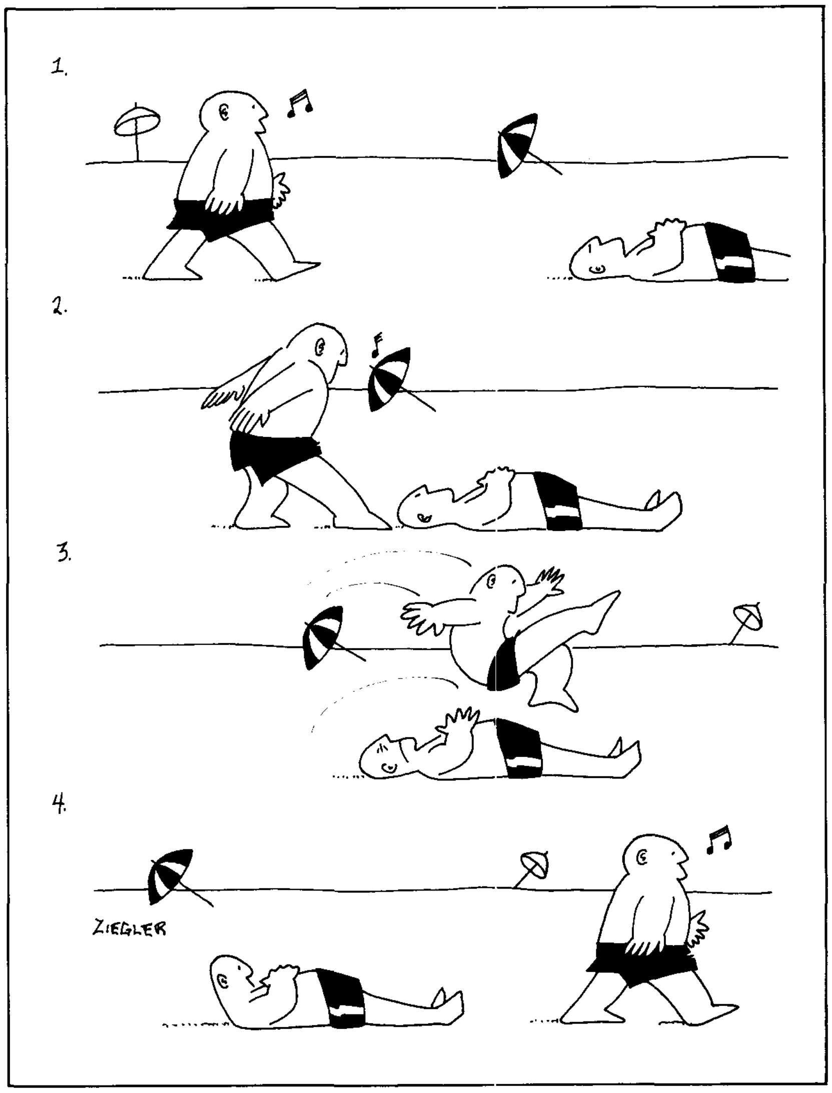
Name (print) ______________

Address ______________

City ______________ State ______________ Zip ______________

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery.

4A



Coming in the next issue
of the *Post* . . .

WE PROUDLY ANNOUNCE THE WINNERS OF THE FOUR GREAT *POST* CONTESTS!

A few months ago, the editors of the *Post* opened the lists for entrants in a writing competition to include the best short story, the most humorous essay or story, and the finest original poetry, plus the most risible cartoon. Anticipating a good response, we could not imagine the overwhelming reality—over three thousand entrants were received in the short story contest alone! Every last one was read, the selections narrowed down to a handful, and a winner selected in mortal combat among editors who fought to the last for their favorites. The next issue will contain this excitement of new talent discovered, fresh waves of creative interest stirred up, and America's finest talents challenged to produce their best. Don't miss the prize winners—both fresh and memorable—published in our next issue.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 97

1. Indiana
2. Wisconsin
3. Arizona
4. Connecticut
5. Nebraska
6. Tennessee
7. New York
8. Montana
9. Nevada
10. Colorado
11. Virginia
12. S. Carolina

HOW TO LEAD A STAINLESS LIFE

If you would like to have a canvas print of the stain removal guide on the opposite page, send a sticker from the top of a Bar Keepers Friend can, along with $1.00 and a canvas reproduction suitable for hanging in your kitchen or laundry room will be sent. If you are not able to find Bar Keepers Friend in your neighborhood, see Page 115 #__67__ on postage free order form.

SPOTS & STAINS

HOW TO LEAD A STAINLESS LIFE

Acid Stains: Rinse with water immediately. Then apply ammonia (to neutralize acid) and rinse again with water. If fabric changes color, apply white vinegar and rinse with water.

Adhesive Tape: Sponge with carbon tetrachloride in open air.

Alcoholic Beverage: Sponge with cold water, then glycerine and water. Before laundering, rinse with vinegar water.

Ballpoint Pen Ink: Pour denatured alcohol through cloth. Rub vaseline into stain. Rub fireproof Energine into stain. Soak in detergent solution and launder.

Blood: Soak in cold water for about a half hour. If stain remains, soak in lukewarm ammonia water (3 tablespoons of household ammonia per gallon of water). Alternative: Ordinary club soda. On thick fabrics, spread stain with paste of corn starch and water. Let dry and brush off.

Brass Tarnish: Clean and polish with BAR KEEPERS FRIEND. Makes your antique brass articles glisten and gleam like new.

Ceramic Smooth Top Ranges: Use trusted, non-abrasive BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove pot marks, food spills, coffee and tea stains.

Chocolate (also cocoa and candy): For washable fabrics, just launder. On others, rub glycerine into fabric and wash out with clear water.

Chewing Gum: Put article in plastic bag and place in freezer. Gum will come off with a flick of the finger. On washable fabrics, soften gum with egg white and launder.

Chrome (faucets, bumpers, grills, whistles, musical instruments): Shine and polish better than new by using BAR KEEPERS FRIEND.

Coffee: Sponge with cool water or soak in cool water for at least 30 minutes. Work in soap or detergent and rinse thoroughly.

Copper: Use BKF to renew the finish on your copper-bottomed cookware. Works quickly and effectively, without hard scouring.

Crayons: Loosen stain with kitchen shortening. Apply detergent, working until outline of stain is removed. Launder. On silk or wool, use fireproof Energine.

Dishwasher film: Add BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to your regular washing cycle.

Dinginess of Fabrics: Use 3 tablespoons of BKF in your washing machine (BKF contains no phosphates and dissolves grease and dirt).

Egg: Sponge with cold water. If stain remains, work in a soap or detergent.

Eyebrow pencil or eye shadow: Rub in undiluted detergent or soap and rinse well. Repeat if necessary.

Fruit Stains (also berry): Stretch cloth over bowl and pour boiling water through it. If stain persists, sponge with lemon solution. Never use soap and water on fresh fruit stains.

Gravy/Meat Juice (greasy stains): Sponge in lukewarm water. Launder in warm soapy water. On some fabrics, it may be necessary to rub soap or detergent thoroughly into stain and allow to stand for several hours before rinsing.

Grass Stains: Work detergent into stains, then rinse. If safe for dye, sponge stain with alcohol solution (2 parts water, 1 part alcohol).

Honey (syrup): Sponge with cool water or soak in cool water for 30 minutes. If trace remains, work in soap or detergent and rinse thoroughly.

"Hard" Water Stains: Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove mineral deposits left in tubs, sinks, shower stalls, toilet bowls, etc.

Ice Cream: Sponge in cold water. Apply either neutral detergent solution or vinegar water.

Ink: Force water through stain. Then wash with soap or detergent several times. Then soak in warm suds containing 1 to 4 tablespoons of ammonia to a quart of water.

Ketchup: On washable articles, sponge with cool water and let set 30 minutes. Work in detergent and rinse.

Lipstick: Loosen stain with cold cream or glycerine. Wash as usual in undiluted detergent. If necessary, rubbing alcohol may be used, if safe for fabric.

Liquid Makeup: Dampen stain. Apply undiluted liquid detergent. Work in and rinse well. Repeat if necessary.

Mildew: Add ½ cup liquid Lysol to wash water in washing machine. On leather, sponge with 50% water and 50% rubbing alcohol.

Mustard: Work glycerine into stain. Launder. If stain persists, sponge with rubbing alcohol.

Milk: Launder washable fabrics with plenty of soap. Repeat, if necessary.

Nail Polish: If fabric is acetate, Arnel, Dynel or Verel, sponge stain with amyl acetate. On other fabrics use acetone.

Oil (fish, liver oil, linseed oil, machine oil, vegetable oil): Rub soap or detergent into stain and rinse with warm water. Or sponge with fireproof Energine.

Oxidation (of aluminum, chrome, copper, stainless steel, etc.): BAR KEEPERS FRIEND efficiently cleans and polishes all oxidized metal surfaces without hard scrubbing.

Paint: Treat immediately. No one method will remove all stains. For fresh stains, rub in soap or detergent and wash. If stain remains, sponge with turpentine. While stain is still wet with solvent, work soap or detergent into stain, put in hot water and soak overnight. Then wash again.

Pet "Stains": Wash with solution of ¼ cup salt to 1 pint water. Then with ammonia solution, 1 part ammonia to 20 parts water.

Rust (on almost anything): Use BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to remove rust stains from fabrics as well as from tools, toys, hardware, and other household items.

Soft Drinks: Sponge immediately with cool water. If persistent, sponge with alcohol solution. Rub in glycerine and rinse after 30 minutes.

Scorch: If light, wash with soap or detergent or wash with a small amount of chlorine bleach added to wash water. For heavier scorching, cover stain with cloth dampened with hydrogen peroxide. Cover with dry cloth and press with iron. Rinse.

Shoe Polish: Apply undiluted liquid detergent. Rinse. If necessary, sponge with rubbing diluted alcohol (30% solution).

Shellac: Sponge stain with alcohol, or soak in alcohol. Dilute alcohol with 2 parts water for use on acetate. If alcohol bleeds the dye, try turpentine.

Soup: Sponge with cool water. If stain remains, work in soap or detergent. Allow to dry. If greasy stain remains, sponge with Energine. If a colored stain remains after the fabric dries, use a chlorine or peroxygen bleach. Always test fabrics for color fastness first.

Tar: Scrape off as much as possible. Rub stain with petroleum jelly. Then sponge with cleaning fluid. Wash in warm, soapy water. Rinse.

Tomato: Sponge with cold water. Work glycerine into stain and let stand half hour. Sponge with soap and water.

Varnish: Same as "Paint" above.

Vegetable Stains: On washable articles, sponge with cool water and let set 30 minutes. Then work in detergent and rinse.

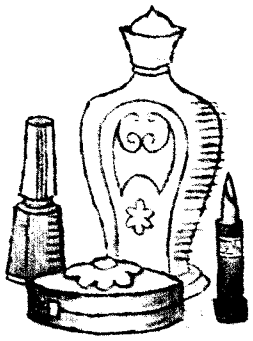
Vomit: Sponge or soak in a solution of two quarts of cold water with half cup of salt. Rinse in clear water and wash with warm soapsuds.

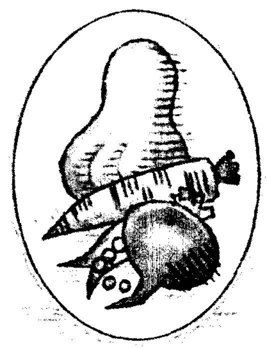
Walnut Stain: Very difficult to remove. Boil washable articles in soap or detergent solution for fresh stains. If safe for fabric and stain remains, use chlorine or sodium perborate bleach treatment.

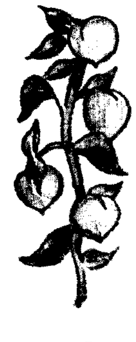
Wax (candle): Scrape off as much as possible. Place fabric between two paper towels and press with warm iron. Sponge final traces of oily stain with denatured alcohol and water (1 part alcohol, 2 parts water).

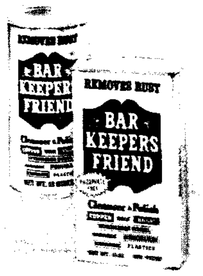
Wax (car, floor, furniture): Rub with soap or detergent and rinse with warm water. On some wash-wear fabrics, it may be necessary to let stand for several hours before rinsing and then laundering as usual. Sometimes you may need to use grease solvent.

Yellowing (fabrics): For general overall yellowing, add 3 tablespoons BAR KEEPERS FRIEND to your regular wash. For localized unknown yellow-brown stains, make a paste of BKF and water, apply to stain and let stand few moments. Launder as usual.









HEIDELBERG: THE OLD MAGIC LINGERS

By GALE WILEY

The beer and the Rhine flow on, and the song never ends.

Nearly a century ago, a crusty skeptic named Mark Twain lost his heart to the German city of Heidelberg, and like millions of Americans who would follow him, Twain found Heidelberg to be the "last possibility of the beautiful." It was Heidelberg's "serene and satisfying charm" that enchanted him; the beautiful, swift-moving Neckar River flowing at the base of the gorge where the town nestles; the great wooded outcroppings flanking the gorge; the massive ruins of the castle brooding over the city; and the "compact brown-roofed town" at night advertising an "intricate cobweb of streets jeweled with twinkling lights." But more than that, Heidelberg represented 19th-century German Romanticism symbolized by the University founded in 1386, the oldest in Germany. Dueling students and their "very free life" fascinated Twain. One wonders how many nights he swaggered with them from smoky, open-beamed inns like the Red Ox. We'll probably never know. But one thing for sure, Mark Twain in 1878 felt happy here, uninhibited and serene in the perfection of this centuries-old city with its castle and town framed by the hills of the Neckar; the lilacs and laburnum, the buttercups and poppies, and the ancient cobblestone streets leading young men and women down to the Neckar for romantic moonlight cruises.

And today, 100 years later, how would Mark Twain feel about Heidelberg, West Germany? One wonders what kind of biting satire he might pen, for much has changed in Heidelberg. Modernization, ever-growing population, and change have created another side to the city. Although it is still beautiful—not a building was scathed by World War II bombs—there are new elements in Heidelberg which might irritate the purist who expects romantic and tranquil scenes described by Twain, for silence is now punctuated by honking horns, protesting students, and blaring music. Traffic jams are commonplace; parking is such a problem that on busy days, sidewalks become beachheads for washed-ashore wreckage. Students no longer wear colorful caps or duel with swords, but more often chant protest slogans or duel with police. The mystical Student Prince, who was described forever in song by Sigmund Romberg, is long gone.

If Twain were to return today he would find many Americans living here, some 15,000 U.S. soldiers and their families alone who are part of the Army in Europe's major headquarters. Twain would see tourists—more than three million a year and many of them American—swarming like locusts picking away at the fruit of souvenirs, lugging away cuckoo clocks and beer mugs to their sleek glassy buses. He would see Jesus freaks, Hari Krishna dancers, winos, and street peddlers lining the new string of hamburger joints, high-priced gimmick shops, and student-named "rip-off stores." The quality of life for Heidelberg citizens, Twain would note, has ebbed away. Add all this together, couple it with ailing utilities used in structures designed for candles and wash basins, and you have a unique situation which might be likened to a 16th-century Disneyland. Everyone—tourists, students, locals—expects Heidelberg to remain just as it was centuries ago, down to its last picturesque detail, and yet everyone wants 20th-century parking places for their 20th-century automobiles. Of course everyone wants quick food service, as well as modern plumbing and electricity. Everyone wants to enjoy Heidelberg on his own terms.

Clearly then, city officials are smack dab in the middle. They know that tourism is big business for Heidelberg, because what little light industry there is sits on the non-taxable outskirts of the city. So tourists must be treated with kid gloves; they contribute too much to city coffers. Officials know, too, that the youth element of Heidelberg is also critical. Some 15,000 of Heidelberg's 130,000 inhabitants are under the age of twenty. They represent the vitality and life of the city; they frequent the growing number of discotheques and clubs of the old town. The international student element draws many young people from all over the world. But the students point their fingers at officials saying that the quality of life in Heidelberg has disappeared. Forced to move outside of the city because of skyrocketing rents, the students now must use public transportation which has become more and more expensive. Locals, fed up with the camp following rabble who shadow the tourists, are moving out of town. Many Heidelbergers will rent only to customers with money. That means businesses, not students.

And so the complaints flow to the officials, and yet the many faces of Heidelberg must live together.

Nils Kroesen, the trim thirty-four-year-old managing director of Heidelberg's tourist information center, has been working hard with city fathers to tackle Heidelberg's problems. He is a creative, mild-mannered public relations type who believes in turning Heidelberg's headaches into forces for positive change. Instead of hiding the fact that Heidelberg has changed, for example, Kroesen actively sells both romantic and youth sides of Heidelberg. While his office hands out traditional pamphlets which ask, "Would you like to lose your heart in Heidelberg?" it also gives out pamphlets written by Release, an organization devoted to helping young people get along in Heidelberg "without hassle." The Release pamphlet warns students to avoid drug abuse in the city and discourages sleeping on the streets, while pointing out how to save money.

Since the 15th century, peddlers have sold everything from beer mugs to cuckoo clocks.

"Heidelberg's attraction is its age," says Kroesen. "After the fire of 1600, the baroque city was rebuilt in the Gothic manner. And from then on, nothing much has changed. The streets are as they were in the Middle Ages, for example. And the traffic on these streets is nearly impossible today. That means we simply have to do away with the traffic. The solution will be to close off the old city and build a totally automatic underground streetcar system which will connect one end of the city with the other, from Bismarck Platz to Karlstor."

Kroesen and city officials have taken the edge off this new idea by shutting off the *Altstadt* each October for *Heidelberger Herbst*, a wine-drinking-dancing-oompah-day. The festival is the city's way of preparing everyone for the day when the old city will be per-

After the fire of 1600, the baroque city was rebuilt in the Gothic style. Nothing's changed since.

Heidelberg's a city that requires three days to see, not one. Hordes of tourists happily comply.

manently closed to traffic.

To keep the image of the old, yet provide a modern city at the same time, Kroesen says that city planners working with the University have developed a solution. Every historical building in sad need of repair will be gutted, and valuable historical elements of the building will be preserved. New plumbing and wiring will be set in the structure. This time-consuming process is something like a heart transplant, especially with structures that are so delicate and aged.

The problem of the tourist hordes scurrying in and out like lemmings has plagued Heidelberg for years, but Kroesen says he hopes to partially solve this problem by traveling to major U.S. cities, getting out the word that Heidelberg is a city that requires three days to see, not one. Kroesen says that this will not only slow down the massive turnover of tourists, it will also benefit the city. People who stay three days spend more money, but of course they really get the chance to know a city, too.

Does Heidelberg have a drug problem?

"Yes, we know that heroin is a big problem because we are midway between Amsterdam and Basel. We have a special narcotics squad which stays on top of the problem," says Kroesen. Regular patrols check areas where drugs are regularly sold on the *Unterstrasse*. Police make major crackdowns every so often, in an effort to keep pressure on drug suppliers.

"We believe that much of the problem has to do with the American GI's who are stationed here in Heidelberg. These people are intensively involved in it. But we know that outsiders from all over the world also bring in drugs."

Kroesen is a realist, though. He maintains that American troops are not much different from any troops in garrison. His office works actively with the American consulate in Heidelberg to defuse any hostility. Typical is the American play production *Man of La Mancha* which Americans put on in the Heidelberg castle this summer. The play received good reviews from German papers.

Another man sensitive to German-American relationships is General Michael S. Davison, commander-in-chief of the Army in Europe. Davison and his wife Jean live on a hill overlooking the Neckar, not far from the castle. Their home, which once served as a rest home for retired postal employees during the war, was requisitioned by the Americans at the end of the war and has served as quarters for the Army's ranking general since 1952.

Mrs. Davison is active in German-American women's club activities. Her club collected 32,000 Deutsche Marks at a penny bazaar last year. "I think people in Heidelberg have been most friendly. I love Heidelberg. I'm always glad to get back here after a trip. I don't think of it as a large city; it has so much small town charm."

General Davison came to Germany from his assignment in Vietnam where he led the Cambodian invasion in 1970. When he stepped off the plane in Heidelberg, a large contingent of students were chanting "Murderer" and carrying anti-Vietnam placards.

"I personally tend to see two faces in Heidelberg," said Davison, "because of the reception I got when I first arrived here in June 1971. Posters were put up all over the town branding me as a war criminal. But that's one face I don't think to be the real face of Heidelberg. Only a small minority of students. The other face of Heidelberg I see, of course, is that of a hospitable city where the people are receptive and friendly."

Souvenir shops have ringed the Heiliggeist Kirche (Church of the Holy Ghost) since the 15th century. In little kiosks between the buttresses of the church, peddlers sell everything from beer mugs to postcards and cuckoo clocks. One lady who refused to give her name sells mostly beer mugs and postcards. She sees two faces in Heidelberg—those who steal and those who don't. Americans are honest; English and French tourists steal, she says, "like crows."

"Heidelberg hasn't changed a bit. The students have changed. If it were warm today you couldn't get across the square. The foreigners object to the hippies, but we have gotten used to them. It wasn't always that way. Today the church isn't open to the public because *they* (the hippies) destroyed everything. One night they were locked up in the church overnight by mistake and they destroyed the Bibles and the candles. Unbelievable. They used to have a Student Prince atmosphere here, fraternities, but today that's no more. One-half marches left, one-half marches right, and the middle—that's us—stays at home to avoid both sides. I have been a Heidelberger for twenty-seven years and what's happening in Heidelberg is terrible."

Margret Maranuk, twenty-seven, from Sewickley, Pennsylvania, has lived in Heidelberg for five years now. A long-haired, brown-eyed teacher-student, Margret says that one thing most tourists miss in Heidelberg is the night life, especially the *Weinstuben*, the little rooms where wine is sipped until the wee hours. Every taste in night life—cafes, fine restaurants, quick service *bratwurst* stands, discotheques, cafe bars—is waiting in Heidelberg. For the seekers of romantic Heidelberg, says Margret, there's the *Roter Ox* (Red Ox) and *Zum Sepp'l* on the *Hauptstrasse* of the old town. Both traditional student hangouts and visited by writers like Goethe and Twain, these cozy beer-restaurant establishments have large wooden tables, pictures of dueling fraternities, signs, sayings, old photos, antiques, knickknacks from the past, and a warm atmosphere and charm. Students throughout the years carved their names on the tables and now though a vast hieroglyphic, one can make out names such as "John, Philly '46," or "Johann, 1918" carefully carved into the dark varnished wood. "Heidelberg is one of the few German cities which has a night life," says Margret. "It's another face of the city." Names such as the Cave, Bistro 2001, Whisky-a-Gogo, and Die Lupe are typical for discos, she added.

When a group of city planners from the United States visited Heidelberg, they raved to Rudolf Staden about the beauty of the old

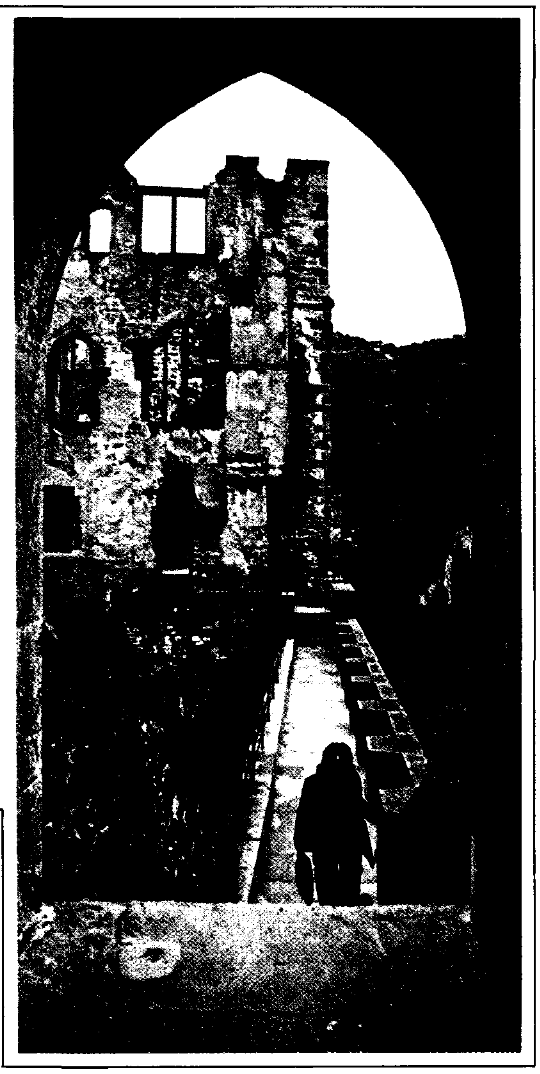
Romberg's Student Prince hoisted stein upon stein between songs. Today the music's likely to be acid rock, the student princes, G.I.'s.

town, about the castle, about the atmosphere, about how perfect it all was. "Keep it just as it is, don't ruin it," they told Staden, who happens to be Heidelberg's city planner. That, of course, is what generations of Heidelberg planners have done; otherwise it wouldn't be so beautiful today. But as Staden points out, there has never been such a heavy demand on the city, nor has there been such a need for improved traffic flow and more efficient city transportation. The new completely automatic streetcar which is being planned to run under the main street of the old city will help the problem, but the bill (some forty to fifty million Marks) and disruption to life in the *Altstadt* pose problems. "A city planner has to have nerve to save areas from traffic. It's critical. The solutions to problems, the technical aspects, are easy . . . the problem is always with people."

And yet another face of Heidelberg, and perhaps the reason most people come here, is the scarred face of the castle high above the city. Most visitors, whether Japanese businessmen, long-haired backpackers from California, or sheiks from the Middle East, spend hours lingering around the castle ground, somehow trying to capture its meaning with their Kodaks. But the unifying factors seem to be the castle's raw beauty and its history.

For beauty, Twain says it best: "Out of the billowy upheaval of vivid green foliage. . . rises the huge ruin of Heidelberg castle, with empty window arches, ivy-mailed battlements, moldering towers—the Lear of inanimate nature—deserted, discrowned, beaten by the storms, but royal still, and beautiful. It is a fine sight to see the evening sunlight suddenly strike the leafy declivity at the castle's base and dash it up and drench it as with a luminous spray, while the adjacent groves are deep in shadow."

The history of the castle is ominous; it hushes anyone who respects the past. It is not just one castle or palace, but several castles built layer upon layer, each with different architectural styles and moods, one for a war, another for show, another for grace and style. This vast bulwark of stone and brick represents work from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, work which was twice destroyed in 1689 and 1893. Deep in the belly of one section of the castle is the Big Barrel, built in 1751, which holds 330,000 quarts. This cask, as well as the statues, carvings, painting, and artifacts of various owners, says more than the flowery text of most historians.



The huge ruin of Heidelberg castle—according to Mark Twain, "the Lear of inanimate nature."

In a corner of the old castle is the *Apothekerturm*, or pharmacist's tower, where sixteenth-century chemists and physicians stored vast quantities of medicine for the local citizenry. In 1957, the German Pharmacy Museum was built around the tower, and the municipal government helped finance construction of ten cruciform vaults.

The museum holds a mind-boggling display of antique presses, scales, weights, vessels, herbs, drugs, grinders and other pharmacological esoterica which your corner drugstore may be low on—things like dragon's blood, crushed bones, tusks, horns, beetles, toads, lizards, snakes and crabs. Perhaps the most ghoulish aspect of the place, though, is in "Room Four" with its weird panoply of skulls, a pot of human lard, brain pans, and dismembered mummies.

"The medical use of these products," a museum sign assures the visitor, "all belongs to the past."

One medical treatment found in Heidelberg, however, pertains very much to the present. Known as "cell therapy," it is based on the theory that an injection of sheep cells can revitalize human organs and cure some of man's ailments. Liver cells are given to patients with an abnormal liver, pancreas cells to those with a malfunctioning pancreas. Hoping to enhance their memory and general stamina, people come to Heidelberg from all over the world.

In 1954 internist Joachim Stein, an affable, exceedingly bright Heidelberger, discovered a way of preserving the cells from lamb fetuses by freeze-drying so that they could be used anywhere, by any physician, many months later. Today, thanks largely to Stein, some 5,000 European doctors are able to give sheep-cell injections of about seventy different tissues and organs. The vacuum-packed glass ampules sell from $15 to $45 apiece and are affordable by even the average working man.

"Cell therapy shows the best effects in symptoms of wear and tear, premature aging, loss of vitality, hypo-function of endocrine glands," says Dr. Stein. "A condition which does not respond to conventional treatment but to C.T. is mongolism and similar retardations in children. Since we published the book *Cell Research and Cellular Therapy*, we found that Parkinson's disease and brain atrophy respond well to C.T., which is now being checked at ten German University clinics on the request of the Scientific Council of the Bundesärztekammer (Federal Chamber of Medicine).

"My patients come from all social classes, the majority from the middle class. About 80 percent of these patients are older than fifty. The ratio of males to females, about 60 to 40. When the patient comes to me, I first take the anamnesis (case history); then I perform a thorough physical examination. Between eight and twelve different blood tests are made to exclude inflammatory or infectious diseases. X-rays of the chest and abdominal organs and an electrocardiogram are made."

Including the time for the necessary medical examination and special laboratory analyses, the cell treatment will take six to seven days. In the course of the treatment it is necessary for the patient to stay absolutely quiet three days in bed in order to secure the absorption of the implanted cells. The patient is advised to eat little and only light foods during the treatments. Generally Dr. Stein favors a diet high in proteins and low in carbohydrates and fats, lots of vegetables, fruit, salads.

"The sheep cells are not 'nourishment,' but building material," Stein says. "Cell material injected into the muscles is immediately phagocytized, or eaten up, then transported to the corresponding organ in the patient."

Much of Stein's time is spent treating mongoloid and mentally retarded children free of charge. When not lecturing or running his clinic, he directs the International Cell Therapy Association, an organization dedicated to keeping scientists up to date on cell therapy techniques.

Cell therapy as practiced by Dr. Stein is still an almost exclusively European practice. The German Ministry of Health and the Heidelberg University Medical School guarantee the sterility of the cellular material used in treatment, but do not endorse the treatment itself. Nevertheless, the method is gaining acceptance. The West German government now reimburses many patients for their cell therapy as part of the national health plan. Several applications have been made with the U.S. Food and Drug Administration for testing the safety and efficacy of cell therapy on humans.

Stein disagrees with some of his more avid followers who see cell therapy as a newly discovered "fountain of youth."

"I do not like the word 'rejuvenation,'" he says. "I prefer the term 'revitalization' instead. Nobody, after all, can make you younger. You cannot add years to your life, but you *can* add life to your years. You can bring a malfunctioning organ back to a normal state, but you cannot make it hypernormal."

The medicinal stock for Stein's cell therapy is prepared on the outskirts of Heidelberg. The factory is a model of efficiency, with ultramodern facilities for sanitary, painless slaughter of sheep as well as equipment for preserving and packing the cells.

The "surgery room" resembles a modern hospital operating room. After a ewe has been anesthetized with an electric shock, the fetus is removed and quickly transferred in a double-sterile container to a vacuum chamber where technicians wearing rubber gloves work with it through small openings. The vital organs are removed, minced, pulverized and freeze-dried at -200 degrees Fahrenheit in a matter of seconds. Stringent precautions are taken to assure sterility: special bacteria-killing air-conditioning is used throughout, employees are required to take a series of showers as they move from one room to another, and the boots and uniforms they wear must be thrown away after use. Each batch of cells is then sent for analysis to the Heidelberg Medical School. This can take up to two months. If there is even the slightest evidence of infection, the tissue is promptly discarded.

For whatever reason one visits Heidelberg—romanticism or restoration—one cannot help feeling that it is a city of countless images and reflections, each guarded by the ancient castle and cradled by the Neckar. The river flows out onto the vast Rhine plain and slithers like a snake toward the misty horizon. From that vantage point, Heidelberg seems unchanged from three centuries ago—absent of cars, television, and The Grateful Dead. From a distance, perched on a stone ledge once walked by kings, there is a kind of sense to the flow of time. Heidelberg has always adapted to the whim of its inhabitants, and Heidelberg has outlasted them all. ♦

HUNDREDS OF CASCADING RED, GREEN AND GOLD BEADS OF LIGHT SHOWER YOUR HOME IN DAZZLING BEAUTY!

Exquisite Rainbow "Fountain of Light"
DECORATOR LAMP

- Battery operated—no ugly dangerous cords!
- Over 14" tall, 15" wide!
- Spectacular even when off!

SEE OUR DELIGHTFUL low, low price only $5.98 (lamps not half as lovely cost up to twice as much!)

No doubt about it — it's the making of a room! Breathtakingly beautiful lamp sends up sprays of brightly colored cascading lights on two separate tiers. Dramatic mood lighting at its best! The lovely result of space age "cold light." Miracle fibers conduct light, yet beads remain cool to the touch, safe for curious little fingers. Turn it on and hundreds of red, green and gold jewels of light bathe your room in dazzling brilliance that rivals a moonlit "Fourth of July" fireworks display! Softer, more romantic than candlelight. Absolutely spectacular as a centerpiece. Uses 2 ordinary "C" batteries (not provided). Bound to sell out fast — order at once!

MAIL 10 DAY NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!
GREENLAND STUDIOS
4711 Greenland Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33054

Enclosed is check or m.o. for $________
___"Fountain of Light" Lamp(s) #13784 @ $5.98 each plus 75¢ postage & handling.
(Florida residents, add 4% sales tax)

NAME________________
ADDRESS________________
CITY________________
STATE________ZIP________

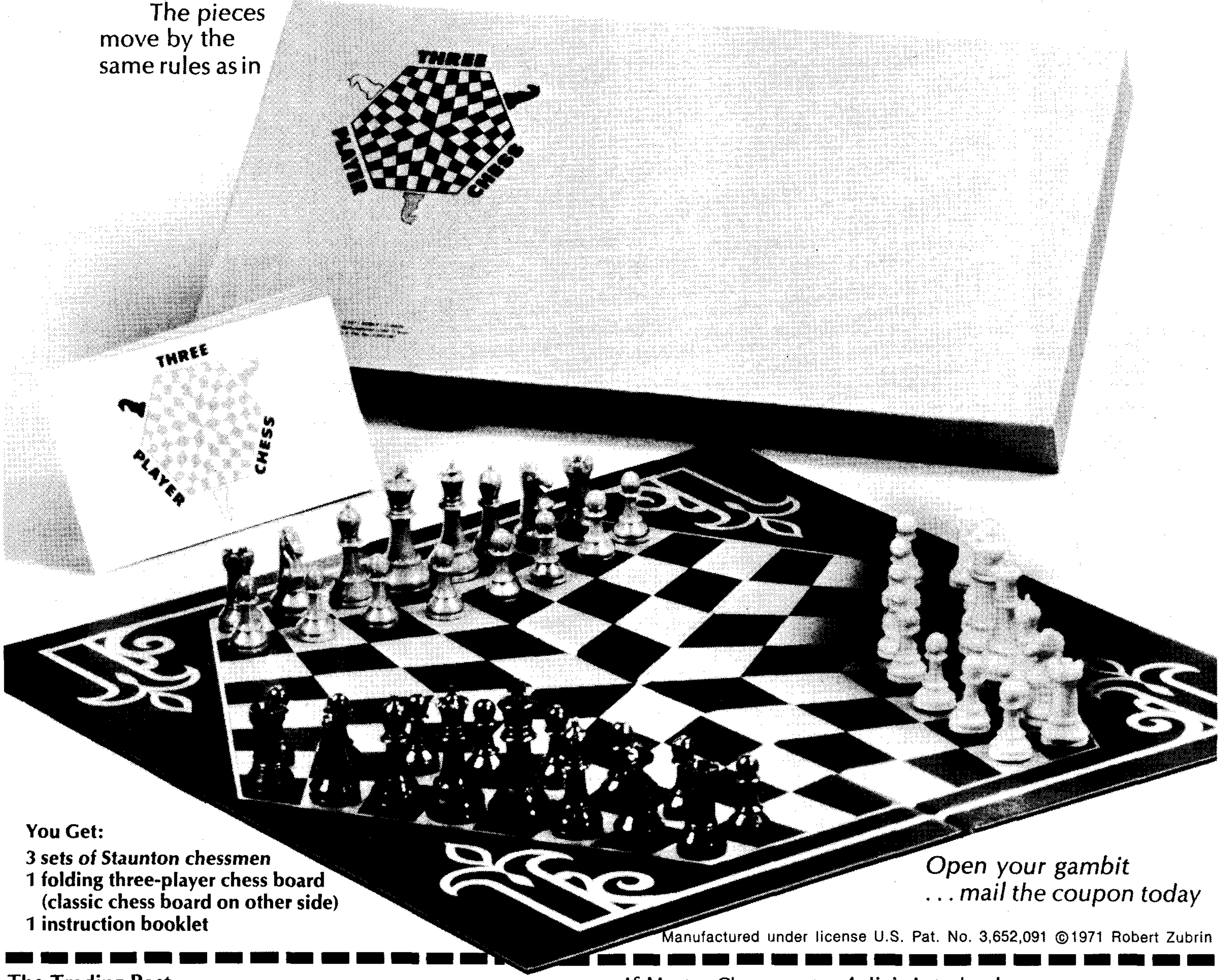
New. 3-Player Chess.

Classic Chess with something added: Alliances, Plots and Treachery.

If classic chess is like war, new 3-player chess is like war plus politics. The addition of a third player allows two weak players to gang up on a strong one. But if it promises advantage, they can double-cross each other. The motto is: never keep your word. To win at 3-player chess you need all the skills of classic chess, plus scheming, diplomacy and treachery.

The pieces move by the same rules as in classic chess. The same gambits are useful. Chess skill counts high. But political skill is added.

Every chess player will be fascinated by the new intellectual and political challenges of 3-player chess. And you won't need two players of equal strength to have a fascinating game. Begin your plotting now by mailing the attached order card.



You Get:
3 sets of Staunton chessmen
1 folding three-player chess board
(classic chess board on other side)
1 instruction booklet

Open your gambit
. . . mail the coupon today

Manufactured under license U.S. Pat. No. 3,652,091 ©1971 Robert Zubrin

The Trading Post
P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Ind. 46206

Please send me ____ set(s) of 3-Player Chess at $14.95 each, plus $1.50 for shipping and handling.

☐ Check enclosed. Bill to:
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Credit Card No. ________ Expiration Date ________

If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: _ _ _ _

Signature ________

Name ________

Address ________

City ________ State ________ Zip ________

Indiana residents add 4% sales tax. For your convenience use perforated order form on page 115A. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 4A

THE ARMCHAIR SHOPPER

LOVE GIFTS FOR ALL HAPPY OCCASIONS

And for you. Gifts for collectors, travelers, readers . . . for children and for hobbyists. Have an easy, carefree shopping spree in your favorite armchair. Be sure to read the instructions on the attached order form carefully so The Trading Post can expedite your order. Please be sure to clearly print your name, address, zip code and to include all pertinent information about the item such as quantity, color and size. Make check payable to The Trading Post or use your BankAmericard or Master Charge. Include complete account number and expiration date. Allow ample time for delivery: 4-6 weeks.

ROCKWELL CANVASES

Each painting is expertly reproduced in full color and detail on artist's canvas. Each one is available unframed, or framed in your preference of maple or walnut finish. Unframed: 11"x14", $5.98; 18"x24", $9.98. Framed: 11"x14", $15.95; 18"x24", $24.95. See pp. 120-121.

Breaking Home Ties, 11"x14" or 18"x24". 1

Magic Potion, 11"x14" only. 2

Low and Inside, 11"x14" only. 3

The Schoolteacher, 11"x14" or 18"x24". 4

Knuckles Down, 11"x14" only. 5

Golden Days, 11"x14" only. 6

The Trumpeter, 11"x14" only. 7

Tea for Two, 11"x14" or 18"x24". 8

At the Vet's, 11"x14" or 18"x24". 9

At the Doctor's, 11"x14" only. 10

The Optometrist, 11"x14" only. 11

The Missing Tooth, 11"x14" only. 12

Joy Unconfined, 11"x14" only, see p. 127.................13

BOOKS & SUBSCRIPTIONS

COLLEGE FOOTBALL 1869-1973. Photo-filled collections of statistics, essays, and biographies of football greats and near greats. 556 pages. $24.95 ppd. See p. 43.... 14

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST TREASURY. Anthology of the best fiction and the best cover paintings during *The Saturday Evening Post*'s 200-year history. Hardbound volume, $10.00. See p. 127. 15

HEIRLOOMS OF THE FUTURE. A memorable collection of back issues of *The Saturday Evening Post* from the famous first sold-out Summer 1971 issue to the November/December 1973 issue. Set of twelve for $14.40. Single copies, $1.50 each. See p. 37. 16

POST ISSUES 1898-1941. From the archives of *The Saturday Evening Post* actual back issues published during the period 1898-1941. Sure to increase in value. (Without covers, half price.) See p. 125.

Issues from 1898-1914, $10.00. 17

Issues from 1915-1941, $5.00. 18

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Now published monthly, except Jan., June, Aug. 1974. 1 year, $10.00; 2 years, $19.00; 3 years, $27.00. See p. 17. 19

HOLIDAY INN INTERNATIONAL COOK BOOK. Contains over 1,400 recipes with professional shortcuts for the novice in the kitchen. $3.95 plus 50¢ postage and handling. See p. 82. 20

NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK. Over 1,500 recipes; completely indexed and cross-referenced. Authored by Craig Claiborne, former *New York Times* Food Editor. $9.95 ppd. See p. 126. 21

MISCELLANEOUS

THREE-PLAYER CHESS. To win, you need all the skills of classic chess, plus scheming, diplomacy, and treachery. $14.95 plus $1.50 shipping and handling. See p. 114.....22

BUTTERFIELD FARMS FRUITCAKE. Made with 100-proof bonded Kentucky Bourbon, 80-proof Coronet VSQ Brandy, 86-proof New England Rum. See p. 84.

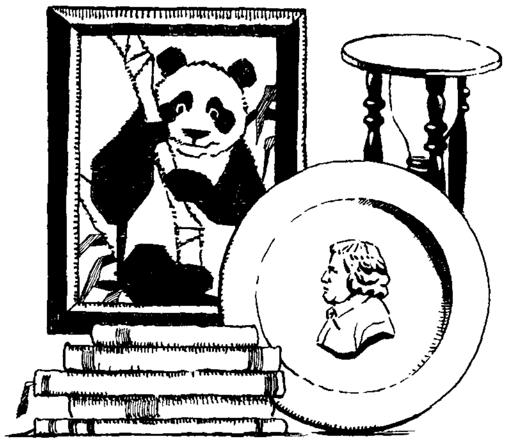
2 lbs., $5.95 plus $1.25 postage and handling. 23

3 lbs., $7.95 plus $1.50 postage and handling. 24

5 lbs., $11.95 plus $1.75 postage and handling. 25

DIAL-MATE. Never again get a wrong number, nor forget an important one. $59.95 plus $2.50 shipping and handling. See p. 89. 26

LEATHER PASSPORT CASE. Hand-grained English Morocco leather passport case comes with bonus of 10 travel aids. $19.95 plus 75¢ postage & handling. See p. 87. 27



1974 CURRENCY GUIDE. How to Cope with Inflation and Devaluation While Traveling in the U.S. and Europe. $1.75 plus 25¢ postage. See p. 86. 28

MENU TRANSLATOR. Fold-out, passport size translator with easy-to-read type contains over 1,000 words and phrases. Available in 10 languages; plastic laminated for durability. $1.75 each plus 25¢ postage. See p. 86. 29

BIRD DINER. With each Bird Diner purchased the manufacturer will pay the U.S. Forest Service to plant a tree in your name and will send you an Environmental Appreciation Award. $10.95 plus $1.00 postage and handling. See p. 98. 30

DIPPITY FLIP DOLL. Little girls will love acting out the story of Little Red Riding Hood with Dippity Flip, because she's three dolls in one. 20" high. $9.95 plus $1.25 postage and handling. See p. 101. 31

MUSEUM REPRODUCTIONS. Sculpted from the originals. Please add $1.50 postage and handling. See p. 93.

Rameses II, $22.00. 32

Ushabtiu, $16.00. 33

Siamese Buddha, $26.00. 34

Goddess Sakhmet, $15.00. 35

Tibetan Buddha, $10.50. 36

God of Longevity, $13.00. 37

Goddess "Bast", $19.50. 38

God "Horus", $21.00. 39

The Scholar, $15.50. 40

FOSSIL BOOK STUDY KIT. Each of six books contains authentic fossil mounted on a removable card which records its geological time scale. Single volume, $4.95 each; complete study set of six volumes, $29.95. With purchase of study set, you get a free Moon Rock. See p. 103.

Fossil Study Kit, Complete. 41

I. The Fossil Trilobites. 42

II. The Fossil Ferns. 43

III. The Fossil Ammonites. 44

IV. The Fossil Dinosaurs. 45

V. The Fossil Fishes. 46

VI. The Fossil Sharks. 47

MOON ROCKS. Tektites authenticated by NASA as having originated on the Moon in the crater Tycho over 600,000 years ago. $5.00 each. See p. 103. 48

X-POTENTIAL TOYS. Innovative new toys designed to keep children active and creative indoors and out. See p. 107.

Super Stix. Large light aluminum tubes and soft polyester connectors allowing unlimited construction possibilities.

Starter Kit, $6.60 plus $1.60 postage and handling. 49

Jumbo Kit, $13.00 plus $1.85 postage and handling. 50

Deluxe Kit, $24.00 plus $2.30 postage and handling. ...51

Silly Sid. Durable, soft polyester foam toy which can be taken apart and remade into any figure your child can dream up. $2.00 plus 50¢ postage and handling. 52

JACK FROST HOOD. You can make an 80-inch scarf or hood, $6.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling. See p. 35. ..53

ZODIAC RINGS. Men's and women's zodiac rings. Please indicate your sign and ring size as you order. Please add $1.25 postage and handling. See p. 124.

Sterling Silver, $23.50. 54

14K Gold, $57.50. 55

18K Gold, $69.50. 56

WILTON DINNER SERVICE AND ACCESSORIES. Please add $1.50 postage and handling to your order. See p. 29.

1. 1776 Tankard, $7.00. 57

2. "Health, Love and Wealth" Plate, $10.00. 58

3. Great Seal of the United States Plate, $15.00 59

4. 1840 Coffee Pot, $40.00 60

THE QUEEN ANNE SERIES

5. Dinner plate, $10.00. 61

5a. Cup and Saucer, $10.50. 62

5b. Five-Piece Place Setting, $32.50. 63

5c. Twenty-Piece Starter Set, $130.00. 64

6. Five-in-One Candle Holder, $5.00. 65

7. Wine Bottle Coaster, $6.00. 66

BAR KEEPERS FRIEND STAIN CHART. Decorative canvas reproduction of stain removal chart shown on page 109. Just send $1.00 and sticker from top of BAR KEEPERS FRIEND can. See p. 109. 67

POST BAG. Exact replica of old POST delivery bag. $5.98 plus 50¢ postage. See p. 126. 68

APRON HOOP. Just stitch two hems in a straight piece of cloth and slip on the plastic hoop. Comes in three sizes: Small, 20"-28" waist; medium, 28"-34" waist; large, 34"-44" waist. Pattern included. $1.00 ppd. One dozen, $4.80 plus 75¢ postage. See p. 126. 69

WAUK-O-LONG HIKING STICK. Individual plastic canisters fit inside the hollow anodized aluminum staff, providing a lightweight, waterproof traveling storehouse. Available in red, green or orange. See p. 108.

42" Staff, $7.49 ppd. 70

48" Staff, $7.98 ppd. 71

54" Staff, $8.49 ppd. 72

HEARD ANY GOOD BOOKS LATELY? The classics on tape. See p. 76.

1. A Christmas Carol by Dickens, $5.98 plus 25¢ postage. 73

2. Treasure Island by Stevenson, $11.96 plus 50¢ postage. 74

3. Alice in Wonderland by Carroll, $5.98 plus 25¢ postage. 75

4. The Wizard of Oz by Baum, $11.96 plus 50¢ postage.... 76

5. Huckleberry Finn by Twain, $17.94 plus 75¢ postage.. 77

6. Great Expectations by Dickens, $17.94 plus 75¢ postage. 78

7. Three stories: The Legend of Sleepy Hollow by Irving, The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County by Twain, and The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky by Crane, $5.98 plus 25¢ postage. 79

DEMIKA DESK ACCESSORIES. From the Wicker 'n Lucite collection. Please add $1.00 postage and handling. See p. 123.

Memo Pad, $10.00. 80

Desk Calendar, $10.00. 81

Desk Organizer, $15.00. 82

DELUXE HIGHWAY EMERGENCY KIT. Kit comes complete with 8-ft. booster cables, tire inflator, fire extinguisher, emergency blinker, auto spotlight, gas siphon pump, first-aid kit, first-aid book, instruction sheet. $19.95 plus $2.00 shipping and handling. See p. 51. 83

MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"The physician heals, nature makes well." Aristotle

My brother recently helped deliver his wife's baby, at home, because a snowstorm had closed the roads and no transportation was available. Could you give some emergency instructions on safe delivery for helpless husbands whose wives are pregnant. Just in case we need to know.

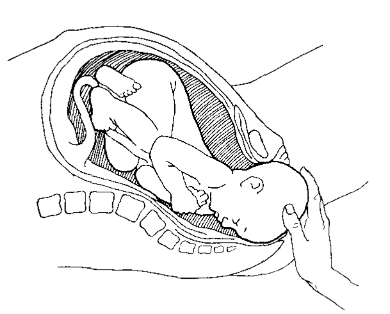
Most women are able to reach medical facilities or professional help in time. The following guide is intended to be used only if delivery is imminent and transportation to a medical facility is impossible.

When, then, is childbirth imminent? Probably the best guide to use is to determine if the baby's head has moved into the vagina. If it has, the head will put pressure on the mother's rectum, often causing a strong urge to strain or to have a bowel movement. Needless to say, it is not advisable to permit the mother to sit on a toilet now. This pressure is often the first symptom of imminent delivery. Minutes before the baby's head starts to emerge, the vaginal area can be observed to bulge. This is an objective sign of imminent delivery. It is a time to act.

The mother should be placed in bed on her back with her knees drawn up, and newspapers covered by clean towels and a sheet under her. If it is more comfortable for the patient, she can assume a position on her side with the lower leg extended and the upper leg flexed.

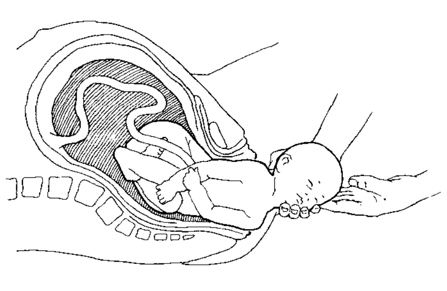
It is advisable to have a few articles of equipment: two pieces of ribbon or shoestring to tie the umbilical cord, and a pair of scissors. If time permits, these articles can be placed in boiling water to sterilize them. Wash hands thoroughly. *It is important to remember that you are not delivering the baby*; that is accomplished by the mother. You are just assisting her in the delivery. Constantly reassure the mother and encourage her to breathe deeply through her mouth and to relax between contractions.

1



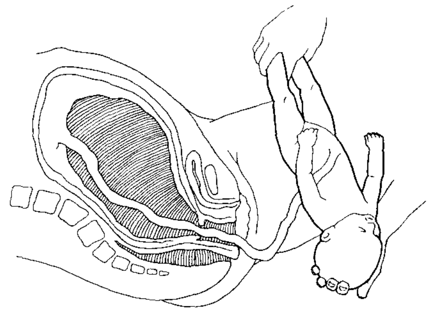
A hand should be placed on the head and gentle pressure applied against it during the contractions.

2



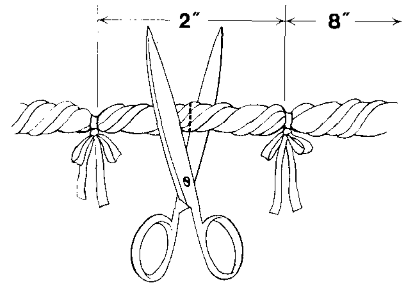
It is important that from the time of its delivery, the head should be gently supported with both hands.

3



The baby should be held with his head slightly downward to allow drainage of fluid from his air passages.

4



Tie the umbilical cord at about 8 inches from the baby, and 2 inches toward the mother tie the cord a second time. Then cut between the knots.

When the baby's head begins to push out of the vaginal opening a hand should be placed on the head and gentle pressure applied against it during the contractions to prevent the head from suddenly "popping" out. This pressure will reduce the possibility of tearing the mother's vagina. It should be stressed that delivery is a gradual and well controlled process and *force should never be employed.*

The baby's head will usually be expelled face down. It is important at this time to look at and feel the baby's neck to make sure the umbilical cord is not wrapped around the neck. If it is, gently slip the cord down over the baby's head.

Shortly after its appearance, the head will turn slightly to the right or the left and the upper shoulder will emerge. It is important that from the time of its delivery, the head should be gently supported with both hands. To aid in the delivery of the upper shoulder the head can be moved gently downward; however, *do not pull on the baby's head.*

As the upper shoulder is delivered, both hands should be supporting the head at all times. Gently, without pulling, exert a slight lifting action to aid in the delivery of the other shoulder. Keep in mind that the delivery up to this point may have occurred in a few minutes or taken as long as ten minutes. There is no hurry! Remember the mother is still supporting the baby's life as she has done for many months so don't panic and try to pull the baby out. *Let the mother deliver it.*

Anytime after the delivery of the head the baby may start breathing and crying. Using a clean soft cloth gently clear mucus away from the baby's nostrils and mouth. Continue to support the baby with both hands as the rest of the body is delivered. The baby's body will be extremely slippery and the rest of the body often emerges very suddenly, so be careful. Do not remove your hands.

When the baby is fully delivered slide one hand down to grasp the legs; the other hand should still support the head and neck. The baby should be held with its head slightly downward, to allow drainage of fluid from his air passages. The baby may or may not be breathing at this time. Place the baby on his side and once again clean the mucus from the nose and mouth.

If the baby is not crying or breathing by this time it may be necessary to stimulate him by flicking the bottom of his feet with your fingers several times.

After making sure the baby is breathing without distress, select a section of the cord eight to ten inches from the baby's navel and tie the cord tightly with a piece of ribbon. (String or small wrapping cord might cut through the umbilical cord if tied tightly.) Two inches toward the mother tie the cord a second time. Next cut the cord between the two knots. If the cord continues to bleed after it is cut, tie another piece of tape next to the original one tight enough to stop the bleeding.

It is desirable after wrapping the baby in a clean blanket and assigning his care to an assistant to aid the mother in delivery of the placenta (afterbirth). This usually occurs within a few minutes after delivery. *Do not attempt to help by pulling on the umbilical cord;* the mother will usually deliver the placenta without help. When the placenta is delivered it is normal to see a gush of two or three cups of blood. This bleeding will stop so don't let it alarm you. Place the placenta in a plastic bag so that when you take the mother and baby to the hospital the doctor can examine the placenta for completeness. This is important, because fragments of the placenta remaining in the uterus can cause subsequent bleeding or infection. If the placenta is not intact, the doctor will take measures to make sure the fragments are removed.

Even though most deliveries are normal, home deliveries are always *potentially dangerous* to mother and baby. It is impossible to bring the safety of trained personnel and modern facilities and equipment into the home.

For example, emergencies requiring a blood transfusion and Caesarean section delivery are best faced in a hospital. The following are a few situations where it is essential to the life and well being of both mother and baby that professional help be sought with great urgency. These emergency situations exist when:

(1) The umbilical cord is seen protruding before the baby's head appears;
(2) there is excessive bleeding (more than a few cups);
(3) a foot or hand is seen emerging before the head appears;
(4) the buttocks of the baby are seen emerging before the head (a breech birth); and finally,
(5) the mother is having strong contractions every two to three minutes and the baby has not begun to emerge within twenty minutes.

In a snowbound situation, telephone guidance from a physician during delivery could be a great help. Your physician might also know the availability of a helicopter rescue.

I am 46 years old and both my husband and I would like to have a child. My first husband died several years ago, and we were childless because he was sterile. I have read that the chances of a woman my age having a mongoloid child (Down's syndrome) are 50 times greater than for a younger woman. I don't think it would be fair to the child to take the chance, yet we both would very much like to experience parenthood.

Mongolism (Down's syndrome), and other birth abnormalities do increase sharply in pregnancies of women over 35. Now, amniocentesis, a simple yet effective procedure by which a small amount of fluid is syringed from the embryonic sac during the early stages of pregnancy, permits detection of mongolism and a broad range of recessive hereditary defects. These hereditary defects are manifested by enzyme aberrations easily recognized in the epidermal cells from the embryonic sac which are subsequently grown in tissue cultures. Tay-Sachs disease (amaurotic family idiocy)–galactosemia (inborn error in the metabolism of galactose) and chromosome aberrations, of which mongolism is only one example, are detectable, along with hemophilia. There is hope adequate tests will be developed for cystic fibrosis and sickle cell diseases in the near future. With amniocentesis, a correct diagnosis can be made, the pregnancy interrupted if abnormal, the patient permitted to start a new pregnancy, saving the heartbreak of a retarded or handicapped child.

In your case, you might investigate the facilities available at the hospital in your area.

At what age in a child can eye defects be detected?

The National Society for the Prevention of Blindness has developed a Home Eye Test for preschoolers aged three to six. Parents administer the "game," asking their children to distinguish among Ǝ ш E m; the children imitate the direction of the E's with their arms.

One in every twenty preschool age children in the United States has a vision problem which, if uncorrected, can seriously interfere with his development and schooling. Most of these 800,000 children show no outward, obvious signs of vision abnormality. The Home Eye Test will help parents decide whether their child needs a professional eye examination. The Testing Kit is available free by writing: Home Eye Test, c/o Prevent Blindness, Box 426, New York, New York 10019.

The Cafe Coronary

Dr. R.K. Haugen first demonstrated that sudden deaths during meals–falsely labeled "heart attacks"–are usually due to choking on a large piece of meat. The National Safety Council recently added "inhalation of food" to its compilation of accidental deaths and estimates 2,500 such fatalities annually–more than those due to aircraft accidents, firearms, lightning and snakebite. "Inhalation of food" is the sixth leading cause of accidental death in this country.

The emergency can be recognized immediately by any informed bystander. The victim, middle-aged or elderly, usually wearing false teeth and having had a few drinks, has attempted to swallow food. People don't choke to death on liquids. Second, the victim is aphonic—cannot talk, groan, cough or breathe. All that is necessary in recognition of this emergency is to look at his dinner plate, and ask him, "Can you talk?" If he has swallowed a piece of solid food, and if he cannot talk, one can be sure that there is a piece of meat lodged in his throat, and one can be equally sure that he will die in a matter of minutes, unless someone–anyone–removes the obstructing bolus of food.

By the time the victim's dinner companions become alarmed at his behavior, whether he pitches forward onto the table or walks some distance and collapses–all in complete silence–he is already near death.

Most food asphyxiation deaths could be avoided by the simple expedient of opening the victim's mouth, sticking the middle and index fingers down his throat and pulling out the piece of meat. Then, and only then, it may be advisable to give some form of artificial respiration. Blowing air into the victim's mouth without first removing the obstruction is like pouring water into a corked bottle.

For cases in which the food cannot be removed digitally, a suitable instrument has been developed. This curved plastic tweezer can easily be inserted along the tongue into the throat as far as it will go. When fully inserted the arms lie in the hypopharynx astride the piece of meat with the handles outside the mouth. When the handles are squeezed together the meat is grasped on either side by dull, wedged teeth, and the instrument and meat are removed. The design prevents closure of the arms to a gap of about an inch. This precaution makes unlikely any danger of trauma to normal throat structures, e.g., the uvula or epiglottis. Ill-advised use in the absence of an obstructing foreign body will do no harm, and certainly a sore throat is to be preferred to a dead patient.

The only alternative to providing an open airway, by whatever means, is to stand by and watch the victim die.[1] (For emergency tracheotomy procedure, see page 124, Nov/Dec *SatEvePost.*)

Editor's Note: A group charity project might be to equip restaurants with ChokeSavers, and area health boards might make their presence in restaurants mandatory. ChokeSavers are available through Dyna-Med, Inc., P.O. Box 2157, 625 North Vulcan Avenue, Leucadia, California 92024.

---

[1] Excerpted with permission from *The New England Journal of Medicine.*

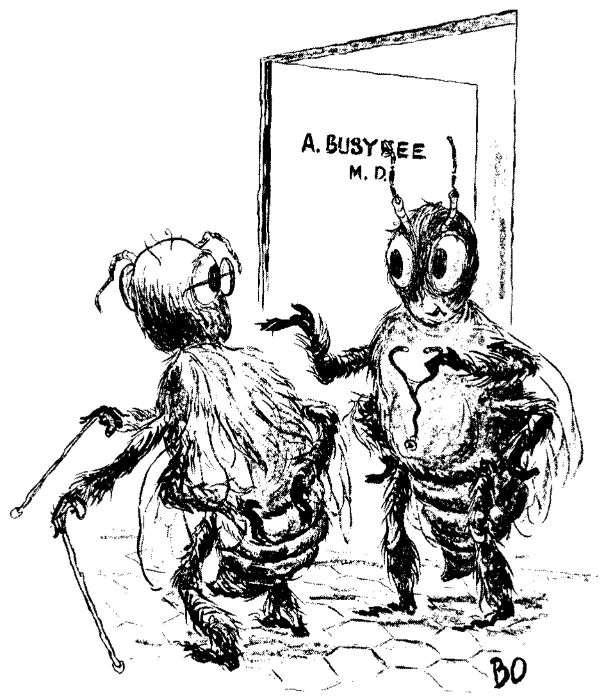
OBSERVATIONS FROM OUR READERS

My grandfather, a doctor from 1915-1945, thought the common cold could be cured with one-fourth teaspoon of baking soda–in a glass of water, or straight. The theory was that the virus couldn't take hold when the body's acid-alkaline balance was upset. It's worked for me for years. I even carry a tiny bottle of baking soda in my purse and nip a pinch at the first sign of a scratchy throat. It works.

Margaret Welch Westcott
Prairie Village, Kansas

As a long time sufferer from osteoarthritis, I've been following the bee sting arthritis discussions. I've been tempted to go out in the backyard and start an argument with the first bee that comes along just to see if he might help me. Since I'm "chicken" when it comes to enduring needless pain, I decided to stay safely indoors and dream up the enclosed cartoon.

L. D. Bodine
Norfolk, Va.



***"Since I specialize in hives,
I know very little about arthritis. I've heard, however,
that a good slap from a human will knock it right out of you!"***

continued from page 98

me that women didn't like mustaches, and the next day I noticed Dewey's mustache in a newspaper picture. That bugged me, so I hired four women and put them in front of a grocery store to poll women on mustaches. Of the 500 they asked, 350 didn't like mustaches, 125 said they did, and 25 said, 'I don't care what it is as long as it's a man.' So then I polled 1,500 other people in Ohio, but not on mustaches, and saw that Truman-Dewey was a toss-up in Ohio, which meant bad for Dewey because Ohio usually goes Republican. I picked Truman, and I won $170,000 in bets."

Years later, observers noted that Jimmy the Greek had a good average on picking elections. He picked Agnew as Nixon's choice for running mate ten days before the 1968 G.O.P. convention, and a few days before the 1968 election that fall bravely made Nixon an 8-5 favorite over Humphrey, who was fast closing the gap. Among the impressed was Jack Anderson, the columnist, who arranged with Jimmy to print his political forecasts. Accordingly, Jimmy correctly picked George Wallace to win the 1972 Florida primary, and was on the nose in other key Democratic primaries. He was off on George McGovern, but was right in proclaiming that the California primary between McGovern and Hubert Humphrey would be close, though pollsters said otherwise. He had Nixon the favorite all the way in 1972.

"I can't go by polls because what I add up is electoral votes," he explained. "That's what elects you, baby. In 1968, the polls had it close between Nixon and Humphrey, but I made it the number for Nixon, because I knew he would get 300 electoral votes. He got 301, dammit."

Jimmy Snyder enjoys his wife and family. He met his wife, Joan, when she was vacationing in Florida in 1952, and they soon married. "We're happier now than we've ever been," Jimmy says. "She left me three times the first year we were married. It was hard for her to get used to me. Her father was a prominent Indiana businessman and she graduated from St. Mary-of-the-Woods in Terre Haute, a Catholic girls' school. I became Catholic, too.

"Joanie's very attractive, even at forty-four. I call her the 'hard eight' and she says, 'What does that mean?' She's such a square. She's always talking to me about my work. In fact, she handles all the money now.

"Last October, I'm going through the bills with the accountant and every other bill was for a check written to Joanie. I blew my stack, and the accountant says, 'Well, Mr. Snyder, should I say no to her? How can I say no to her?'

"So I went home, and told Joanie, 'Do you know what we're going to do now?' She says, 'Are you peeved at me again?' I said, 'I'm not peeved, honey, but you spend too much money. From now on, you're going to take all my money, deposit

the science of flight:
we've been a part of it since Kitty Hawk.
Rockwell International - where science gets down to business.

We built the timing gears for the Wright Brothers and over the years we've built a wider range of flying machines than anyone. From single engine private and agricultural aircraft to business twins, to Rockwell Sabre business jets to Apollo spacecraft to advanced manned strategic aircraft. And now we're taking the next step in the science of flight: the Space Shuttle. A reusable

it, and you and the accountant are going to make all the checks out. You're going to sign them. You are the keeper of the money from now on.' You know, she's written only two checks to herself since last October?"

But Jimmy confesses this is a real marriage, not a no-go like his first. "It cost me seven dollars to get married the first time, and $700,000 to get rid of her. But I got my daughter Vicky out of that, and raised her. She's thirty now and married to a fine guy here in Las Vegas."

Jimmy and Joanie had four children, but sadly, two were born with cystic fibrosis. James, seventeen, seems to be successfully growing out of it, though he laments, "Why do I have to take three medicines and twelve pills a day and nobody else does?" But he's healthy enough for archery, bowling and karate. Their youngest child, Christina, died in 1968, at the age of two and a half. She was a fragile, beautiful child, who spent much of her life in the hospital.

"The most heartbreaking thing in my life was the death of our little girl. I've had financial reverses, but hell, you overcome that. You go out and work harder. But the death of Tina was the worst.

"Stephanie, fourteen, is beautiful and charming, close to her mother. And Anthony, nine, challenges the whole world. I take all of them on the road with me, and took them all to Greece last year, right to Keos, but they didn't appreciate Keos the way I did.

"I take my kids with me so they see what life is all about. Experience is the greatest teacher. I want my kids to be honest but I want them to have a touch of larceny in their thoughts. This may sound ridiculous, but total honesty is. . . .

"I want the respect of my children, but I want to be able to respect them. Anthony says, 'I can get anything I want off you.' He'll challenge me on occasion, and I'll bop him on the butt. I'll say, 'You can get anything you want but when you're bad you're going to get it.' And he says, 'I know it.'

"What would Joanie and I like to do ten or fifteen years from now? I'll be sixty-nine years old then. God, that's hard to believe. Houston tied Cincinnati. My God, Philadelphia has beaten the Giants and that doesn't surprise me a bit. I was hoping they'd get through today so I really could make a number next week on them. That would surprise everybody. I just never thought the Giants were as good as everybody else in New York thought they were." Jimmy is staring at the TV. The perspiration is rolling and his mind is clicking numbers.

On Taxation

"The wise and correct course to follow in taxation is not to destroy those who have already secured success but to create conditions under which everyone will have a better chance to be successful."
—from Calvin Coolidge's Inaugural Address

spacecraft that will help put space to work for man.
For more about us and how we're putting science to work throughout our multi-industry company—in automotive, aerospace, electronics, industrial products, and utility and consumer products—write Rockwell International, Dept. 815P. 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

Rockwell International

Twelve Best Sellers from the Rockwell Collection

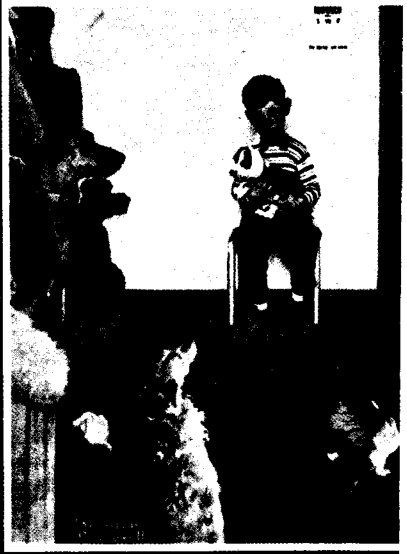
In Commemoration

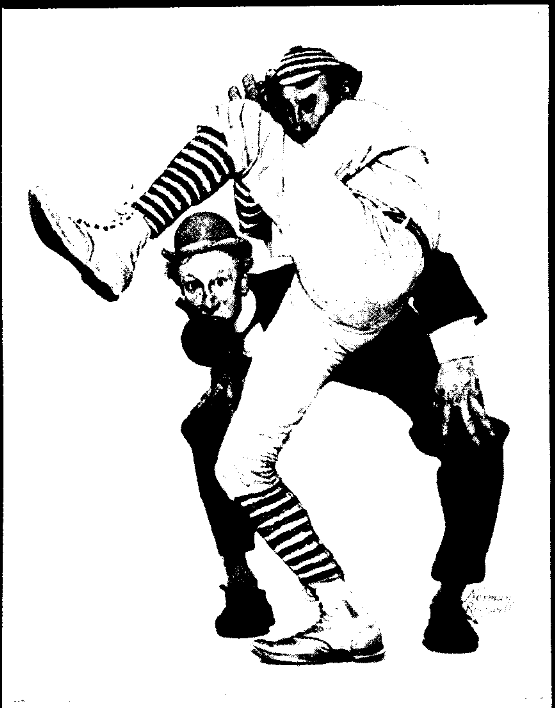
Happy Birthday, Norman Rockwell

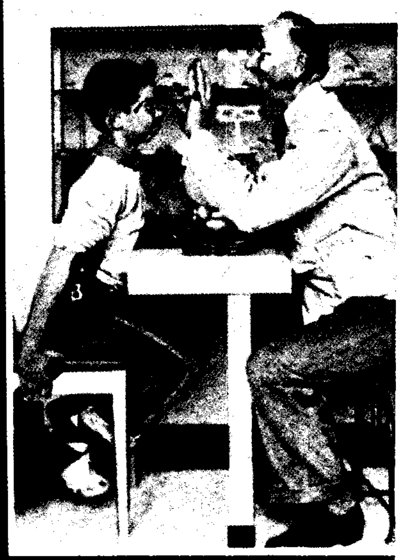
No American artist has ever depicted so appealingly what is humorous, what is sweetly touching, what is universal in people in their everyday lives as Norman Rockwell. A prolific artist, Mr. Rockwell has painted 317 *Saturday Evening Post* covers. He celebrates his 80th birthday February 3, 1974.

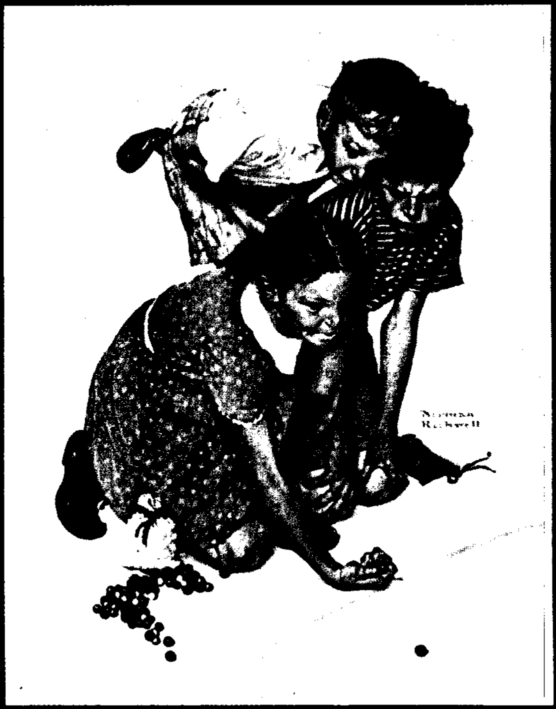
These twelve Rockwell Paintings have been the most popular ones with *Saturday Evening Post* readers. If you have missed any of these, this is a grand opportunity to add them to your collection or to give them to your friends. All are available in size 11″x 14″ at $5.98 each. *Breaking Home Ties, At the Vet's, Tea for Two* and *The Schoolteacher* are also available in size 18″x 24″ at $9.98 each.

These colorful reproductions can also be purchased individually custom-framed in your choice of maple or walnut finish. 11″x 14″, $15.95 each. 18″x 24″, $24.95 each. Should you wish to order frames for unframed Rockwells you already have, simply indicate choice of finish. 11″x 14″ frame. $5.98 each.

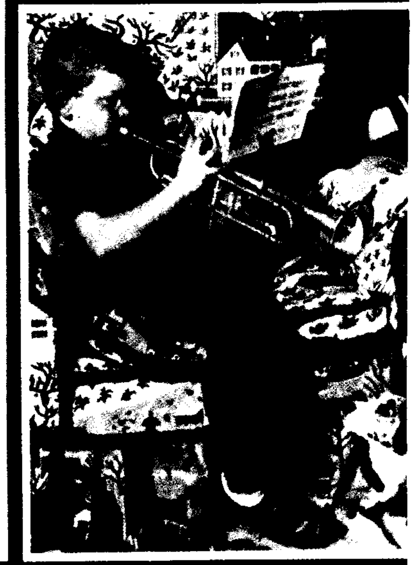

At the Vet's

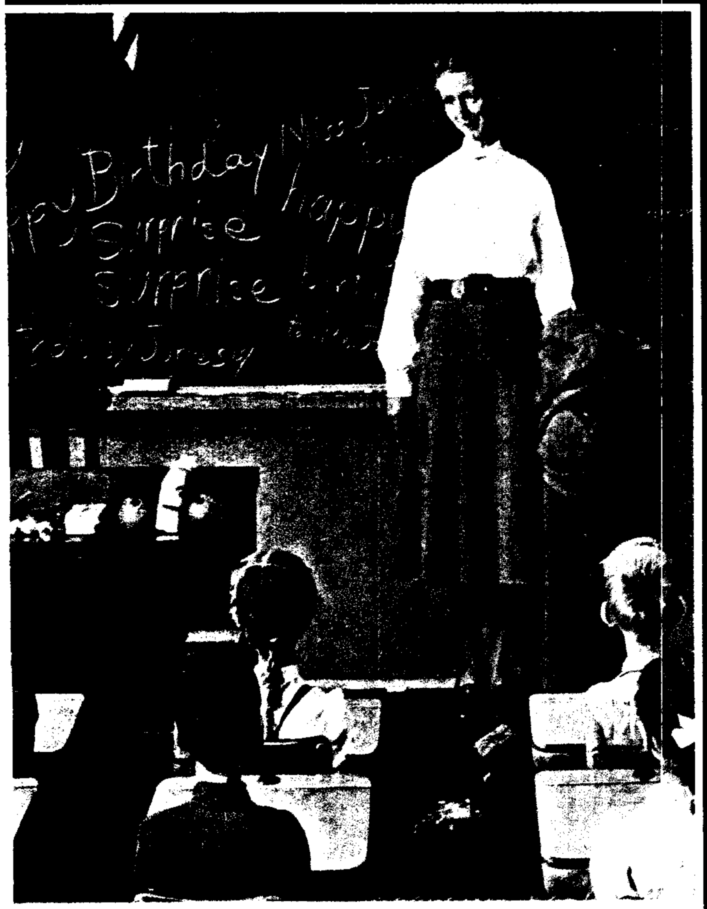

Low and Inside


The Optometrist

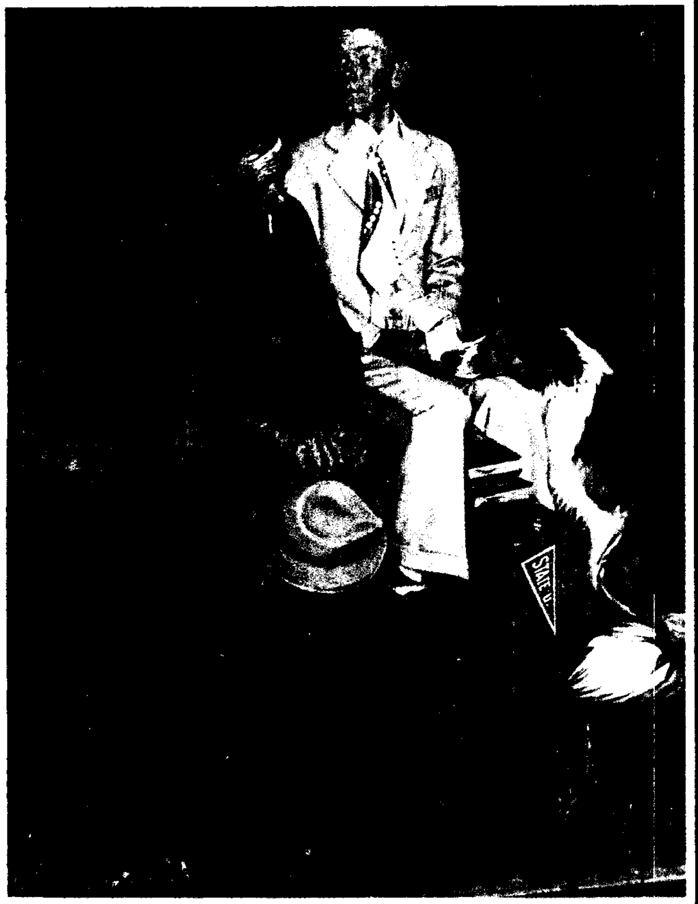


Knuckles Down

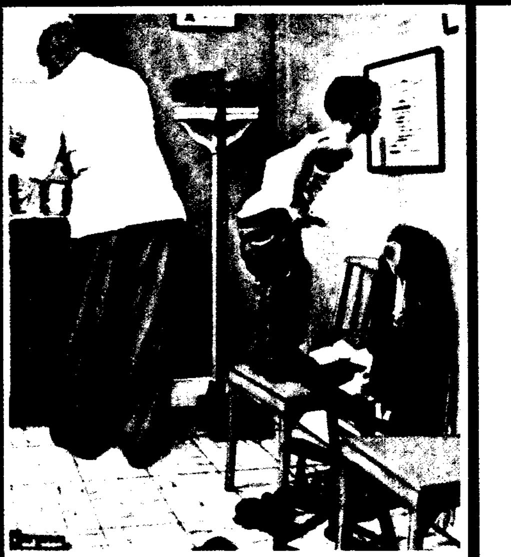

The Trumpeter



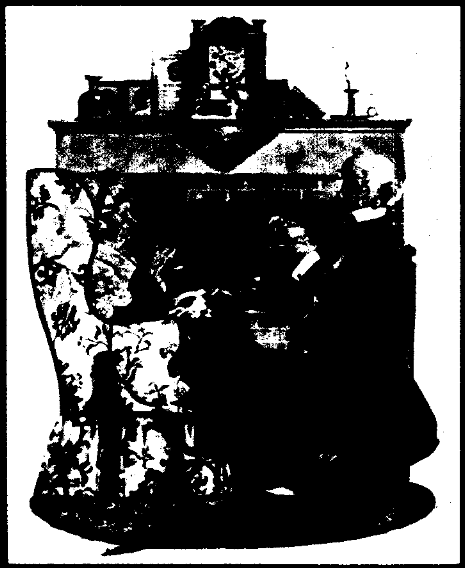
he Schoolteacher



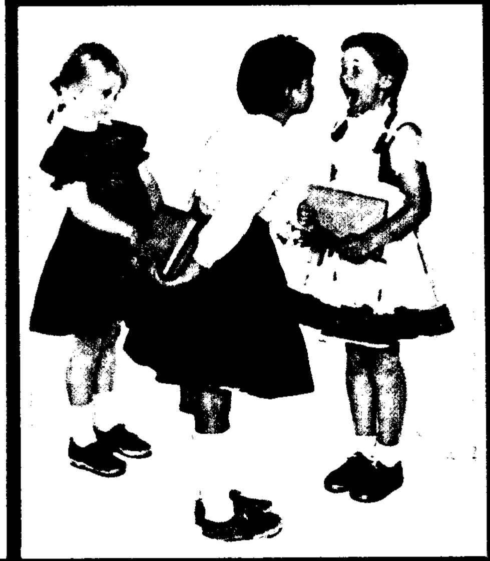
eaking Home Ties



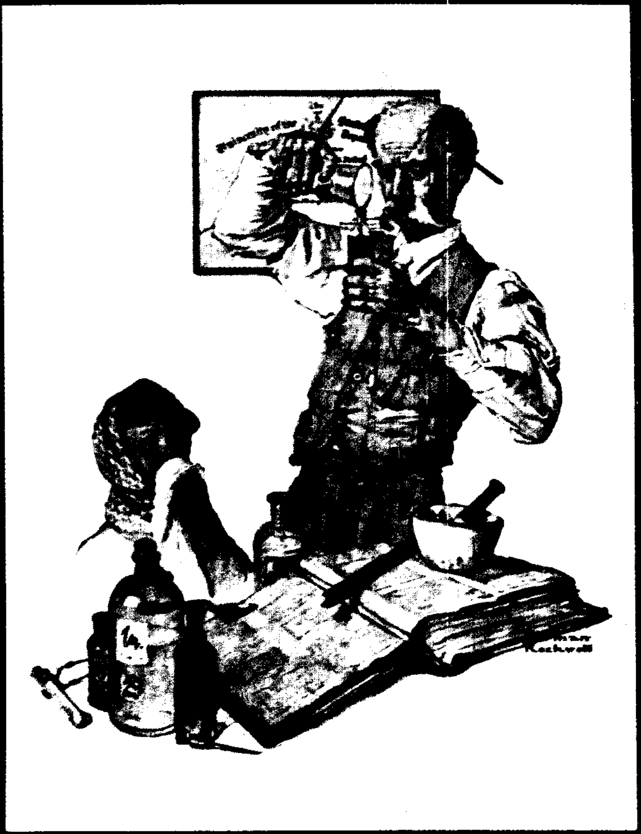
At the Doctor's



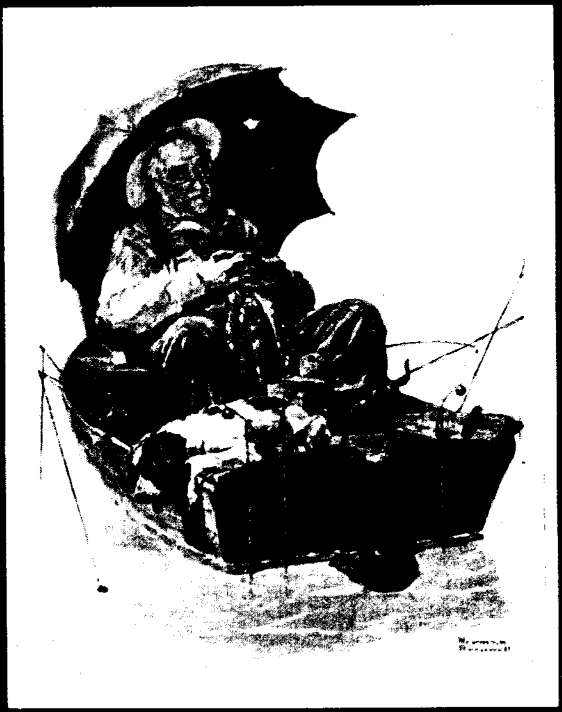
Tea for Two



The Missing Tooth



Magic Potion



Golden Days

To order, use the convenient tear-out order form on page 115A.

Early American
COUNTRY STORE
ORGANIZER

Get Yourself Organized!
AMAZING BUY!
ONLY $4.98
2 FOR $9.96

In Rich, Warm Colonial Finished Wood — Hang on Wall or Stand on Table or Bookcase

COPIED FROM TURN-OF-THE-CENTURY POST OFFICE ORGANIZERS

Right now your papers, stamps, envelopes, bills, postcards, what-have-you are in six different drawers around the house! Get yourself organized! . . . with this delightful Country Store Organizer copied from nineteenth century postmaster's pigeonhole classic. You'll find it perfect to keep all those losable items in one place — bills, messages, letters, even recipes! There's even a little drawer with ceramic pull for stamps, clips, personal items. Instantly create a neat nook next to phone! Measures 7½" x 10" x 4½" deep, mounts easily on wall, stands on table.

So pretty, so practical, so useful! Never hunt around for scattered items again!

LIMITED SUPPLY — SEND IN YOUR ORDER TODAY!

Because our new Country Store Organizer is handcrafted, we cannot promise an unlimited supply. Orders for this really handy helper will be filled on a first come, first served basis and offer at this low price won't be repeated in this publication this season. Today — right away — mail the coupon for your Country Store Organizer — if you know exactly where your stamps are!

MAIL 10 DAY NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

GREENLAND STUDIOS, 4713 Greenland Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33059

Enclosed is check or m.o. for $______

____Organizer (#13228) @ $4.98 ea. plus 85¢ postage & handling

☐ **SAVE $1.70.** Order two Organizers for $9.96 and we pay post. Extra makes a different gift.

Name______

Address______

City______

State______ Zip______

THE PAPER CHASE

continued from page 25

It is significant that John J. Osborn was a Harvard law student when he wrote the book from which James Bridges wrote the stubbornly honest screenplay. Bridges also directed, avoiding over-intellectualization, consistently sensitive to collegiate growing pains. He gives us Ivy League college life as it is with all the drudgery, fears, frustrations and despair. The name of the game is high grades, and if there are no cheering sections and bands it is because it is a private kind of game played out in classrooms and dorms at odd hours of the day and night. But—as Bridges and a splendid cast demonstrate—it has its moments of fun and love and happy dreams.

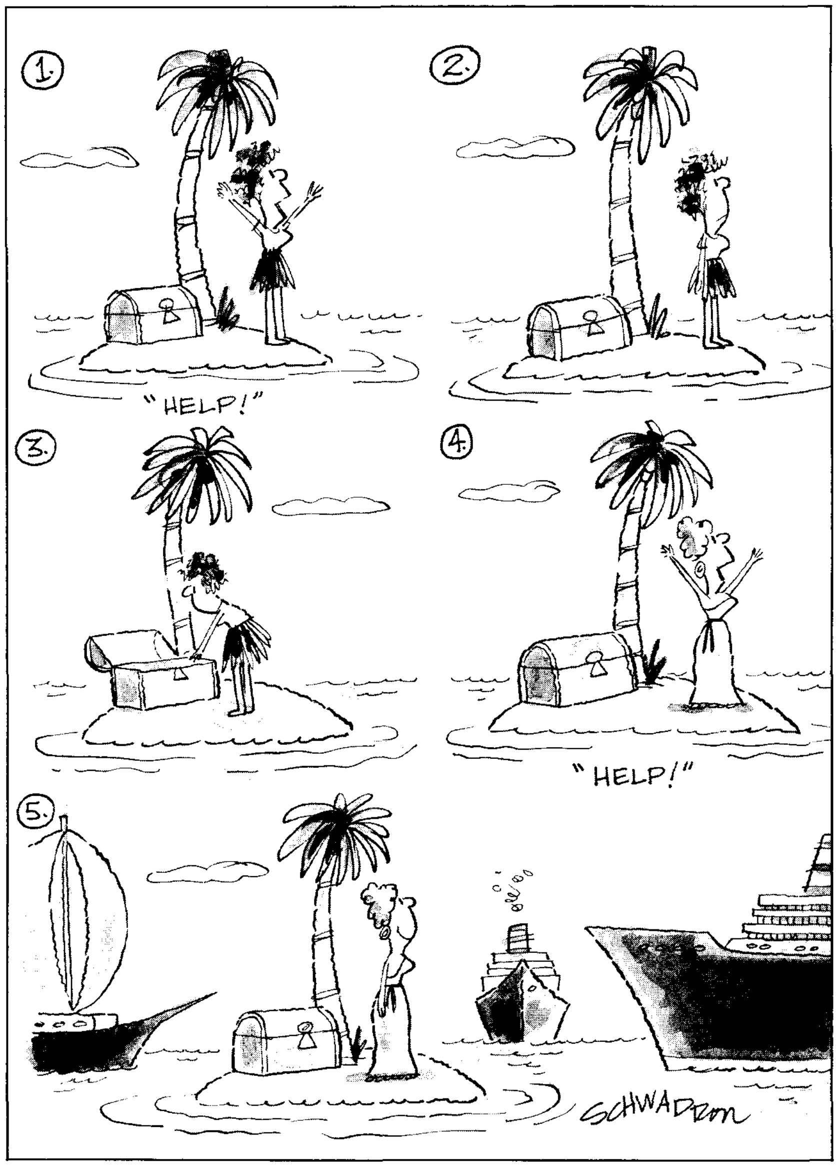
Somehow, it also reminded me of the old judge waving his fist and bellowing, "Too many dadburned shyster middlemen between law and justice!" He was so loud he woke the dogs and started them barking.

Current Films

Bang the Drum Slowly. A must, certainly one of the best pictures of the year, beautifully written, directed and acted. All about big league baseball and ballplayers, it tells us that people can join in human endeavor and in the end profit from it themselves, without cloying sentiment, always with raucous humor and the constant excitement of the best big league baseball action and talk I've ever seen on the screen.

American Graffiti. Less than a must but of considerable worth. An adolescent merry-go-round spinning through a single night in the early sixties. Like all merry-go-rounds it goes nowhere but that's also the point of the story. The kids are warm, funny, typical of the times. Now fashionable nostalgia, well done and in a minor way—especially to car buffs—fascinating to watch.

Jeremy. A matter of mood. All about very young love, more funny than tragic with minimal dramatic impact yet worth seeing for appealing performances by the two still adolescent lovers. With some interesting music. ♜



HENRY KISSINGER

continued from page 8

marked the start of a propitious cycle for bringing hidden factors into the open, making plans, solidifying decisions and taking action, so the Kissinger-U.S.A. partnership seems destined to be rewarding. A change in national policy initiated by Secretary Kissinger in early 1974 may bring much criticism, mainly unfair. The plan is not what it appears to be on the surface and evidently cannot be disclosed in its entirety, for the Mars-Progressed Moon aspect at that time indicates partial secrecy.

Dr. Kissinger has enemies in government signified by three strong planets—including the Sun—in difficult aspect to Uranus. His detachment, arrogance under high tension, irritability when pressured, crisp wit directed at others, and humorlessness about himself have created enmity. Under guise of being directed at his work, this may come to a head early in the year but it will pass.

February should bring recognition for a secret administrative coup when transiting Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus trine (harmony, luck) Secretary Kissinger's natal Mars. The originality and creativity of his work rate acclaim, and a series of honors to him should begin in March when Jupiter starts the transit of his house of career.

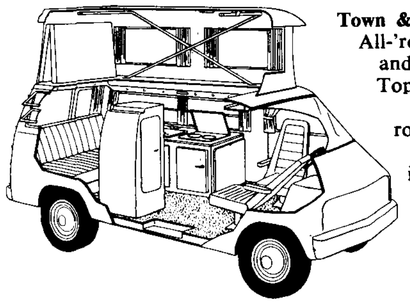
At all times, Secretary Kissinger should be aware of his tendency to gain weight more easily than most. A compulsive eater (and nail-gnawer) when tense, he accumulates poundage too quickly for his build. In May, when transiting Jupiter (excess) trines his natal Jupiter, he may find his tissues retaining fluid more readily, also increasing weight. He never should eat when upset, for his sensitive digestive processes don't function well then. Highly susceptible to bronchial ailments, Secretary Kissinger should avoid sitting in drafts. Light exercise might help his tendency toward insomnia.

Somewhat naive where women are concerned, Secretary Kissinger is sensuous (Venus in Taurus) but suspicious, and when the idealism of a commitment begins to tarnish, he retreats. He needs affection and admiration but does not seem to initiate it, and he may return love only if convenient.

May 1974 appears to be different. At that time, when Secretary Kissinger's Progressed Moon is at the turn of the First Quarter, he should experience a surge of new vitality and a special awareness of the advantages of loving and being loved. A new feminine interest in his life seems able to satisfy both the poet and the intellectual with the age difference no barrier to understanding. A strong Pluto-Progressed Moon aspect indicates a wedding in October, and the resulting upheaval in lifestyle for Secretary Kissinger should be worth it in personal happiness.

Special Credits

"A Quartet of Lyrics" Copyright 1940, 1951, © 1956 by Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Reprinted from **The Unicorn and Other Poems**, by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, by permission of Pantheon Books, a division of Random House, Inc.
"Woman: A Technological Castaway" reprinted with permission from the **1973 Britannica Book of the Year.** Copyright © 1973 by Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Chicago.
"Is Anyone Out There?" Extracted from an article by Dr. S. Mitton and Dr. R. Lewin in New Scientist, August 16, 1973.
"We Interrupt This Way of Life" reprinted by permission from **Lithopinion** No. 27, the graphic arts and public affairs journal of Local One, Amalgamated Lithographers of America (New York). © 1972 by Local One. A.L.A.
"John Denver": "Today" (Miller Music—Heritage House) ASCAP Writer: Randy Sparks. "Toledo" (Caravelle Music Pub. Co.) ASCAP Writer: Randy Sparks.
"The Good Old Days—You Can Have Them" © Copyright 1973, The Register and Tribune Syndicate.
"An Absolutely Surefire Guaranteed Way to Lose Weight" © Copyright Epicure.

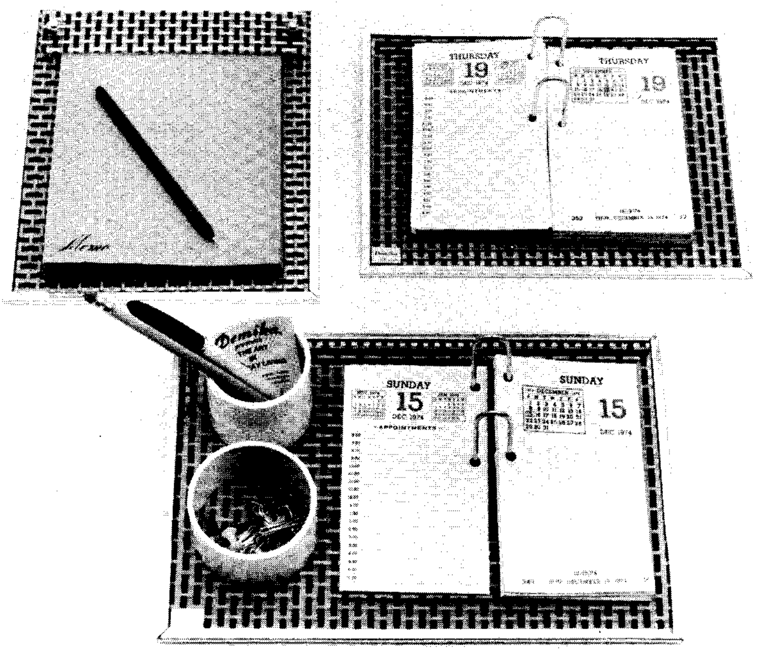


Recreational Vehicle Buyers Guide

Town & Country family wagon. All-'round transportation . . . and cross-country pleasure. Top pops up in seconds for 7' ceiling. Upstairs bedroom. Lowers for streamline cruising and garaging. Sleeps 2 to 6. Beautiful, functional design. Prices start at $4900.

1114 Main
ANDREWS, IND.
46702

Sportsmobile



LET DEMIKA PUT PZAZZ IN YOUR DESK WORK

Say good-bye to the ordinary, but indispensable, desk accessories. Replace them with these handsome versions from the Wicker 'n Lucite collection by Demika. This exclusive pattern mixes the casual with the sophisticated and is a welcome addition to any office or home.

1. The memo pad is a roomy 6"x9", perforated for easy removal, and is available in recycled Kraft or white paper with "Memo" imprinted on every sheet in brown ink. Refilled with any standard sized pad, plain or personalized, it is a well-chosen gift. Kraft or white paper, $10.00.

2. Accommodating all standard calendar refills, this desk calendar is the perfect gift for years to come. $10.00.

3. Pencils, markers, paper clips, erasers, whatever . . . all fit into their own compartments and complement the daily calendar. This distinctive desk organizer has a lot of pzazz. $15.00

To order, simply fill out coupon below, or turn to page 115A for convenient order form.

New Augusta Furniture, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206
Please send me the Lucite 'n Wicker desk pieces I have indicated below:
☐ #802K, Memo Pad, Kraft Paper, $10.00
☐ #802W, Memo Pad, White Paper, $10.00
☐ #801C, Desk Calendar, $10.00
☐ #803, Desk Organizer, $15.00
I am enclosing $1.00 for postage and handling.
☐ Enclosed is check or money order. Bill to: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Credit Card No.________ Expiration Date ________
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number appearing above your name: __ __ __ __
Signature________
Name (print) ________
Address ________
City________ State ________ Zip ________
Iowa residents only, add 3% sales tax. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. 4A

Retirees

To while away the time in an interesting and productive manner, why not become a Post circulation or advertising representative in your community? The Saturday Evening Post, America's oldest and most popular magazine, is a constructive influence on people. Patriotic, timely and universal in its appeal, you may represent the Post with pride to your neighbors as subscribers or to the business community as advertisers. Write us today giving your background and ideas and we'll phone you. If you become involved with the Post you'll find life more interesting and remunerative.

Call or write:
Barbara Levitt
1018 Fisher Building
Detroit, Michigan 48202
(313) 875-2420

ZR-1
AQUARIUS
Jan. 20-Feb. 18

ZR-2
PISCES
Feb. 19-Mar. 20

ZR-3
ARIES
Mar. 21-Apr. 20

ZR-4
TAURUS
Apr. 21-May 20

ZR-5
GEMINI
May 21-June 21

ZR-6
CANCER
June 22-July 22

Beautifully crafted men's & ladies' in your choice of precious metal. In addition to your astrological sign, you may also wear your "rising sign" as a second ring. You can find this sign in most astrology books.

The new trend among couples is to exchange their ...symbolizing a meaningful Cosmic Closeness!

You will receive satisfaction in both wearing your and giving them as significant gifts to friends and loved ones.

ZR-12
CAPRICORN
Dec. 22-Jan. 19

ZR-7
LEO
July 23-Aug. 23

ZR-11
SAGITTARIUS
Nov. 23-Dec. 21

ZR-8
VIRGO
Aug. 24-Sept. 23

ZR-10
SCORPIO
Oct. 24-Nov. 22

ZR-9
LIBRA
Sept. 24-Oct. 23

The Trading Post, P.O. Box 567B
Indianapolis, Indiana 46206

• Please allow 3-4 weeks delivery for sized rings.

Please send me the ZODIAC RINGS I have specified below. I have indicated order number, Zodiac Sign, metal, cost, and ring size:

____
____
____

$______ Check or M.O. enclosed. Plus $1.50 for insured postage.
Bill to: ______ BankAmericard ______ Master Charge
If Master Charge enter 4-digit Interbank number above your name

Credit Card No.______ Expiration Date______
Signature______
Name (please print)______
Address______
City______ State______ Zip______
***If you prefer, use perforated order form on page 115A**

4A

Sterling Silver

14 Karat Gold

18 Karat Gold

Money Back Guarantee

*Prices subject to change.

*Send Finger Size.

Post Shopper

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
TURDAY POST

LIMITED SUPPLY . . . POST ISSUES 1898-1941

You may buy now from *The Saturday Evening Post*'s own archives the actual issues that rare book collectors and antique dealers are selling for dollars more. Filled with stories by then struggling authors who today are world-renowned . . . Jack London, Ernest Hemingway, Sinclair Lewis, William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Stephen Vincent Benet, Irvin S. Cobb, Mary Roberts Rinehart, H.G. Wells, P.G. Wodehouse, Booth Tarkington, Rudyard Kipling, Alfred Noyes, Alexander Woollcott, John Galsworthy, and many others.

There are articles about Herbert Hoover, Bernard Baruch, Jack Dempsey, Benito Mussolini, Winston Churchill, and Leopold Stokowski. *The Saturday Evening Post* is living history.

If you wish a particular issue for a certain story or article, give us the date of issue, preferably, but at least either the author, title, or subject, and we shall try to locate the back issue for you. Norman Rockwell covers have been in such demand that we have had to reproduce some of them on canvas; we can supply very few back issues with Rockwell covers. Check pages 120-121 for Rockwell illustrations reproduced on canvas, and order from The Trading Post.

Copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* will increase in value. They are in demand by rare book dealers. As the supply dwindles, the prices go up.

Issues from 1898 to 1914 .....$10.00 each
Issues from 1915 to 1941 .....$ 5.00 each
(Without covers, half price)

To order your copy of *The Saturday Evening Post*, send a check or money order to Back Issues Dept., *The Saturday Evening Post*, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202. Or turn to page 115A for convenient tear-out order form.

Due to the limited supply, we are not always able to fulfill request for specific issues. Please indicate your first, second, and third choices.

V.I.P.

The Complete Limousine Service

Call for V.I.P. chauffeured, 24 hour, worry-free service.

PSCI9547A

V.I.P. Limousine Service, 825 N. Ill.,
Indianapolis, Indiana 317-635-2308

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS:

Due to reasons yet unknown, the Post Office was unable to deliver our mail to us on **Wednesday morning, November 7.** We are not certain that all of this mail has been recovered. If your subscription or a gift subscription (ordered in early November) fails to arrive, please examine your cancelled checks. If your POST subscription check is missing, please advise your bank to cancel this check in favor of a new one for your subscription.

If you will forward your new subscription check to us with a note identifying it as one of the missing subscriptions, we will send your next issue by preferential mail to catch up.

Very truly yours,
Beurt SerVaas
Editor & Publisher

Happy Apple Rug

Deep pile (1-3/16") non-flammable, non-allergenic, machine washable and dryable. Rich apple red, 33"W X 29"H with green leaves. **$9.95** ea. ppd. **$6.70** ea. ppd. without face (Write for free brochure)

Ady's Apple Basket
RFD 2, Stoughton, Wis. 53589

Western Indian Arrowheads

Rugged agate, obsidian, jasper and flint arrowheads; perfect for collecting, trading or making colorful jewelry. 25 for $5.25 or 100 for $15 ppd. Yellow Horse, P.O. Box 1123SP, Apache Junction, Arizona 85220.

INVENTORS WE NEED INVENTIONS

Sell your invention for cash—need money for Patent?—Are technical problems holding you back? Universal Inventions has helped inventors all over the world—just like yourself—why not you? Inventions provide the magic spring-board to sudden riches. REMEMBER, we either sell your invention or pay you a cash bonus. Write for details.

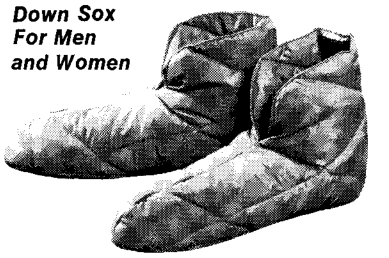
UNIVERSAL INVENTIONS, Dept. SP, Marion, Ohio 43302

**Trade through the Post—
The Saturday Evening Post**

Outdoor-Outfitters

Whisper-Weight Warmth for Chilly Feet

Down Sox For Men and Women



Tuck these Sox into a travel bag, wear them to bed, enjoy them as slippers or as inner sox for your insulated pacs or waders. Bauer Goose Down is hand-quilted in soft, tough Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Powder Blue, Taupe. **Sizes:** Specify men's or women's shoe size and we will supply proper fit. **0123** Sox, pair **$7.95** postpaid.

Order Today! Money-back guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for
$_____. (Add sales tax where applicable.)
Please RUSH my **0123** Sox. Color_____
Men's Size_____Women's Size_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____Zip_____
☐ Send me FREE your new color catalog of over 1000 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer®

Dept. ESJ Seattle, Wash. 98124

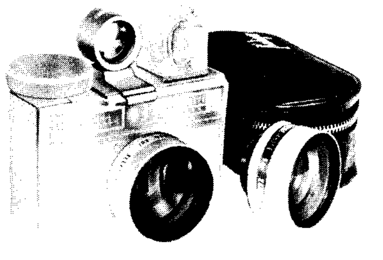
VAL S! LAMBERT

Signed 3½" cylindric crystal paperweights w/frosted design.

Choose Mushroom, Frog, Owl, American Eagle, Roses, Thistle, Sailing Ship, Squirrel or Caduceus design. Gift boxed. **$12.50 ppd.**

GEORGE KAMM
Dept. 324 Lititz, Pa. 17543

TELEPHOTO PICTURES WITH YOUR KODAK INSTAMATIC® OR POLAROID COLOR PACK® CAMERA



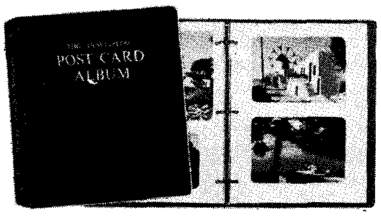
NOW . . . TELEPHOTO AND WIDE ANGLE LENSES TO FIT KODAK INSTAMATIC® AND POLAROID COLOR PACK® CAMERAS AS WELL AS MANY OTHER CAMERAS.

These amazing new lenses easily snap on your camera without screws or special attachments. The TELEPHOTO/PORTRAIT lens brings distant scenes up close and is also used in portrait photography. The WIDE ANGLE lens is for panoramic, scenic or group views. PRICED AS LOW AS $6.99 EA.

FREE DISCOUNT catalog describes these amazing new lenses and contains hundreds of bargains on brand name cameras and photographic accessories. Write today for your free copy.

CAMERA HAVEN, Dept. SEP-1, PO Box 125
St. Ann, Mo. 63074

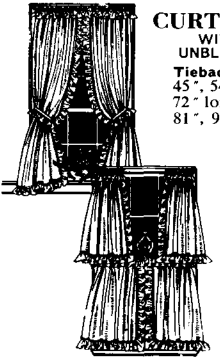
See our new Classified Directory



A *GREAT* GIFT FOR TRAVELERS

Beautiful Post Card Album holds 200 U.S. & foreign cards in curved slots that make it easy to slip cards in and out. Faint guide lines insure neat sub-titles & travel notes. Luxurious binder has padded covers titled in gold. *World's finest post card album!* **Each $6.95 + $1.00** post. & hdlg. **Two for $13.50** postfree. *Satisfaction guaranteed.*

THE WRITEWELL CO.
233 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass. 02115



CURTAIN CHARM
WITH RUFFLED
UNBLEACHED MUSLIN

Tieback
45", 54", 63",
72" long . . . . **6.50 pr.**
81", 90" long . . . . **7.00 pr.**

Tiers
20", 25", 30", 36",
40" long . . . **4.50 pr.**
2 pairs
to window. **9.00**
Both types 70" wide per pair

Matching Valance
11" x 70" . . **2.25 ea.**

Order these UNBLEACHED MUSLIN curtains with all the original New England simplicity, warmth and handmade look for every room in the house. Practical, long-wearing, these off-white muslin curtains will retain their crisp appearance with a minimum of care.

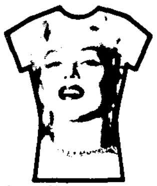
Satisfaction guaranteed. For orders under $5.00 add 75c hdlg. Orders over $5.00, add $1.50 hdlg. Sorry, no COD's. Mass. res. add 3% sales tax. Write for brochure showing full line of Country Curtains in many styles and fabrics.

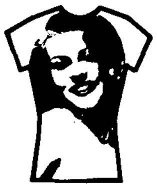
COUNTRY CURTAINS
Stockbridge, Mass. 01262. Dept. 17

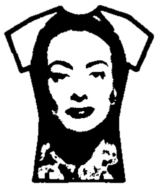
LONELY LADIES t-shirts are for people with a sense of time passing, and who know that even the lovely grow old.

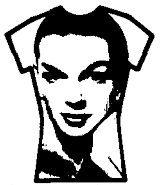
Lonely Ladies

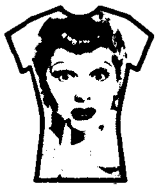
The masses walk by with a direction. You will always be uncertain in your LONELY LADIES t-shirt.

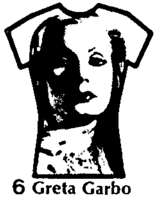

1 Marilyn Monroe

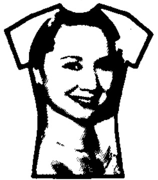

2 Rita Hayworth

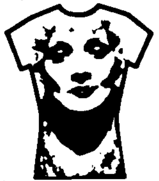

3 Joan Crawford

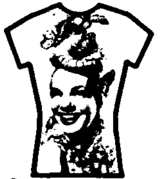

4 Judy Garland

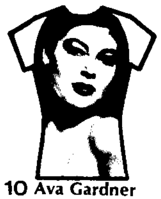

5 Lucille Ball

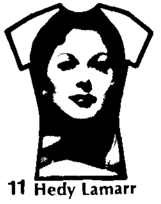

6 Greta Garbo

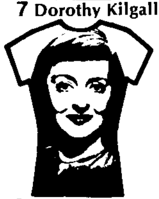

7 Dorothy Kilgallen

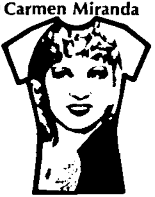

8 Marlene Dietrich

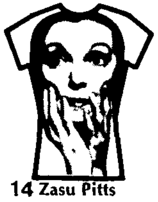

9 Carmen Miranda


10 Ava Gardner


11 Hedy Lamarr


12 Bette Davis

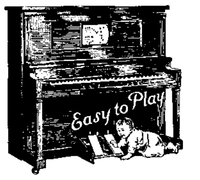

13 Mae West


14 Zasu Pitts

All our shirts $6.00 plus 50¢ postage & handling. Send 50¢ for our catalogue of 62 faces. Indicate size, shirt(s), & catalogue. ☐ Catalogue ☐ S ☐ M ☐ L

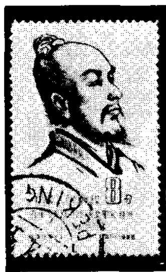
☐ 1 ☐ 4 ☐ 7 ☐ 10 ☐ 13
☐ 2 ☐ 5 ☐ 8 ☐ 11 ☐ 14
☐ 3 ☐ 6 ☐ 9 ☐ 12

LONELY LADIES T-SHIRTS SE
Box 5548, Inglewood, Calif. 90310
name_____
address_____
_____zip_____



PLAYER PIANOS
Send for our free 46-page catalog of books, repair manuals, gift items, and other nostalgic things concerning the wonderful days of the Player Piano in America. Player Pianos are fun!

Vestal Press, Box 97, Vestal 73, N.Y. 13850



Yours **FREE!**
(when you send 10¢ for mailing)

40 RED CHINA STAMPS

Forbidden For A Generation!

Be among the first to get these valuable Red China postage stamps – banned to American collectors from the very beginning by the U.S. Gov't! Now at last you can legally own them – but supplies are strictly limited so act fast. We'll also include 110 additional Stamps from Britain's Lost Empire **(alone worth over $3 at standard catalog prices!)** plus an Illustrated Album and other unusual stamps from our Approval Service for Free Examination. You can keep the Album and 110 British Empire Stamps as an ADDED BONUS should you buy $1 worth from our approval selection! Or return Album and 110 Stamps with selection and pay nothing. Cancel service anytime. **But in either case, the 40 scarce Red China Stamps are yours to keep FREE** – as an introduction to the World's Most Rewarding Hobby. Send 10¢ for mailing today!

KENMORE, Milford RC-506, N.Hamp.03055

FREE THINGS
FOR YOU!
75

YES!!! We have gone to the ends of the world to find 75 FREE gifts for you. The things we found are rather wonderful... Chinese sugar plum candies, organic soaps, French perfumes, creams, lotions, bubble gum machine antiques, simulated diamonds, old time movie star photos, hand-carved Indian elephant beads...even some things we can't believe. For the complete list of all 75 of these incredible FREE things send just one dollar to:

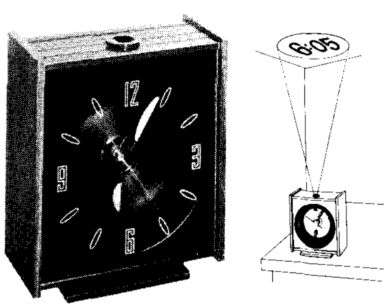
FREE-FOR-YOU Dept. SP1
BOX 11004 San Francisco, Calif. 94101

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________STATE________

ZIP__________AGE________



NEW DELUXE HI TIME CLOCK

Imagine! Time "tip-toeing" across the ceiling over your bed. You won't have to rouse yourself into wakefulness merely to check on the nightly hour . . . just glance at the ceiling and there it is. Projected by an invisible beam in large clear numerals 3" in size so you won't need your glasses (when clock is placed 62" from ceiling). A warm Walnut wood and gleaming Brass finish. Electric with alarm 2¾" x 6¼" x 5½". 1 year factory warranty.

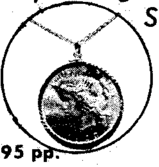
$34.95 Ppd. Ill. Res. add 5% Tax. Gift Catalog .25¢

HOUSE OF MINNEL
Deerpath Road Dept. SP14 **Batavia, IL 60510**

Jewelry

DISTINCTIVE COIN JEWELRY SPECIAL!

Sparkling Gold Plated SILVER DOLLAR Necklace



Huges House
P.O. Box 23457
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33307

$19.95 pp.

Send 50¢ refundable for catalog of coin jewelry, lucite, clocks, etc.

Write directly to these advertisers mentioning *The Saturday Evening Post.*

What's all the Excitement about?

The Times of Israel... ***that's what all the Excitement is about!***

THE FIRST AND ONLY INDEPENDENT MIDDLE EAST ENGLISH MONTHLY NEWS MAGAZINE!

The Times of Israel
Tel Aviv Tomorrow

The Times of Israel is the new international monthly from the Middle East. It's a different kind of magazine — one that covers Israel, the Middle East and the world Jewish scene in a trenchant, provocative, no-nonsense style never before attempted — all of it written, edited and illustrated by a distinguished international team of journalists and photo-journalists.

Whether you are a Jew concerned with Israel and the Jewish condition or a thinking non-Jew aware of the critical importance of Israel and the Middle East to hopes for world peace, this is the one magazine you cannot afford to miss.

The Times of Israel
c/o SATURDAY EVENING POST
1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202

Please send________12-issue subscriptions at $10 each to: (PLEASE PRINT)

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY________STATE________ZIP________

Enclosed please find ☐ check or ☐ money order for subscriptions at $10 each or ☐ Credit Card.

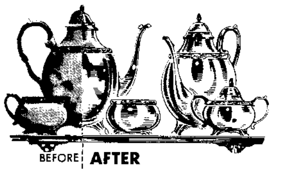
Card Name____________________
(BANKAMERICARD, MASTER CHARGE, AMERICAN EXPRESS, DINERS, CARTE BLANCHE)

Credit Card No.____________________

SIGNATURE____________________

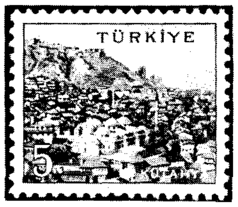
Please Note: Sorry no "bill me's". Bookkeeping costs are being put into the magazine so we can give you the best publication possible.

Home & Office



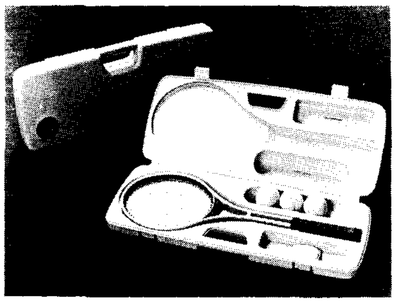
BARGAIN SILVER-PLATING

Limited time only. Have any item replated at sale price. No extra charge for dent removal or straightening. Have your worn antiques, heirlooms QUADRUPLE SILVER-PLATED by America's largest replaters. All work 100% guaranteed. Write for free price list to: SENTI-METAL CO., Silver-Plating Division, Dept. SEP-1, 1919 Memory Lane, Columbus, Ohio 43209.



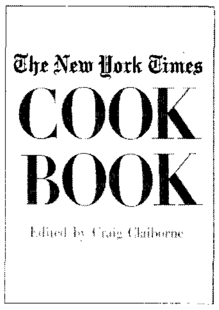
WORLD'S LONGEST STAMP SET!

Put yourself in the "Advanced Collector" group with this unique 134-stamp complete mint set released by Turkey 12 years ago—worth over $7 at Standard Catalog prices, yours for just $2.95 to introduce approval service of other unusual worldwide stamp sets. Buy any or none—cancel service anytime. Order postpaid from Kenmore Company, FT-507, Milford, New Hampshire 03055.



RACQUET CASSETTE

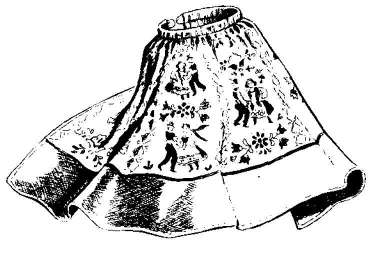
Protect your valued tennis racquet—be it metal or wood—from damage in this double-wall, molded plastic carrying case. Provides space for 1 racquet; 1 can of balls and small accessories. Designed especially to protect metal racquets from being scratched or bent. A dashing case in blue, black, orange, white or yellow. State 2nd & 3rd choice of color desired. $15.95 plus $1.50 postage and handling. Ill. residents add 5% tax. Gift catalog 25¢. HOUSE OF MINNEL, Deerpath Rd., Dept. SP14E, Batavia, Ill. 60510.



The New York Times
COOK BOOK
Edited by Craig Claiborne

The New York Times Cook Book is 717 pages bursting with nearly 1,500 recipes tantalizingly illustrated. All kinds of dishes, for all seasons and all occasions—traditional American recipes as well as cuisine from twenty other countries. Completely indexed and cross-referenced, this fine book is authored by Craig Claiborne, former Food Editor of *The New York Times.* This cornucopia of culinary excellence costs only $9.95. Send to: Trading Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202. See page 115A for ordering information.

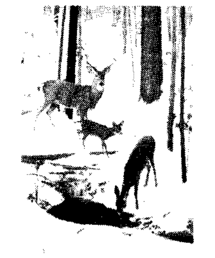
It's time to fly the coop, break out of the old grind, and dine out this week. You'll find Robert Balzer's careful selection of over 500 *HOLIDAY* "Award" and "Recommended" restaurants in the brand-new *1974 Domestic Dining Guide.* All entries are complete with descriptions, addresses, telephone numbers, and operating information. Send $1 to *Holiday Dining Guide,* c/o 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.



A great way to hang around the kitchen and an easy way to make an apron. Just stitch two hems in a straight piece of cloth and slip on the hoop. The plastic APRON CURVET comes in three sizes: small, 20-28" waist; medium, 28-34" waist; large, 34-44" waist. Pattern is included. APRON CURVET and pattern $1.00 each postpaid. Great for clubs; one dozen, $4.80 plus 75¢ postage and handling. The Country Store, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. See page 115A for ordering information.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A copy of the original *POST* delivery bag used years ago to deliver *The Saturday Evening Post.* This crushable, packable, spacious bag can carry 'most anything . . . art supplies, school books, tennis gear, shopping purchases . . . the list is endless. It is an exceptional Christmas gift idea. Made of natural, sturdy, washable canvas, the bag measures 21"x14"x5", and is imprinted with the world famous logo in printer's black. $5.98 each, plus $.50 postage. The Trading Post, P.O. Box 567B, Indianapolis, Indiana 46206. See page 115A for ordering information.

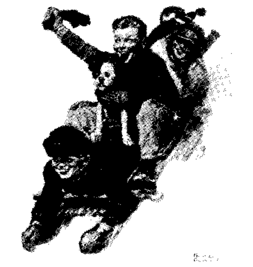


WHITETAILED DEER – Color Print
Family gathering of a deer family is stunningly depicted by famed wildlife artist, Douglas Allen. Softly colorful print is 18"x24". And it's magnificent. Also available, AMERICAN BISON (18"x24"), and CARIBOU (16"x21"). $3.95 each. Autographed, $4.95 each. Add 75¢ hdlg. AMERICA'S WILDLIFE, Dept. SE, Box 266, Bernardsville, N.J. 07924.

A SMOKE YOU CAN BOTH LIVE WITH
He'll like the E.A. Carey Pipe because it gives him a cleaner, cooler, sweeter tasting smoke. An entirely new smoking principle eliminates tongue bite and prevents bitter goo from reaching his mouth. Never needs breaking in or a "rest" between smokes. She'll like it because it's the safer smoke and he can smoke it on a test basis for 30 days, without risking a cent. Makes any man a happy pipe smoker. A perfect gift idea. Send name and address for details of pipe and unusual 30-day trial offer. You'll have a selection of 8 handsome styles to choose from. E.A. Carey, Dept. SEP-1, 3932 Kilpatrick Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60641.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An excellent chronicle of American arts during *POST*'s history. You'll find works of many famous artists and writers . . . works which express their diverse perceptions of the times . . . in the pages of this anthology of the best from old *POST* issues. You'll be thoroughly entertained and some of you will reminisce, while scanning or devouring *The Saturday Evening Post Treasury*. $10.00 hardbound. To order please turn to page 115A.



JOY UNCONFINED

Norman Rockwell captures a timeless moment of youth in this painting which appeared on the Winter 1973 cover of *The Saturday Evening Post*. The contagious excitement of these sledding boys and their pup is immortalized on canvas in full color. Size 11"x14". Canvas unframed, $5.98. Framed in your choice of maple or walnut finish, $15.95. See page 115A for ordering information.

Nurseries

MELLINGER'S
NEW 1974 CATALOG
1,000 PLUS NURSERY ITEMS
Many unusual. Bonsai, Terrariums, Grafts, Seedlings, Fruits, Shrubs, Trees, Propagation Supplies, Books, Tools, Pots, Hormones, many other items.
MELLINGER'S INC.
North Lima 42, Ohio 44452

Places To Stay

NU VIEW GUEST HOUSE

Starting November 1st: Single, double and triple rooms* available with air-conditioning, maid service, and free breakfast starting at $10.00 daily. Also one double* with efficiency (maid service & air-conditioning included) —$25.00 daily. All guests staying one week or more will be taken to a lovely Atlantic beach on the day of their choice. (Free lunch basket and transportation provided.)

*All rooms have separate baths

For reservations and brochures featuring pictures of guest houses, restaurant, and beach write to: **Edwina Burrows, Nu View Guest Houses, P. O. Box 30, Rock Sound, Eleuthera, Bahamas.**

POTAWATOMI INN POKAGON STATE PARK

A year round vacation paradise. More than 80 modern guest rooms, large pleasant dining room serving delicious food. Large conference room accommodates 400, small meeting rooms available. Conferences, group meetings a specialty. Conference rates available. Located in Pokagon State Park with Indiana's only refrigerated toboggan. Enjoy Hoosier Hospitality at its best.

Write: R # 2 , Box 29C, Angola, Ind. 46703
(219) 665-3184

Travel

GOING ABROAD?

EUROPE
IN A
Suitcase
By
MURIEL WILSON SCUDDER

Prepare for your trip the easy way with the help of EUROPE IN A SUITCASE! This popular book is jam-packed with facts you should know but won't find elsewhere. It tells what and how to pack, discusses passports, tipping, etc. For 19 years its GET READY CALENDAR has guided men & women travelers, so why not you? Send now for the new 16th Edit., the sooner you read it, the more time & money you'll save. $2.00 by 3d cl. mail, $2.50 by Air. In NY add tax.

My booklets: "AROUND THE WORLD" & "TOURIST IN RUSSIA" give packing lists & travel tips for these areas. $1.00 each + tax. "FACTS ABOUT HAWAII", 60¢. All 4 books by mail from

MRS. MURIEL SCUDDER
Box 72-E, Manhasset, N.Y. 11030

Schools & Camps

Kindergarten through 8th grade

You can educate your child at home with approved Calvert home-study courses. Step-by-step teaching manual. Start any time, transfer to other schools. Ideal for enriching your child's educational experience. Used by 125,000 students since 1904. Non-profit. Catalog.

CALVERT SCHOOL
THE SCHOOL THAT COMES TO YOU
Box SEP, Tuscany Rd. Baltimore, Md. 21210

Institut Francile for Coed Teens

Joyous adventures in Puget Sound's San Juans; bilingual young Paris, US college staff; water, land sports; learn French; grow up. Except during camp (June-August) write: Canoe Island Camps, 2549 Sycamore Canyon Road, Santa Barbara, Calif., 93108
Warren Austin, M.D.,
Eastsound, Wash. 98245

SUMMER RIDING SCHOOL
For Boys and Girls Ages 8 to 17

Complete 4 and 8 week riding programs including instructions in equitation, forward seat hunters and jumpers. Also: Olympic swimming pool, lake water skiing, tennis, crafts, riflery, over-night trips, horse shows, dances.
Internationally qualified ridingmaster and instructors.

FOX HILL SCHOOL OF HORSEMANSHIP
Box "SP" Greenfield Park, N.Y. 12435
(Member A.C.A.) Tel.: (914) 647-6717

HOLIDAY
School and Camp Directory
THE POST

A concise guide designed to inform parents of the whereabouts, requirements, facilities, staff, curriculum and accreditations of several private schools and private camps in the United States and abroad. Tells where to write for full information and gives a brief description of each listing. Reserve your copy now by sending $1.00 to SCHOOL AND CAMP DIRECTORY, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46202.

Classified Directory

Classified Advertising. A New Section for the **Post**. Advertise personals, vacations, rentals, books, art, gourmet items, employment opportunities, real estate exchange and any item of general interest. Rates—$1.25 per word, 1-time insertion; $1.15 per word, 6-time insertion. For further information contact: Bertie Beitman, Classified Advertising, The Saturday Evening Post, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, Indiana 46202 (317)634-1100.

Travel/Vacations

VOYAGES TO AMERICA. Explore America aboard the famous Delta Queen . . .Last of the overnight paddle wheel steamboats. Enjoy the romance and historic flavor of riverboat life as you cruise the mighty Mississippi and its tributaries. For brochure and 74 cruise schedule write Delta Queen, Dept. SP, 322 E. Fourth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

ACAPULCO. Private. De Luxe, air-conditioned Villas with pools. Weekly and monthly rentals. S. MONTES DE OCA, Reforma 393-303, Mexico 5, Phone 528-9709.

FLORIDA HOUSEBOAT RENTALS. Sheltered well-marked waterways—a vacation adventure your family will never forget. Boating experience unnecessary. Write for brochure: Waterbird (E-1), P.O. Box 617, Jensen Beach, Fla. 33457.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21F5 Bell Blvd., Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Fasting. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Wholesome foods. Organic gardens. Peaceful surroundings. Pool, boats, solariums. Beaches. Health classes. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs (SE), Florida 33923.

Parador Martorell, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach, Box 384, Luquillo, Puerto Rico.

MAINLAND CHINA, 24 days $1599. Weekly departures, all meals, scheduled flights. AIRLINE CHAIRMAN, 150 Greeves, Kane, Pa. 16735.

NICHOLSON'S INTERNATIONAL YACHT CHARTERS. Fully crewed yachts: No experience necessary. Private cabins from about $60 per person per day and upwards for extra large and luxurious craft. Year round sunshine cruises for private parties. CARIBBEAN. MEDITERRANEAN. GREEK ISLANDS. Apply: COMMANDER NICHOLSON. Dockyard, English Harbour, Antigua, The West Indies.

AIR TRAVEL/CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK saves 70%! Special fares, charters worldwide. New book reveals travel bargains. $5.20 postpaid. Details free. AIRLINE CHAIRMAN, 150 Greeves, KANE, PA. 16735.

"AFFORDABLE" AFRICAN SAFARI $749 London, Nairobi, Kenya, Tanzania; Jet, meals, hotels. AIRLINE CHAIRMAN, 150 Greeves, Kane, Pa. 16735.

Montego Bay, JAMAICA. Exclusive area, villa, 3 air-conditioned bedrooms, 6 persons, private pool, overlooking golf course, Caribbean. Fully staffed. $325 summer; $625 winter weekly. Owner, Box 578, New Harmony, Ind. 47631. (812) 682-4264.

Restaurants

MARTELL'S RESTAURANT IN NEW YORK CITY, SUPERB FOOD IN A BEAUTIFUL SETTING. Martell's offers warmth and serenity around its hearth. Serving fine foods & spiritous liquors. Truly a saloon in the old tradition. Oldest bar in Yorkville. American & Continental cuisine. Open daily for lunch. Dinner. After-theatre supper. Sat. & Sun. brunch. Sidewalk cafe. Fireplace. Credit cards accepted. 3rd Avenue corner of 83rd St., New York City, (212) 861-6110 . . . . Pax.

Education

Einstein Eclipse Scandal!! 25¢. Professional Optics Scandals! 25¢. Thomas Optical, 408 Vermont, Daytona Beach, Fla. 32018.

Government Surplus

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS. How and Where to buy in your area. Send $2.00. Surplus Information, 30177-SE Headquarters Bldg., Washington, D.C. 20014.

Real Estate

Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises still available—$20.00 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2.00 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 59, Ontario, Canada.

FREE . . . NEW . . . BIG . . . SPRING CATALOG! Describes and pictures hundreds of farms, ranches, town and country homes, businesses coast to coast! Specify type property and location preferred. UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-WB West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $7.50 Acre! Vacationing, Farming, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-VP, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Sportsman's Dream Properties (Canada). Thousands of acres available. Trout streams, private lakes, some with cottages. Information and photos $2. Box 2251, Scarboro, Ontario, Canada.

Farms, Ranches, Acreage, Residential. Free Bargain List. AMERICAN FARM AGENCY, Drawer "C", Mena, Arkansas 71953.

Lake Sagamore, NC, next-door view lot 75 x 257 for sale. Private lake remote but 25 m. from Raleigh; marinas, restaurant, stables, security force, zoned for private residences. Vacation or retirement. Call (919) 752-6899 or write Prof. A. Gibbons, 105A Cherry Ct. Drive, Greenville, NC 27834.

See more of our new classified section on pages 128 & 129.

Photography

TREASURED PHOTOS EXPERTLY COPIED. Enlarged—Reduced. Damaged areas restored. Free details. Royer Photoarts (since 1949), Taylor, Texas 76574.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS, TIN-TYPES EXPERTLY COPIED. 5x7 $4.00. OTHER SIZES, FINISHES, RATES ON REQUEST. SA-LU PHOTOS, BOX 249-P, YUKON, OK. 73099.

Films

SUPER 8MM, 16mm, 8mm Silent and Sound Film Classics. Free Catalog. Niles, 1019-SP South Michigan, South Bend, Indiana 46618.

Color Slides

GAF color slides. 10,000 U.S. and foreign subjects. Catalog $.25. WORLDWIDE SLIDES (sp-1) 7427 Washburn So., Minneapolis, Minn. 55423.

Hobbies

FAMILY TREE CHART. A fascinating pastime and a valuable heirloom. Develop your family tree on simple charts. Also information on how to trace your ancestry. They make unique gifts too. Only $1.98. Add 30¢ for postage and handling. Newland's, Fenelton, Pa. 16034.

Rockhound Specials: 30 different beautifully *polished agates, $3; 15 different* mineral specimens, $2.00. Both units, $4.50. Ernie Phillips, Banning, Calif. 92220.

HOBBIES TO ENJOY—80 page Book—March and September $1.00—copy Now #30. Alwick, Box 2242, St. Louis, Mo. 63109.

HOME WINE & BEER MAKERS. FREE CATALOG. Supplies, Equipment. Recipes. Continental, 3716 N. Sherman Dr., Indianapolis, Ind. 46218.

MAKE YOUR BICYCLE ELECTRIC. Plans $2.99, Kielian, 130 Drake, South San Francisco, Calif. 94080.

Stamps

25 US commemoratives, magnifier—10¢. Approvals, Mezdrek, 5630 Wilson, Chicago, 60630.

500 All Different U.S.A. Stamps. Over 100 years represented, 1870-1972, only $4.95. 500 Different Commemoratives only $11.95. Universal Service (Quality and Value since 1953), P.O. Box 6-A, Kenosha, Wisconsin 53141.

Pick & choose, 2¢ each. B. Pickrell, Box 10S, Bohannon, Va. 23021.

210 DIFFERENT U.S. commemoratives $1.00. Stamps. 7607 Larchview Dr., Dallas, Texas 75240.

200 worldwide stamps 10¢. Approvals. White, 6808-N Chrysanthemum, Indianapolis, Indiana 46224.

BREATHTAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL. 50 DIFFERENT MINT MONACO MULTICOLORED COMMEMORATIVES—PICTORIALS ONLY $1.00 WITH MINT COMPLETE SET APPROVALS AT 50% CATALOGUE OR LESS. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. PAGODA, BOX 132B, SIDNEY, OHIO 45365.

STAMPS FREE! New issues—New Countries—Triangles—Rockets—OLYMPICS—SCOUTS—BIRDS—FLOWERS—ANIMALS—Also old Canadian and U.S. Stamps. Plus complete illustrated Canadian Stamp Catalog. Send 10¢ for mailing. GRAY STAMP CO., Dept. CT, Toronto, Canada.

100 DIFFERENT BRITISH EMPIRE 10¢ Approvals. GIBSON, BOX 34A, LANSDOWNE, PA. 19050.

107 EXCITING BRITISH COLONY STAMPS. 25¢. APPROVALS. CASTLE, BOX 15-P1, FLUSHING, N.Y. 11352.

Indian Artifacts

AUTHENTIC WESTERN ARROWHEADS—Perfect condition, 25—$5.25, 100—$15.00, YELLOW HORSE, P.O. Box 1123SP, Apache Junction, Arizona 85220.

APACHE ARROWHEAD COLLECTION—Perfect, Rare, 25—$5.00, 100—$15.00, GERONIMO, SED1239, Apache Junction, Arizona 85220.

Songs Wanted

SONGS, SONGPOEMS Wanted for Radio Show. Hollywood Music Productions, 6425-SP Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California 90028.

Musical Instruments

KITS! Build dulcimers, guitars, balalaikas, thumb pianos, harps. From $2.95. Finished dulcimers from $19.95. 8665 West 13th Avenue, Denver, Colorado 80215.

Records/Cassettes

FREE 200-PAGE CATALOG. 1,400 New Stereo Recordings. Renaissance, Baroque, Classical, Romantic, Modern Music. Not sold in stores. Not listed in Schwann's. Highest quality! Budget label prices! Available only by mail. MUSICAL HERITAGE SOCIETY, Box 932 SE, New York, N.Y. 10023.

GOOD NEWS FOR INSOMNIACS!! We have a Cassette SLEEP Tape that really works. Guaranteed. Only $6.50. TEAM, 1270 Broadway, N.Y.C.

Johnny Guarnieri. Former Shaw, Goodman, Dorsey pianist playing twelve newly recorded hits in stereo, $5.50 postpaid. Free brochure. Jim Taylor, Dept. SE 12311 Gratiot, Detroit, Mich. 48205.

OLD RADIO SHOWS, JAZZ/BIG BAND REMOTES, COUNTRY/WESTERN. OVER 15,000 SHOWS, 1,200 REELS. SIX HOURS—$9; BONUS REELS FOR ACCUMULATED ORDERS. $2.00 FOR CATALOG (REFUNDABLE). MC COY'S RECORDING, P.O. BOX 1069B, RICHLAND, WASH. 99352.

RECORDERS Finest makes, largest music selections. Recorder Center, Amenia, N.Y. 12501.

GOSPEL RECORDS, tapes and cassettes plus sheet music. Free listings and bargains. INSPIRATIONAL HOUSE, P.O. Box 3747 SP, Visalia, Calif. 93277.

Remember "The Shadow," "Lone Ranger"? Original radio shows on cassettes. Sample $2.50. EASTERN, BOX 183-RP, BKLYN., N.Y. 11235.

Coins

Genuine gold coin—India fanam, $7.00; British silver shilling, $1.50; foreign coins, 21 different, $1.25; 50 different, $3.00; paper money, 8 different, $1.00; 15 different, $2.00. 1,000 different worldwide stamps $2.50. Wentz, Box 2439SE, Newark, N.J. 07114.

SILVER DOLLARS, Uncirculated, 1883-84-85 $8.00 ea. CATALOGUE 50¢, SHULTZ, SALT LAKE CITY 84110.

SEND 10¢ for new edition valuable Guidebook "HOW TO COLLECT COINS." Also included 5 foreign coins from Turkey, Spain, etc., and best coins and supplies catalog in America. LITTLETON COIN CO., Dept. XB-3, Littleton, New Hampshire 03561.

FREE RARE COINS—Museum pieces from giant catalog—send 25¢. California $20.00 gold piece $1.95, 5/$8.95. Allen's, 5674-SP Beacon, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15217.

Do It Yourself

BUILD A PORTERBED. Not a waterbed! Unlike any bed! New horizons in comfort and style! Brochure rushed free. PORTERHOUSE, Box 3062-SP, Bartlesville, Oklahoma 74003.

Solid State & Hobby Circuits Manual. $1.95 postpaid to your door. The new manual, HM 91, offers over 400 pages of circuits for the hobbyist, engineer, experimenter and do-it-yourself kit builder. HURRY—Supply limited. Free Catalog. Frazer & Associates, 3809 Surfwood Rd., Malibu, Calif. 90265.

Inventions Wanted

NEW PRODUCTS—INVENTIONS—IDEAS. Patented, unpatented. Developed/Marketed by professional organization. FREE BROCHURE "How to *Market Inventions to Industry.*" LAWRENCE PESKA ASSOCIATES, 500-P Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

CASH-ROYALTIES For Patented, Unpatented Inventions. Global Marketing Service, 2420-AJ 77th, Oakland, California 94605.

Special Gifts

"NATURE NOTES." Colorful, uniquely beautiful nature note cards (stationery). $2.50 per dozen with envelopes. Postpaid. Return for full refund if unsatisfied. Nature-Notes, Box 15204, Seattle, Washington 98115.

Quilts, full size to baby, exquisitely hand-quilted. Catalog, Sunshine Lane, Box 262, Millersburg, Ohio 44654. "The Heart of the Amish Country."

ORIGINAL OIL PAINTINGS MOUNTED as greeting cards. Create your own verses. $1.95 each. CHURCH, DOVES, ROSE, FRUIT, CHILD. GALLERY GREETING CARDS, 1601 North Las Palmas, Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

AUTHENTIC OLD-TIME GERMAN MUSICAL BEER STEINS. A SIZE FOR EVERY TASTE. FREE BROCHURE. CUNDIFF, BOX 314-E, YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN 48197.

NEW FOR BABY! Special Birthday Bibs personalized with baby's name. Free details. Comco, P.O. Box 8677B, White Bear Lake, Minn. 55110.

IMPORTED HANDWOVEN evening shawl—acrylic blend. Elegant gift. Satisfaction guaranteed. Specify color: white, black, olive, banana, salmon, fire, pink, royal blue. $25 postpaid. Order now . . . rush. Latin American imports, Box 7479 U. Station, Provo, Utah 84602.

Collector's Items

RAILROAD STOCK CERTIFICATES. Issued genuine, 5 for $7.50. Catalog available, Guarino, Box 786, Marco, Florida 33937.

SELLING COMIC BOOKS, PLAYBOYS, WALT DISNEY, PULPS, HORROR AND MOVIE MAGAZINES, RADIO AND CEREAL PREMIUMS, MOVIE AND SERIAL MERCHANDISE, ETC. FROM 1900-1973. CATALOGUES 75¢. ROGOFSKY, BOX SP1102, FLUSHING, NEW YORK 11354.

NORMAN ROCKWELL—"American Family" suite of 10 original lithographs, numbered and pencil signed. (Includes "Football Mascot," "Doctor and Boy," "Debut," etc.) Gallery price $5400. Sacrifice for $4400 firm. P.O. Box 483, Piscataway, N.J. 08854.

Presidential Buttons for sale, send 35¢ for catalog. Also buying old Political items. J.P. Enterprises, Box 52J, Orange, Calif. 92666.

Gourmet Items

AUTHENTIC MEXICAN Bread Clay Recipe $1.00, durable, bakeless. FREE Sample. NORMANO, Box 685, Tampa, Fla. 33601.

COFFEE CAN BREAD! Unique—DIFFERENT—DELICIOUS. 5 Recipes $1.00. IRENE'S, Box 4552-S, El Paso, Tex. 79914.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. P, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

DELICIOUS TURKEY DRESSING. Unique Holiday Recipe you'll treasure for life. $1.00—self-addressed, stamped envelope—Elaine's Kitchen, 3309 Dillon, North Las Vegas, Nevada 89030.

Scandinavian Fish Recipes. Send $2 to Donovan, Box 7321, Murray, Utah 84107.

Services

HANG A POET. I'll handprint and frame your favorite poem. George Levitt, Box 567B, Indianapolis, Ind. 46206.

FUND RAISERS! PTA, Schools, Churches, Scouts, Sports Teams! Free Fund Raising Information! Xciting Funds, 5715 N. Mozart, Chicago, Ill. 60659.

BINOCULAR SPECIALISTS. ALL MAKES REPAIRED. AUTHORIZED LEITZ, ZEISS, NIKON DEALER. TELE-OPTICS, 5514 LAWRENCE, CHICAGO 60630.

Wanted

Wanted: Gold, Silver, Platinum (any form). Coins. Information free. Wilmot's 1067-SEP Bridge, Grand Rapids, Michigan 49504.

Personals

LOVELY PERSONALIZED LABELS, 3 lines with zip, 1000—95¢. Print clearly please. Gardner House, 42 W. Holly St., Cranford, N.J. 07016.

PENFRIENDS. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927SE 15th, Washington, D.C. 20005.

NEVER BEFORE SO MUCH for so little. Buy everything you'll ever need below wholesale! Full particulars FREE. Write today. Warner, Room CC-97-DB, 1512 Jarvis, Chicago, Ill. 60626.

SINGLE? MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE. Computerized matching. Only $15.00. FREE questionnaire, "TEAM," 1270 Broadway, NYC.

SLEEP-LEARNING—Kits, tapes, books, Alpha equipment. Free catalog. Research Association, Box 24-SP, Olympia, Washington.

YOUR Biological Destiny revealed. Biofate, Box 11, Keyport, Wash. 98345.

PSORIASIS SUFFERERS: DISCOURAGED? Write for Free important information *that is helping thousands!* PIXACOL. Box 38-SE, Avon Lake, Ohio 44012.

Pen Pal Clubs. 50¢ for samples and info. Hilltop House, Rte. 3, Box 92-C, Wautoma, Wis. 54982.

"MEET YOUR HAPPINESS," if you are free, unattached, lonesome and wish to get married. Confidential. Details $1.00. Nationwide. Write M.Y.H., Dept. 116, P.O. Box 686, Oyster Bay, N.Y. 11771.

UNLUCKY?? Try LUCKY CREDIT CARD, the modern good-luck charm. Looks like real credit card. Contains important message. Only $1.00. Order yours now from: LUCKY CREDIT CARD, Box 283, Cedar Grove, N.J. 07009.

MEET YOUR LIFEMATE, thru social publications, worldwide circulation. Three magazines $1.00. JAY'S, P.O. Box 1359 Dept. E1, Avon Park, Florida 33825.

Custom printed social-professional stationery with character. Sampler-catalogue 25¢. Jacques, Box 395-P, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

LONELY? 100 PENFRIENDS, 35¢. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, California.

"RULE OTHERS With Thoughts" (Telepathy). Write—Clarion, Box 1769-P, Chicago 60690.

JESUS CHRIST—Identification Card, plastic, beautiful. A must for all Christians. Send name, address, denomination, birthdate, Social Security number, with $1.25 to: Jesus ID Card, P.O. Box 3446, New Orleans, La. 70177.

HOLLYWOOD MODELS Famous Honey Diet Sheds Ugly Fat Quickly. Complete Program $5.00. Anthony's, Box 91093, Worldway Postal Center, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

PENFRIENDS of opposite sex wanted for Italian book "The Penfriends." All ages. Insertion free. Send address, personal data, photo, $15.00 for translation and cliche. Alberto Andreozzi, Editore—Viale Valente, 31, 00177 Roma, Italy.

Health & Beauty

NUTRO ORGANIC SHAMPOO made from organic trace minerals and rich coconut base. $1.25 8-oz. W.R. LABORATORIES, Lodi, California 95240.

Send for your 1974 Physical Fitness Calendar now while supplies last. Rush $2.00 to G. Rhodes, 14 Aztec St., Hurley, N. Mex. 88043.

ASTHMA BRONCHITIS? Stop Suffering! Amazing Relief! Free Details. KINCO, 3823-SP Sylvan, Van Nuys, California 91401.

ARTHRITIS RELIEF! Soothing "ICY HOT" creme . . . . THE ONE THAT WORKS. Send $2 for trial jar INSTANT RELIEF or full refund GUARANTEED. GIBSON COMPANY, 2000 North Illinois Street, Dept. 21, Indianapolis, Indiana 46202.

VITAMIN-E-OIL 24,000 IU NEW, Different Dispenser. SO-PURE, can be taken orally or applied directly to skin. TRY IT, $5.95 p.p. FREE, Catalog, Full business Opportunity with this Ad. GIBSON SERVICE, Box 2262. N.Y.C. 10001.

Business Opportunities

$26.00 Hundred addressing envelopes. Details. Send $1.00 and stamped, addressed envelope. J. Keen. Box 9995EP, San Diego, Calif. 92109.

PIANO TUNING LEARNED QUICKLY AT HOME! Tremendous field! Musical knowledge unnecessary. GI approved. Information free. Empire School, Box 327, Miami 33145.

$40 Daily possible tying fishing flies at home. Details 25¢. Flyco, Box 481-SP, Albany, Oregon 97321.

STUFF ENVELOPES. $25.00 hundred. Immediate earnings. Beginner's Kit, $1.00 (refundable). Lewcard, S392EP, Brea, California 92621.

PENNY STOCKS have profit potential. Free information. Analyst-SEP, Box 214, Redondo Beach, Calif. 90277.

CALIFORNIA MANUFACTURER NEEDS men to assemble our product and be local agent, experience unnecessary. May start while presently employed. Five-figure income for responsible applicant. S.K.R.E. Manufacturers, 2347 W. 238th St., Torrance, Calif. 90501.

ENJOY A-1 CREDIT. BORROW ANY AMOUNT. Any purpose. No investigations. Receive Credit Cards galore. Vernon, 3218EP, Clearwater Beach, Florida 33515.

195 FREE WHOLESALE Catalogs! World's biggest bargains. 76 countries. Automobile discounts! Free "Digest." Vault International, Box 7284Z, Lexington, Kentucky 40502.

1000 NOTARIZED SUCCESSFUL HOME BUSINESSES. STRATTON, 191 GLENWOOD, EAST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY 07017.

Receive $25.00 Hundred Stuffing Envelopes. Details 25¢ plus stamped self-addressed envelope. Enterprises, Box 181-SEP, United, Pa. 15689.

Free copy listing 368 money-making opportunities offered to ambitious people, full or part time. Send name to Specialty Salesman, 307 N. Michigan, Chicago, Illinois, Dept. SEP 13.

$15,000—$30,000 YEAR PROFIT POTENTIAL. Send $2.00 for book, "Raising Rabbits for Us." Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Rabbit Ranchers of America, Box 172-SEP, Nardin, Oklahoma 74632.

DO SIMPLE ADDRESSING—Mailing. Receive $12.95 orders. Keep $8.00 profit. Details Free! Quality, Box 9—SP, East Rockaway, N.Y. 11518.

1000% PROFIT BRONZING BABY SHOES. FREE LITERATURE. NBC-SE, GOWER, MO. 64454.

Make money raising rabbits. Send $1.00 for 5 months trial subscription: NATIONAL RABBITMAN MAGAZINE, BOX 613-SEP, BLACKWELL, OKLA. 74631.

FANTASTIC MAIL ORDER PROFITS. AMAZING INSTRUCTIONS FREE! Mitchell, Box 26941-A, Houston, Texas 77032.

IMMEDIATE SPARE-TIME CASH. It's easy to sell nationally-famous Knapp Shoes. Very high commissions, plus bonuses. Enjoy steady repeat sales in your own independent business. No investment. Free selling and training kit. Lowell Harris, Dept. SO-90, Knapp Centre, Brockton, Mass. 02401.

$1000 MONTHLY FROM YOUR OWN HOME, WRITE Jordan, Box 884, Dept. SP4, Visalia, Calif. 93277.

PICTURE Framing—Profitable full or spare-time business. Easy to learn with handbook-course. "Guide To Picture Frame Profits." $1.50 Guaranteed Free framing-supplies catalog included. Japs, 126-F Seventh North, Hopkins, Minnesota 55343.

$25.00 DAILY POSSIBLE addressing-stuffing envelopes. Typewriter-longhand, also CLIPPING NEWS ITEMS at home. Information: Send stamped addressed envelope. AME-29, Box 310, Le Mars, Ia. 51031.

FANTASTIC MAILORDER BUSINESS. $25,000 First Year Guaranteed. Details 25¢. International, Box 217, Madison, Wisconsin 53701.

$25 DAILY POSSIBLE. Rush stamped, addressed envelope. INFOMART, Box 597-P12, Lansing, Mich. 48903.

Interested In Spectacular Commodity Profits? Superb Investment opportunity! Computer managed accounts in Commodity speculation. 1/1/73 to 8/24/73 results 468% profit on margin. INCOMCO, 233 Broadway, N.Y. 10007. (212) 944-5810.

MAILORDER—Establish your own business! Everything supplied—catalogs, ads, mailing lists. Merchandise dropshipped. Gif-Guide, 1137 Crenshaw, Dept. 405, Los Angeles 90019.

BIG PROFITS SELLING METAL SOCIAL SECURITY CARDS. 80 STYLES SELL ON SIGHT. FREE SALES KIT. EDRENE PRODUCTS, DEPT. E.P., 445 BRECKENRIDGE, BUFFALO, NEW YORK 14213.

Raise Chinchillas. Guaranteed income. Catalog $1.00. DeShon Chinchilla, Route 27, Roanoke, Indiana 46783.

OWN TEXAS RANCH, FOUND OIL & GAS SHOW. Need help test for pay. Good geology, references, full information. R.M. Cooksey, 501 W. 3rd Ave., Corsicana, Texas 75110.

$50.00 PLUS 50% COMMISSION stuffing 200 already stamped, addressed envelopes, our circulars. Information 25¢ with stamped, self-addressed envelope. Brewster-AP, Clearwater, Florida 33517.

HYBRID REDWORMS. 5000—$12.00; 20,000—$24.00 postpaid with raising instructions. BRAZOS WORM FARMS, Box 4185, Waco, Texas 76705.

PIANO TUNING QUICKLY LEARNED WITH HOME STUDY COURSE. Veterans approved. Diploma granted. American School of Tuning, Morgan Hill, Calif. 95037.

$500 MONTHLY possible addressing-stuffing envelopes (longhand-typing) at home. $500 monthly clipping news items from your newspaper. Information: Send stamped self-addressed envelope. American, Excelsior Springs, Missouri 64024.

Extra income! Compile information in your area—No experience necessary. Details 25¢. Oyewole, Box 4577E, N.Y. 10017.

You can make $4.00 profit on every $5.00 Sale. Details 25¢. Oyewole, Box 4577E, N.Y. 10017.

How would you like to receive 100 letters daily each containing $1.00? Plan plus six formulars $1.00. Rush Dollar to Turner, Box 553E, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

Get $12.00 Orders in every mail—keep $8.00 on each order for yourself. Details 25¢. Turner, Box 553E, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

Stuff Envelopes $25.00—Hundred, Immediate earnings, Beginners Kit. $1.00 (refundable), Turner, Box 553E, Bronx, N.Y. 10472.

Buy It Wholesale

BARGAINS! BUY Wholesale and Below! Name Brands. Appliances . . . Furniture . . . Sports Equipment . . . Televisions . . . Cameras . . . Watches . . . Jewelry . . . Thousands More. Huge Discounts to $1,000.00 on New Automobiles. All Makes. Free Details. Write Today: Worldwide Bargainhunters, Box 730-SYE, Holland, Michigan 49423.

BUY WHOLESALE: 8-Track Tapes. Country-Popular, for Business-Pleasure. $.75 to $2.00. Catalogs. Music, Postbox 2717I, Napa, California 94558.

Hearing Aids

HUGE SAVINGS! BUY DIRECT! Eliminate dealer markups. 20 days FREE Trial. Terms arrange. No salesman will call. LLOYD'S-91, Rockford, Illinois 61108.

IMPROVE YOUR HEARING. Information Absolutely Free. Rhodes, Box 518-PS, Paducah, Kentucky 42001.

Glasses

Over-paying for prescription glasses? Eliminate retail markup. Send now for money-saving list. Write Eastgate Optical, 6731 Eastgate Drive, Mayfield Heights, Ohio 44124.

Of Interest To All

SMALL STOCK MAGAZINE: Learn about rabbits, goats, poultry, other livestock, gardening and small farming in general. $5/yr. COUNTRYSIDE, Rt. 1, Box 239-E, Waterloo, Wis. 53594.

Miscellaneous

Twenty disc, or ten bar magnets, $1.00. Magnets, Box 192-SE, Randallstown, Maryland 21133.

Micro-Telescope 30X-8X, $2.99. Magnifiers, variable power pocket microscope, others. Write J & G Associates, 100 Franklin St., East Rockaway, N.Y. 11518.

CACTUS, SUCCULENT CATALOGUE. 20¢ over 1,000 varieties. Henrietta's Nursery, 1345 N. Brawley, Fresno, Calif. 93705.

Magic Water Purifier. Guaranteed to remove chlorine, iron oxide, bad taste. $3.50. Guin, Box 431S, Nettleton, Miss. 38858.

PURE WATER—Make gallons daily. Box 477, Laurel Springs, N.J. 08021.

PURE WATER making equipment $28.00 up. Box 477, Laurel Springs, N.J. 08021.

Logic newsletter, theory, design, construction. Sample copy $1.00. Logic Newsletter, POB 252, Waldwick, N.J. 07463.

PHOTOSTAMPS: Size of postage stamp, gummed. Made from your favorite billfold size photo. Pojorlie Novelties, 3451-35th Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94619.

GAIN $2,500 yearly without work or investment like I do. $2.00 Guaranteed. HFT, 2350 West 47A, Denver, Colo. 80211.

1001 THINGS FREE!!! Sources—$1.00, Jerry Hagen Enterprises, Route 1, Dubois, Indiana 47527.

HEARING AIDS, batteries, discount. Catalog 25¢. Fiston, Box 1446, New Preston, Conn. 06777.

GENUINE SOLID COPPER CHAIN Bracelets—$2.00 postpaid—Man's or Ladies'. Dexter House (3PP12), 615 East Main, Ionia, Mich. 48846.

Help Put Internal Revenue Service Out Of Business without confrontation, Secret Magic Reserve Banking Revealed. Details $1.00. Constitutionalist, Box 647, Opalocka, Fla. 33054.

TAX REVOLT USA. 287 Page Documentary. Send $5.00. Constitutionalist, Box 647, Opalocka, Fla. 33054.

Investigators, latest electronic aids. Free literature. Clifton, 11500-H Northwest 7th Avenue, Miami, Florida 33168.

ALOE VERA PLANT—NATURE'S OWN MYSTERIOUS FIRST-AID PLANT. WRITE FOR FREE BROCHURE. YOU WILL BE GLAD YOU DID. DON BAGGETT, BOX 5543, CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS 78405.

When in Ft. Lauderdale, Charming Escort-Hostess, English and German speaking, will plan your vacation to your interest. Call (305) 771-2338 after 6 p.m.

NATIONWIDE INTRODUCTIONS! Free information! Identity, Box 315-SP, Royal Oak, Michigan 48068.

Employment Opportunities

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-EP, Belmont, California 94002.

TEACHERS—ADMINISTRATORS: Leading school, college placement sources U.S. $3.00; Foreign $4.00. Current faculty, administrative openings U.S. $5.00, Foreign $5.00. EISS, Box 105, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

Make $1000 monthly writing letters. Details 25¢. Dale's (BSP) 739 Carroll Dale, Sykesville, Md. 21784.

HOMEMAKERS WANTED! $200.00 WEEKLY! Immediate Income. Details 35¢. Boyce, 2049 Blendon, St. Louis, Missouri 63143.

LUCRATIVE OVERSEAS JOBS with European and American employers. Details $1.00. ALEXANDER, Box 357-SEP, South Pasadena, California 91030.

Home Employment

ADDRESSERS! Earn top $$$. Send 35¢ & stamp. Bitonti, 5225 Pattison, St. Louis, 63110.

Of Interest To Women

BINGO! WINNING SYSTEM! $1.00. Dana, Box 203-W, Bellflower, Calif. 90706.

Books/Publishers

Used and old books. Catalog 10¢. Lakeland Books, SEP, P.O. Box 327, Thornville, Ohio 43076.

JOURNAL OF CREATIVITY. Chock full of idea-starters, new profit making opportunities, a Collector's Exchange, mail order, exciting books! Ad $5.00 or classified 10¢ word. Typeset for you Free! Send for sample copy 35¢ to: WILLIAM T. CLARKE, 110 Chelsea Ave., Newark, N.J. 07106.

BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU. Out-of-print. Fiction-Nonfiction. Any title, subject. Free Searching. No Obligation to buy. Satisfaction Assured. GENERAL BOOK Company, P.O. Box 294-SP. Western Springs, Ill. 60558.

Dr. Charles Allen's book *All Things Are Possible Through Prayer.* Send $3.75 to Herman Voorhees, Box 52464, Houston, Texas 77052. Immediate mailing.

Free Issue, TAX/FAX, 302D East Catherine, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania 17201.

Out of Print Bookfinder, Box 663SA, Seaside, Calif. 93955. Catalog for stamps.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 12, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

AUSTRALIA FACTBOOK written in Australia by Americans. Unbiased report on opportunities and obstacles. Send $2.98, Factbook, Box 99, Orlando, Florida 32802.

MOBILE HOMES. Save $100s. Know construction and buying. $2.00. LEES, 1134 Monterey Blvd., St. Petersburg, Florida 33704.

$875 IN PRIZES! POEMS WANTED. $500 for best poem in our FIRST ANNUAL CONTEST. Write us today for Entry Form. W.E. Houck & Co., Publishers, Dept. PT, 1641 Nokomis, Dallas, Texas 75224.

Literary Services

Skilled writing, revision, typing. SYMPATHETIC MENTOR. Send $20.00 introductory retainer fee. The Writing Well, 47 Dorchester Avenue, Pittsfield, Mass. 01201.

CREATIVE, EXPERT WRITING, rewriting, typing—novels, short stories, poetry, nonfiction. Personalized, reasonable. Professional team! RC RESEARCH, Box 138, Dayton, Washington 99328.

WRITE Features, Fillers, News for Pay. Free Particulars. UNDERHILL, Beebe, Arkansas 72012.

WRITERS WANTED! Articles, short stories, books, plays, poetry. Mead Literary Agency, Box 216, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

WRITE TO SELL. Established author gives valuable suggestions. Free details. Coach Publishers, Box 834P, Bangor, Maine 04401.

Instructions

LEARN AUCTIONEERING. Free catalog. Reisch Auction College, Dept. 1, Mason City, Iowa 50401.

ACUPUNCTURE TRAINING NOW through self-study program with manuals, diagrams, exams, supplies. Catalog: Moon, Box 219W, Toronto, Canada M6M 4Z2.

Bible Courses leading to Degree—Fundamental Bible Seminary and College—Correspondence and Residence—P.O. Box 942, Dept. C-SP, Elk City, Okla. 73644.

Learn cartooning at home. Approved for Veterans. Free Bulletin. Cartooning, Box 7069S, Colorado Springs, Colorado 80933.

ABC Starter Kit. Games and exercises composed and used by teachers for parents and teachers. Your beginner learns letters and sounds effortlessly. Send $10.00, Amy Ape, P.O. Box 773, Novato, Calif. 94947.

Schools & Camps

GLORIOUS summer for select few intelligent children. Canoe Island Camps. Eastsound, Washington 98245.

STUDY PROGRAMS IN FRANCE. Language fine arts, performing arts. For information: Paris, American Academy, 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris 5.

FREE MONEY!

It's a safe bet that you, like the average American, are completely unaware of the incredible bonanza recently granted you by Congress in the form of whopping new Social Security benefits.

Item: When today's average worker of 22 tires, he and his wife, according to Social ecurity actuaries, will receive an annual penon of *$38,000.* Moreover, the total amount of ocial Security he and his wife can expect to llect *will surpass half a million dollars!*

Item: The average American doesn't know , but the single most valuable asset he now ssesses is his Social Security. It is equivalent, maximum brackets, to a guaranteed 5% inme on cash in banks, stocks or real estate orth *over $100,000.* Moreover, every cent of is bounteous income is *TAX FREE!*

Item: Most Americans still believe, miskenly, that Social Security is a dole exclusive- for the aged. The fact is, however, that *10 illion* Americans under the age of 60 (and eraging a mere 30) are now collecting Social ecurity. These non-old age pensioners receive *13 billion* annually, and both their number and e amounts of money they collect are bound to crease in years ahead. So generous has Social ecurity for younger Americans become, in ct, that it amounts to Free Money.

The biggest problem in connection with ocial Security—as the government itself is first admit—is giving the money away. That is, the blic's woeful ignorance of the availability of nds has prevented its full distribution. *Over e billion dollars,* according to experts, remains ndistributed in U.S. Treasury vaults simply ecause no one steps forward to claim it.

To help overcome this shocking public ignonce, and see that you get your share of the ocial Security largesse, the editors of **Moneysorth**, the authoritative new consumer-affairs d personal-finance fortnightly, have prepared as a public service—a comprehensive, lucid, vvy, astonishing new manual entitled *STAKE OUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Securi- Gold Mine.* A copy is yours *ABSOLUTELY REE* with a subscription to **Moneysworth.**

STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the ocial Security Gold Mine is more than just an cyclopedic reference work; it is a personal lviser in a field of finance where impartial lvice is otherwise almost impossible to obtain he government, of course, is biased, and lawrs are almost never willing to accept Social ecurity cases because they are not permitted charge more than about $10 per case). *TAKE YOUR CLAIM!* is, therefore, virtually e only trustworthy, definitive guide available what may well be your single most valuable nancial asset. It is 12,000 words long, handy in rmat, indexed for fast reference and embelshed with a glossary that translates Bureauatese. In a special section it anticipates, and swers, the most unabashed—even Fagin-like—estions. Among the priceless nuggets of information you will pick up from this guide are swers to such questions as:

- How can you qualify for a pension even ough you have never worked a day in your e, or contributed a cent in Social Security xes, or even nearly reached the age of 65?
- How can you arrange to collect Social ecurity from *both* Canada and the U.S.?
- Why, under Social Security, does it often y for a couple to "live together" rather than t married?
- Why is it crucial to check the balance of ur Social Security account periodically, even ough almost no one ever does?
- Does it ever pay to take out *two* Social ecurity cards?
- What colossal goofs of the Social Security dministration have jeopardized individual counts?
- How can an ex-wife collect the same benets as if she had remained married?
- Is it true, as some say, that you should shop" for a pension at different Social Security ffices since different interpretations of regulaons can result in pensions of different nounts?
- Since, as studies have shown, many works *over*pay their Social Security taxes, how can u check on your payments and possibly obin a refund?
- How can a husband collect a pension based n his wife's earnings?
- Has your Social Security become so valuable that you should, as some people have done already, tattoo your account number somewhere on your body?
- What forms of deception have people employed in order to maximize Social Security benefits and what are the penalties for such deception?
- What essential documents do most people fail to preserve for presentation when filing a claim?
- What steps, if any, are necessary to protect your pension from attachment by creditors?
- What tragic mistakes are most often made by the self-employed?
- How can a parent collect Social Security on a child's earnings?
- When does Social Security cover *mental* illness?
- How should you alter your investment, savings and insurance plans in light of Social Security's lavish new benefits?
- If you're a woman, how can you collect without revealing your age to your husband?
- What governmental retirement programs are *even better* than Social Security?
- What should you do if, as often happens, you change jobs during a year and both employers withhold maximum Social Security taxes?
- What federal program helps retired persons get jobs to supplement Social Security?
- What can a widow do to retain her benefits if she wishes to remarry?
- By retiring to which foreign countries can you make Social Security go farthest?
- Under what circumstances can the government *cancel* your pension?
- What happens to your pension if an employer deducts Social Security taxes but fails to forward them to Washington for credit to your account? What special steps should you take if the firm you work for is financially shaky?
- How do you go about getting one of Social Security's huge "lump sum" payments?

In short, *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine* is a treasure map to the Social Security mother lode, telling what pitfalls to avoid, what tools to use, how to find your way through the maze of regulations and how to hit pay dirt. Its editor and compiler is Ralph Ginzburg, the 43-year-old publisher of **Moneysworth**, who himself collects $99.40 in Social Security every month and has been getting Social Security since he was 25. To repeat, a copy of *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine* is yours *ABSOLUTELY FREE* with a subscription to **Moneysworth.**

In case you're not familiar with **Moneysworth**, let us explain that it is America's most ingenious periodical dealing with personal finance and consumer affairs. It will positively flabbergast you with its inventiveness for making and saving money. In less than three years of publication it has bestowed the Midas touch upon *nearly a million* ecstatic readers and has become the most widely read newsletter *IN THE WORLD.* Perhaps the best way to describe **Moneysworth** is to list the kinds of articles it prints:

How to Earn 10½% to 12½% on Your Savings

Happiness Is a Hick Town—A gazetteer of charming small American towns where life is idyllic, safe, cheap.

How to Buy a New Car for $125 Over *Dealer's* Cost

The Third Most Expensive Item You'll Ever Buy—It's your funeral, and **Moneysworth** tells how to minimize the grief.

Microwave Ovens: A Product Rating

Getting In on the Canada Land Boom

The Killing Facts about Life Insurance

Home Burglar-Alarm Systems that Are a Steal

Air Travel at 50% Off

Minicalculators under $100

How to Save 10% to 20% on Your Food Bill

Quadraphonic Hi-Fi: Great Innovation or Commercial Hype?

35-mm Cameras: The Facts in Black and White

How to Open a Secret Swiss Bank Account

American Youth Hostels: How the Young at Heart of All Ages Can Vacation for a Pittance

Onassis' Four Rules for Financial Success

How Much to Pay for the 20 Most-Frequently Prescribed Drugs

Belted Tires: Ratings without Bias

Pantyhose that Won't Let You Down

How Celebrities Practice Thrift—The penny-pinching idiosyncracies of J. Paul Getty, Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller, Jack Benny, Art Buchwald, Lawrence Welk, H.L. Hunt, et al.

Wreckreational Vehicles: Deathtraps on Wheels

How to Contest a Bad Credit Rating

Earn Interest on Your *Checking* Account

The Yanks Are Coming: How to Get Dental Work Done Cheaply Overseas

Cut-Rate Stock Brokerage

Both a Borrower and Lender Be—Shrewd use of your life insurance policy's loan feature.

Easy-Riding Motorcycles

Low-Cost Life Insurance for Non-Smokers

Elite (and Pica) Typewriters

Outsmarting the Insurance Adjuster

Movie Cameras that Deserve Oscars

Living Afloat without Getting Soaked—By novelist Sloan Wilson

The Wisdom of Sending Your Child to College Abroad

The Ugly Facts about Beauty Aids

And Now...Group *Legal* Insurance

The Dangers of Dieting

Buying Art without Getting Framed

How to Fight a Traffic Ticket

The Scandal of Undetected Bank Errors

How to Hold onto Your Auto Insurance

Sewing Machines that Seam Fine

Effortless "Exercise"—An exposé of machines that reduce your bankroll, and nothing else.

Swinging Tennis Rackets

Quick! Read This Before You Take a Speed-Reading Course

The Card that Gives You Credit for Paying Cash

Sickeningly Sweet: The Morbid Facts about Sugar

The Ralph Nader of Insurance—A profile of Pennsylvania's feisty Herb Denenberg.

Baby Foods Are a Crock

The Fine Art of Padding Your Expense Account

Binoculars Worth Looking Into

The Hard Facts about "Soft" Contact Lenses

A Gourmet's Guide to Free Cookbooks

Cool Air Conditioners: A Value Judgment

Are Preferred Stocks Preferable?

Ban-the-Can: A Blast at Aerosol Containers

Dog Foods Fit for King

"How We Live on Less than $75 a Month"

Pianos of Note

Stoves that Are a Turn-On

How to Knock Down an Exorbitant Doctor Bill

Indigestion Remedies that Pass the Acid Test

Reel vs. Cartridge vs. Cassette

Wheeling and Dealing—The best bikes and how to bargain for them.

How College Students Can Get Food Stamps

How to Collect from *Both* Blue Cross and Commercial Health Insurance

When in Doubt, Deduct—The ten most common forms of income-tax overpayment.

In sum, **Moneysworth** is a shrewd, trustworthy financial mentor. It is the quintessence of sophisticated gainsmanship.

The staff of **Moneysworth** is a team of hard-nosed, experienced journalists with a record of genius in the field of consumer affairs and personal finance. Its publisher, as we mentioned, is Ralph Ginzburg, creator of the daring and flamboyant magazines *Fact, Eros* and *Avant-Garde* (Mr. Ginzburg was first to publish Ralph Nader). **Moneysworth**'s editor-in-chief is Parker Hodges, a former top editor of *Show* and writer for *Emergency Medicine, Forum, Cavalier.* The art director of **Moneysworth** is Herb Lubalin, the world's foremost graphic designer. Radiating from this nucleus of editorial energy are reporters, researchers, and product-testers throughout the United States. Together they create America's first—and only—consumer periodical with *charisma.*

Moneysworth is available by subscription only. The cost of a year is *ONLY $5!* This is *A MERE FRACTION* of the price of familiar, old-fashioned consumer publications—which, compared to **Moneysworth**, are boring, ponderous, confusing and nearly unusable. Moreover, we are so confident of **Moneysworth**'s value to you that we are about to make what is probably the most generous money-back guarantee in publishing history: *We will absolutely and unconditionally guarantee that* **Moneysworth**—*in combination with STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine—will increase the purchasing power of your income by at least 15% or you get your money back IN FULL.* In other words, if you now earn $10,000 a year, we guarantee that **Moneysworth** and the Social Security manual will increase the value of your income *by at least $1,500*—or we'll refund your money. Meanwhile, you will have enjoyed a full year of **Moneysworth** *ABSOLUTELY FREE* and you may keep *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS!!* What could be more foolproof?

To enter your subscription, and obtain your free copy of *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine*, simply fill out the coupon below and mail it with $5 to: **Moneysworth**, 251 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y.

Then sit back and prepare to receive your first copy of a gleeful, irreverent, wallet-fattening periodical whose motto is: "Ask not what you can do for your country, but what your country can do for you."

MONEYSWORTH

251 West 57 St. New York 10019

I enclose $5 for a year of **Moneysworth**, the shrewd, authoritative consumer fortnightly. I understand that I am paying *A MERE FRACTION* of the going rate for such a publication. Also, I will receive *ABSOLUTELY FREE* a copy of *STAKE YOUR CLAIM! How to Work the Social Security Gold Mine.* If **Moneysworth** and *STAKE YOUR CLAIM!* do not increase the purchasing power of my income by at least 15%, I will get my money back *IN FULL.* Moreover, I may keep *STAKE YOUR CLAIM!* with your compliments and enjoy a year of **Moneysworth** *ABSOLUTELY FREE!!*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

© MONEYSWORTH 1973. T.M. REG. PEND. 3+C

If your car isn't popular new, it certainly won't be popular used.

1974 Impala You know the story. If a car is worth something to you when you buy it, it's worth something to someone else when you sell it.

It's perhaps especially true with the Chevrolet Impala.

Traditionally, the Impala has been a remarkable value; so much so, that more than 10 million of them have been sold since its introduction in 1958. (If you had to pick out one car to typify America's love for the automobile, this would have to be it. Impala is the car most Americans love most.)

This year is no exception. With improvements all around, from the new front disc brake wear sensors, to the improved bumper system, to the new cut-pile carpeting, to the imposing new grille, to the availability of steel belted radial tires, we think you'll find this year's Impala our finest ever.

Impala's forerunner, the '57 Bel Air: One of the hottest used cars ever.

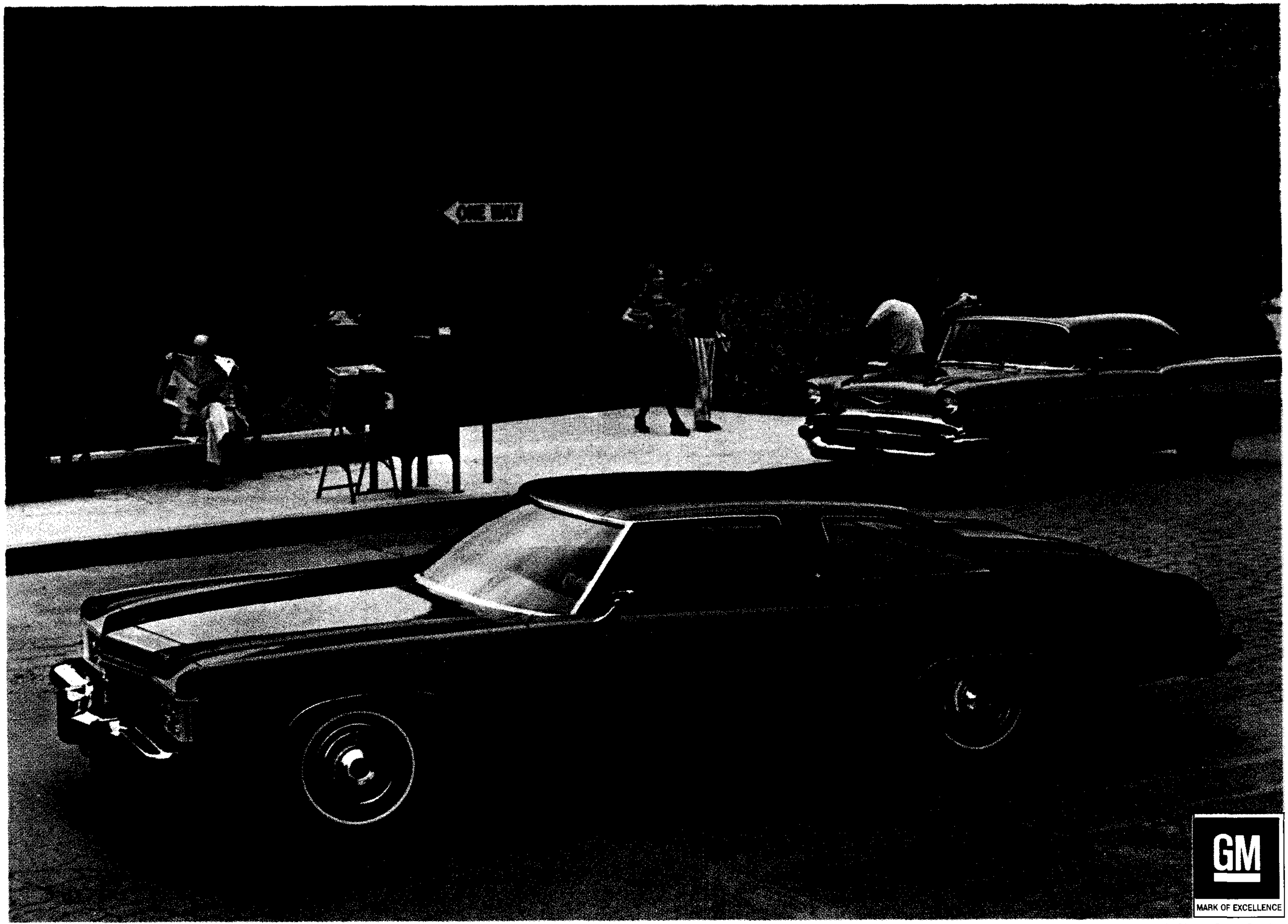
And traditionally, Impala has been worth more at trade-in time. In fact, for the past 16 years, Impala has consistently had higher resale value than its nearest competitor.

So look at it this way. If a car hasn't got it new, it won't have it old.

Impala. It's still the great American value.

Chevrolet

Building a better way to see the U.S.A.



GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

The Impala Custom Coupe (also available as Sport Coupe, 4-door Sport Sedan, 4-door Pillared Sedan).

There's a lot of good between "Winston…

ER KING SIZE FOR EXTRA SMOKING PLEAS
in n
s

and should."

Winston tastes good GOOD, like a cigarette should.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.